THE CALIFORNIAN.

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THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

"*Copa de Oro.*"

BY INA COOLBRITH.

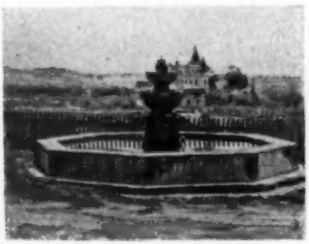
Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
  Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings.
  Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
Re-gathered from the long forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
  That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
  Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.

For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
  Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets sup
    Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains
  Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
    Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

The Missions of California

1542 1893

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



OLD FOUNTAIN.

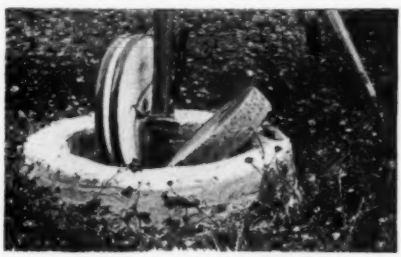
THOSE sad-eyed pilgrims who bade adieu to the cliffs of Albion two centuries since, and sped across a trackless waste of ocean, sought shores anew that they might find liberty—liberty of thought and of speech—a heritage divine that the laws of their land had denied them.

From the hour they set foot upon Plymouth Rock, that little band of pilgrims has been immortalized. Their sacrifice of home and fortune upon the altar of freedom has won the respect and admiration of two worlds. But behold another pilgrimage, a century later, to the other border of the new continent—a pilgrimage of men who suffered exile from motives yet higher and nobler. They sought not freedom, nor fortune, nor fame—these followers of Christ—but only that the land of their adoption be delivered from the darkness of paganism and savagery.

The planting of the cross was their one unselfish aim. There was naught of mundane recompense to hope for—deprivation and bitter sacrifice alone was their portion—yet fearlessly, almost with joy, they shouldered the cross and went forth to the crusade.

Coincident with the landing of the *Mayflower* upon the Atlantic coast, there came to Mexico a little band of Jesuit Missionaries, who established themselves in monasteries throughout the country, augmented from time to time with recruits from Spain. In the midst of their labors a peremptory decree was issued, expelling the Jesuit Order from all Spanish provinces. Turning over their monasteries to the Franciscans, a class more in favor at court, they left the new field to the disciples of the "Seraphic Father," and sought more tolerant shores.

The new order, famous for its beneficence, lost no time in importuning Carlos III. for authority to establish



OLIVE-MILL, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

missions in the new country to the north of them. Prayers innumerable and exhaustive found their way to court, but owing to internal strife, they fell upon diplomatic ears unheeded. Grave rumors now spread abroad that military occupation of Alta California was imperative, least Russia seize upon it as her prey. Then to the great joy of the zealous monks, the coveted permission was granted—Padre Junipero Serra, the *presidente*, in his intense zeal failing to detect the subtle union of statecraft and religion, discerning only the desire of his sovereign to carry light unto the benighted savage.

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—A BIT OF THE CLOISTERS.

Without delay, arrangements were made for the invasion of the cross. Gathering together all the live-stock, implements and seed-grain that could be spared from the Mexican mission, together with the necessary ecclesiastical appurtenances, Padre Serra and his band of pilgrims bade adieu to their beloved Mexico and set out for San Diego, there to unfurl the ensigns of God and the King. After bitter hardships and deep perils, the naval and military expeditions reached their goal almost simultaneously.

On July 16, 1769, the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá was formally established. The officers and their gathered troops assembled at the site selected for the presidio, which was destined for a time to serve as a chapel. Willing hands set to work to erect an altar of branches, from which arose curls of purple incense that floated off over the blue waters beyond.

A trio of bells was swung over the green boughs of a neighboring oak. Joyfully were they rung by the ardent Serra, who cried aloud in his ecstasy, 'Come ye Gentiles — come unto the faith of Christ." Hill and vale reverberated with the strange sounds, reaching the ears of the Indians who hastened to the beach in alarm and wonderment, presenting an uncanny picture to the anxious Spaniards. Undersized, thick-set, low-browed, heavy jawed, and with no indication of mental or moral elevation, they were not calculated to thrill the hearts of the missionaries with enthusiasm. Nothing daunted, however, Serra set to work to acquire the language of the Dieguines, and ere many months, the friar could be seen beneath a spreading cypress on the brow of the hill, teaching and preaching, like the good St. Francis, with groups of dusky savages crouched about him, drinking in his words of inspiration with the deepest awe. What more fitting a spot, thought he, to worship God and to expound His love than here beneath the trees—His handiwork.

MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO.

CLOISTERS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

"Why
Should we in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?"

Here it was that the largest number of his conversions were made—inspired, no doubt, to the glorification of His name, by the blue canopy that spread above him, and the fields of buttercups and poppies beneath.

A CEMETERY DOOR.

Later the mission site was moved inland, to a spot known as "Cosoy," and once again to "Nipaguay," where the crops grew abundantly, and the flocks and herds thrived upon the fertile fields.

Meanwhile, the secular education of the Indians was going on, hand in hand with the spiritual. Some were instructed in the mechanical trades, such as carpentering, blacksmithing, stone-cutting, weaving, etc., many of them attaining proficiency in their respective branches. The tillers of the earth had learned the use of modern implements, and the virgin soil was yielding its rich return.

As years wore on, attention was bestowed upon higher attainments—it becoming no unusual thing to listen to a neophyte leading in prayer, or assisting in the service of the mass. Nature had endowed many of them with excellent voices, and these were trained to chant the deep Gregorian.

Thus did the good padres labor on from dawn till dusk, content and happy in their voluntary exile, while yet there remained work in the Master's vineyard. And notwithstanding the many Indian uprisings and the occasional massacre of a padre, others were ever eager to push forward to fill the vacant cell.

Meanwhile, various outposts of civilization were being established. Governor Portolá and Padre Juan Crespí, with sixty-four soldiers and muleteers, marched north to the coveted port of

IN THE GARDEN—SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Monterey—there to plant an important mission and establish a presidio.

After passing through beautiful valleys, over verdure-clad hills, and across stretches of grassy plains, encountering on the way numerous Indian villages of curious little thatched dwellings, a cross was planted upon a spot thought to be Monterey, as described by Sebastian Viscaino, the explorer. Uncertain of its identity, however, the party returned to San Diego, quite disheartened and chagrined, and all but the sturdy padre bent upon abandoning the enterprise and returning to Mexico. A return march resulted from the persistent entreaties of Juan Crespí and the zealous Serra, which resulted in locating beyond all doubt the long sought-for port. There indeed stood the wide-spread oak tree, whose branches still kissed the white-capped waves at high tide; here it was that in 1602 three Carmelite friars (hence Carmel) offered up the sacrifice of the mass and consecrated the country to God. Here, on the self-same spot, over a century later, would they plant the cross.

On June 3, 1770, the Mission of San Carlos de Borromeo was formally established. An *enramada* was constructed, beneath whose grateful shade the mass was celebrated, the water blessed and the joyous Te Deum chanted. The low murmurings of the praying padres having ceased,

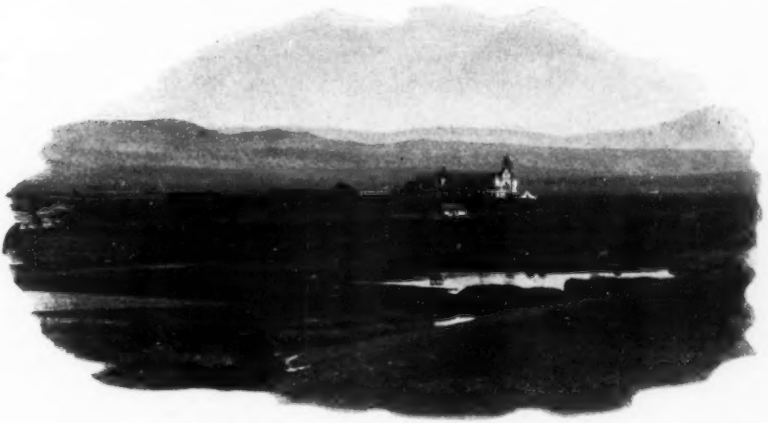
MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

Portolá stepped into the midst of the assemblage, and amid the boom of cannon, took formal possession of the port in the name of God and the King. Thus were the edicts of Carlos III. obeyed, and the dreams of the missionaries in a fair way to be consummated.

The Eslenes were somewhat higher in the social scale than were their brethren in the south, having among them a few orators and many warriors, but possessed of no native lore. The dialect of the nation once acquired, Serra and Crespí labored faithfully on, fully recompensed by each conversion. In the belief that contact with the soldiers at the presidio was detrimental to the welfare of the neophytes, the mission was moved to Carmelo Valley, about three miles distant, where the grassy meadows afforded fine pasturage for the already increasing herds, and gave a renewed impetus to agricultural pursuits.

Thus were the two centers of western civilization established, and from these, the remaining nineteen germinated.

In the few years that had passed, life about the missions had become routine. At daylight, all animal life was astir. Every one save the sick or infirm repaired to the chapel to assist at mass. Then came the breakfast of *atole*, or ground barley, served to the unmarried in the *pozolera*, to the married in their rancherias, whither they carried their rations at daybreak. The *mavera*, or keeper of the granary, performed the duties of commissary, distributing to each male that proportion of supplies to which he and his family were entitled. Thus it will be seen that communism in a modified form was one of the early institutions of our infant civilization.



VALLEY AND MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

At noon, the bells in the town rang out the angelus, when instantly every head was bared and bowed. Then man and beast repaired to the *pozolera* for the midday meal, which consisted of the ever present *atole* in one of its various forms, supplemented by mutton or beef. At times, milk was distributed freely, and always to the sick or aged. Nuts and fruits from the surrounding hills were usually added to the meal—these being gathered by the neophytes during short periods of absence from the mission.

During the heated hours of the

afternoon, it became the custom in many of the southern missions to lead about the fields a burro, laden with jars of sweetened water and vinegar with which to regale the toilers. At five o'clock, the duties of the day were over, and man and beast plodded homeward. Happier communities than these of the missions during the years of their prosperity would be hard to picture.

At sundown, the angelus called the faithful to prayers; then quietly, solemnly, the neophytes, workmen and the padres repaired to the chapel, where the litany was sung and the evening blessing imparted. Then came a light evening repast, after which gentle sleep spread over the mission and all was quiet.

Prominent among the mission buildings were those used for sleeping apartments—the unmarried males occupying one, under the jurisdiction of the major domo, and the girls another, known as the *monjerio*, or nunnery, presided over by a hideous old Indian woman, called *Llavera*.

Picture, if you can, a low stone structure built so as to permit of a court in the center. Here amid ferns, flowers and fountains the Indian maidens laughed, chatted and spun. All the blankets, towels, napkins, *rebozos*, etc., used at the mission, and much used at the presidio were the products of their deft fingers, and all of the beautifully embroidered altar cloths issued from the *monjerio*.

Despite the vigilance of the old Indian woman, many of the laughing, dark-eyed maidens of the *monjerio* won the love of soldiers of the presidio and became their wives. Thus was laid the foundation stone of the future society of California.

This mésalliance of the Indian and the Castilian did not find favor in the eyes of the padres, however, who desired that the blood of Castile might be perpetuated in all its purity; so they decided upon a novel method of inducing marriage among the natives. All the unmarried neophytes were summoned to church and arranged along the wall. Then would the padre hasten to the *monjerio*, and ask aloud of the maidens, "Which of you, my daughters, desire to marry?" Hesitating for a moment and sorely trying the padre's patience, they would finally spring up from their spinning and trip into the chapel, to find their future spouses awaiting them.

Unlike the present inexorable laws of society, the girls were permitted the choosing. Great was the agitation of the prospective benedicts, as they awaited their fortunes, good or ill; and desperately did they seek to arrest the attention of the younger and prettier maidens, as they roguishly cast their black eyes up and down the row of candidates.

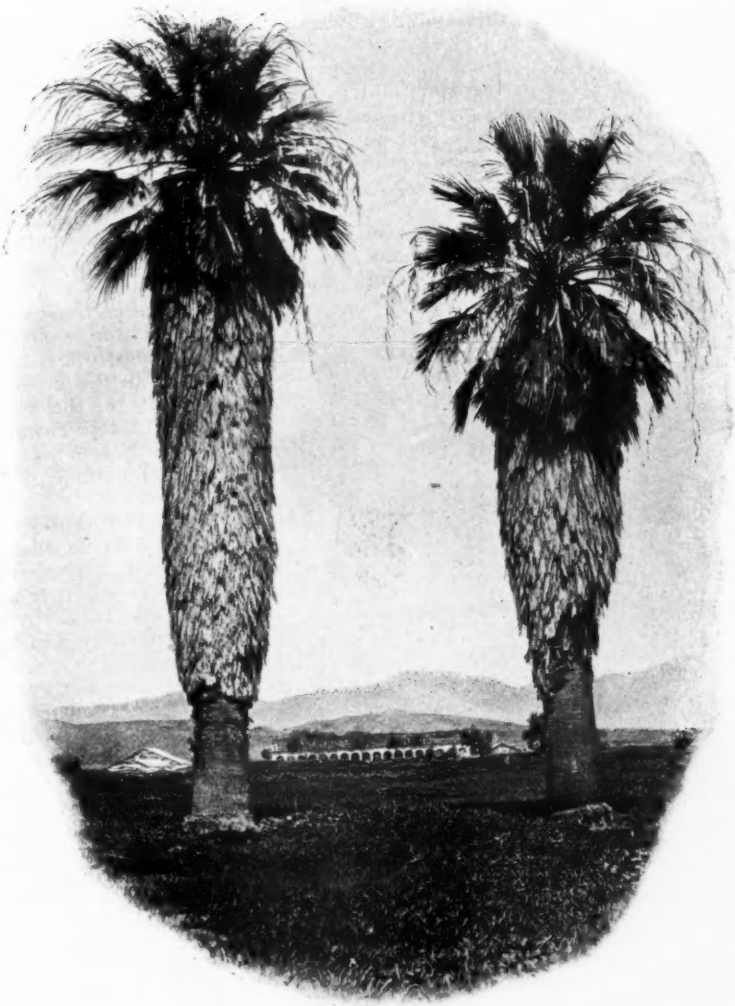
In this manner, many marriages were joyfully consummated. Within each mission domain, there grew up hundreds of happy homes, and thus were planted within these little rose-covered adobes, the seeds of civilization, enlightenment and even culture.

Home became a fixed institution, and she who presided over it gradually assumed the position she was destined to grace in the years to come. Ere long she became queen of the household and the honored of the fireside—no longer the watch dog of her master's wickiup.

These transitions from the savage state gladdened the hearts of the patient, plodding padres, who saw in visions of the future all the children of the forest gathered into communities, presiding over thrifty farms and orchards, and living in peace and plenty.

Meanwhile, Serra and his indomitable colleagues had established a chain of missions extending from Carmel to San Diego—fertile oases of civilization, these, in so vast a waste of darkness.

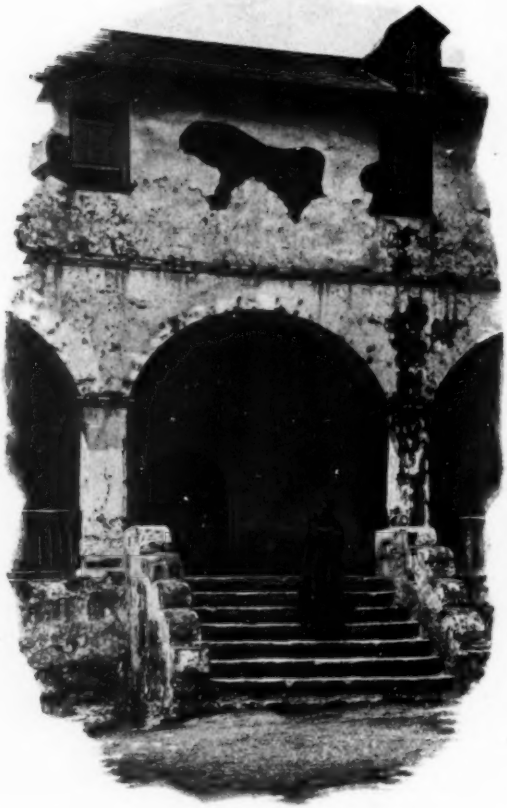
San Antonio de Padua, beneath the shadow of moss-hung oaks, had gathered together a prosperous community of Indians who devoted themselves



THE PALMS OF SAN FERNANDO—MISSION IN THE DISTANCE.

principally to the raising of fine horses for the mission. What beauties they were! and so highly prized that the friars were made wretched in their almost vain endeavor to maintain a monopoly of them. As it was, hundreds of the proud-stepping animals were spirited away to the mountain fastnesses of the gentiles, and there turned loose. Thus it was that in later years, wild horses were quite as frequently met with in travel as were bears or coyotes.

Then came San Gabriel, fairest of all the missions. Her orchards and vineyards, her gardens and her quaint buildings made the mission a delight to the eye of the dusty traveler, who, whatever his station in life, was ever made a welcome guest. It was quite necessary, however, that the guest be capable of absorbing religion and bread with equal facility, for the *ministro residente* was usually one of intense religious proclivities; especially was this true of Padres Cruzado and Sanchez. These two earnest workers died at their post, where they had toiled on patiently and faithfully for twenty years or more, and within the ancient sanctuary they await the final summons.



THE CORRIDOR STEPS, SANTA BARBARA.

Soon after the establishment of a mission at San Luis Obispo, the peninsula that lay in the embrace of the waters of the bay and ocean, and sloped away from the green hills of San Mateo, were brought under the sway of the cross.

The adobe church of the Dolores, with its white pillars, and its red tiled roof, and the ruined graveyard in its shadow, are the relics of the mission of San Francisco de Assisi, established September 9, 1776, by Francisco Palou, best known to us as the enthusiastic biographer of Junipero Serra, his *presidente*.

Who has ever stood amid the wonderful ruins of San Juan Capistrano and not dreamed himself back a hundred years, to the blissful pre-pastoral days when the temple was reared? The proudest edifice of its day, it is no less dignified in its dissolution. At no time, however, are the ruins so solemnly impressive as when viewed by the soft light of a summer afternoon; then is the world of nature silent, and one's thoughts may revel undisturbed. Just as

the temple fell on that murky morning of 1812, crushing beneath it forty poor neophytes who had gathered to worship, it lies before you. For these hundred years its cloisters have echoed the querulous cry of the quail, and sheltered the bat from the glare of the noonday sun. After the great temblor, services were held in a little adobe apartment adjoining, that by some special dispensation escaped destruction. For years thereafter the Indians gathered here to offer up their simple supplications, ere the tasks of the day began.

GRAPEVINE NEAR SANTA BARBARA, PLANTED BY THE MISSION FATHERS.

Ever alert to discern fertile districts that would give support to large communities, Padre Tomas de la Peña determined to establish a mission on the winding banks of the beautiful Guadaloupe. Santa Clara, patron saint of Assisi, was to be honored by the new institution. Beneath the bluest of skies, and upon a carpet of flaming eschscholtzias, making a veritable field of gold to tread upon, little wonder that here the good padre halted when searching for mission sites.

Santa Clara became second to none in spiritual and temporal prosperity. In 1784, a magnificent church was erected, then the finest in the Californias—Padre Murguia, *ministro residente*, performing the dual rôle of architect and laborer. Sad to relate, it proved to be his tomb. Four days before its dedication, he was buried beneath its walls. At a later date this structure was supplanted by another. the chapel that is preserved to us of to-day.

Among the populous Indian villages along the Santa Barbara Channel, the Padre Presidente caused to be established three missions under one jurisdiction — San Buenaventura, Santa

Barbara and La Purisima Concepcion. Deeming it impolitic to disturb the tribal authority that maintained such excellent decorum as was observable in their villages, the missionaries permitted the neophytes to live on for many years in their neat little conical huts. In these cradles of civilization had been gathered, since their establishment in 1782–7, nearly 10,000 converts; these by the decree of secularization in 1835, were freed from the padres' jurisdiction and became, ostensibly, Spanish citizens.

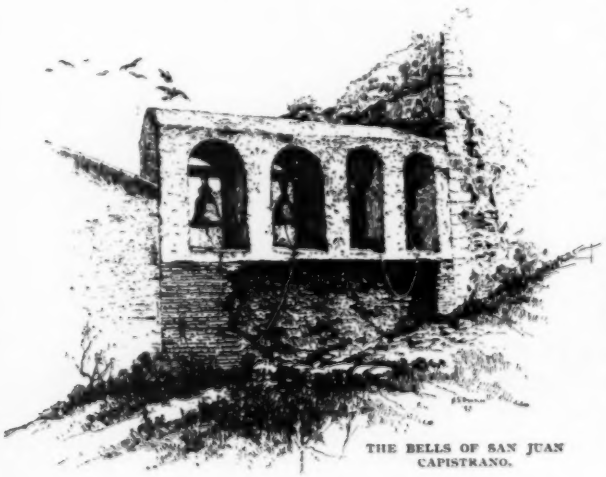
These fair mission gardens, whose perfumes were wafted over hill and vale by the ocean breezes, gladdened the eye of the voyagers who chanced to anchor near by. Vancouver went into ecstasies over the gardens of San Buenaventura, which he declared were more beautiful than any he had ever beheld; and their orchards, too, were marvelous. The young trees in the virgin soil produced prolifically—the sensuous banana and cocoanut trees thriving with vigor beside the apple, peach and pear trees. Amid tinkling fountains and soft zephyrs and sweet perfumes, who could realize that the transformation was one effected in fifty short years! Then came the clouds of secularization. When the storm burst over the missions, they were shorn of their beauty and divested of their wealth; and behold them today, spectres of their former glory, but eloquent epitaphs of the deeds of their founders.

CHAIR BROUGHT FROM SPAIN BY FATHER JUNIPERO.

Yet another mission was to be planted within sight of the surging ocean, in honor of the fair Santa Cruz. Founded Sept. 22, 1791, by Padres Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez, it was ushered into being most auspiciously. Sugert, chief of the natives in the region, entertained no fears of the *chinchinabros* (white men), and had communicated his friendliness to his tribe.

When at sunrise the bells were swung over a bending branch, they were rung by the gathered savages, who watched the ceremonial of establishment with consuming interest; the thundering of guns apparently having no terrors for them.

Such clear skies became clouded ere long, and many were the storms the lonely padres had to weather through. Floods came, the gen-



THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

tiles arose against them, and disasters followed in their wake. At last, overcome by deprivation, disappointment and sorrow, the founders sought the seclusion of the college in Mexico, whither they repaired to die. Others, however, pressed forward to succeed them at the mission by the sea.

Mournful Soledad! Lonely and deserted it stands to-day—a monument to a lost people. Few traces, either in records or ruins remain. Established at a spot known as "Chuttusgelis," beneath clumps of spreading oaks, it was even in its prime a sad institution. The church, of which a few struggling walls remain, was completed somewhere around 1797. Later, its straw roof gave way to one of tiles. The winds seem to take on a plaintive wail as they sweep over these sorry ruins, ever singing a requiem over the padres who lie beneath the shadows of the tottering walls.

After a lapse of nearly a century, the adobe church of the mission of San Jose still survives. With beautiful vineyards and blossoming orchards stretching away to the foothills, which, by the way, were once all its own possessions, the mission is yet a picturesque spot, interesting in its decline for the romance of its past. In 1800, San Jose was at the zenith of her glory, about 500 Indians having been gathered from the hills and valleys, and inducted into the ordinary routine of civilized life.

The missions of San Juan Bautista, San Miguel and San Fernando followed each other in establishment, but much of their subsequent history is enveloped in darkness. Rumors are current that many of the mission records have found their way into the treasure vaults of the early Californians, where as heirlooms, they are zealously guarded. A more probable theory is that the friars, through carelessness or press of duty, neglected to preserve many of the important documents.

SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

Of these later missions, San Fernando was the most prosperous. Her vineyards vied with those of sunny Spain, and even as late as 1840, 2,000 gallons each of superior wine and brandy were produced.

With all her wealth and pride, however, her doom, like all the rest, was sealed. The padres who had labored there so earnestly turned away lest they should be called upon to witness

PORTION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA MISSION.

the overthrow of their life-work. With secularization came dissolution. In 1846, the once proud mission went under the hammer. It was sold to one Eulogio Celis for $14,000. Later, however, by decisions of the court, the chapel and the immediately surrounding property reverted to the church, in whose custody the romantic ruins are still retained.

San Luis Rey de Francia, once the queen of the missions and by far the grandest adobe edifice ever reared in California to the glorification of His name, has at last appealed availingly for its preservation. It is soon to be restored to the dignity of its former glory by the Franciscan monks, they of the order who reared it, when it will no longer be included among the mission ruins, but known as the college of San Luis Rey.

The mission was founded June 13, 1798, by Presidente Lasuen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyri, under the most favorable auspices. It was erected not far from a beautiful winding river, amid lands that were wonderfully productive, yielding support to a large neophyte population and affording pasture to immense herds of cattle.

Padre Peyri, than whom no soldier of Christ was ever more faithful, guided the destinies of San Luis Rey from its rise to its downfall. Pathetic indeed was the parting of the venerable friar with his children, as he gathered them together in the mission garden to receive his parting blessing. Broken-hearted he turned his feet away and became a wandering pilgrim, traveling on and on, until he finally fell ill and died in Rome. Though far from the scenes he loved, they were no less dimmed by distance—his last blessings being wafted over the seas for the Indian children of San Luis Rey.

The final mission established in the south was Santa Inéz, named in honor of the good St. Agnes, whose adobe church still remains in a fair state of preservation. Its style of architecture was unimpressive as its

GRAVEYARD OF SAN LUIS REY.

MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

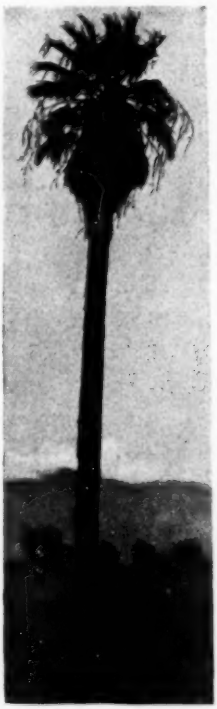
ARCADE, SAN FERNANDO.

history has been uneventful, yet for its romantic past, it is regarded as one of California's precious heirlooms.

Thus have we seen how the dream of Junipero Serra, that mission stations might dot the line from San Diego to San Francisco, was realized.

What glorious days were they for the impoverished traveler! Indeed, it is quite enough to make our modern tramp wish he had been ushered into existence a hundred years ago, instead of in this age of greed and inhumanity.

Bidding adieu to the bending bay of San Diego and the blooming hills around, the traveler could easily make a mission or two in half a day. Arriving at one of the monasteries, a rap of the big iron knocker would summon a friendly friar, who would lead the dusty newcomer into the inner precincts and regale him with food and drink. Meanwhile, his horse, footsore and weary, would be led to the corral and his wants attended to. If the animal were lame, or too much fatigued to proceed further, he was supplanted by a mission steed, while he remained till his master's return—a week, a month, or a year hence. It was no unusual thing for a traveler to be entertained so royally as to be disinclined to depart, and it mattered not how long he remained; he was never invited to go. A pity that such hospitality should die with the missions!



OLD PALM NEAR SAN FERNANDO.

While the mission system was already on the wane, two new establishments were effected north of the bay—San Rafael and San Francisco Solano. The immediate reason for the birth of the new missions was the desire to remove as many neophytes as possible from San Francisco de Assisi, where pulmonary diseases were rendering the mortality frightful. In fact, so alarmed were the gentiles becoming, that

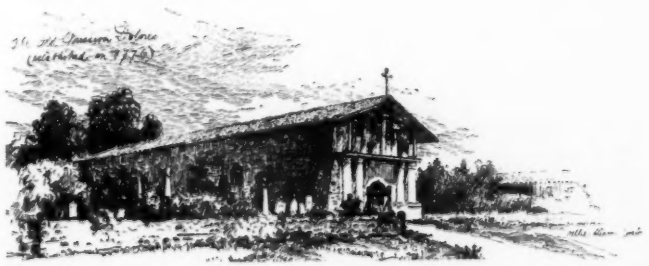
fiery sacrifices were offered up nightly to "Chinigchinich," that he might drive away the evil spirit rampant among them.

Believing that the balmy breezes of the country over the bay would prove beneficial to the dying race, Padres Luis Taboada and Altimira determined upon planting missions there. The buildings were crude, and for the most part built of wood, with roofs of grass. At Solano, a stone structure was begun, but it met with disaster during erection, and was never completed.

These, the last of the California missions, were the puniest institutions of all. The mission system had outlived itself under the existing conditions; the curtain was about to be rung down upon the most gigantic scheme of missionary work the world ever saw.

What were the results? Thirty thousand savages had been rescued from superstition and iniquity in a little less than half a century. The natives had been instructed in the arts of polite nations; they were taught to clothe their nakedness, to dwell in houses, wherein the family, the foundation of church and state had become a fixed institution, and to relegate woman to her proper sphere; the industries of thrifty peoples were taught them, and in these they had become proficient. All this was being accomplished when the shadows of secularization began to lengthen. Then came the revolution. The moral support of the padres withdrawn, many of the savages reverted to the free lives of their forefathers. The conflict between fifty years of civilization, and centuries of barbarism, was too great. Yet the fact remains that wonderful things had been achieved by those early fathers of our State. If the fabric which they reared tottered and fell, there arose from its ruins a civilization more elevated than that of which even Serra himself had dreamed.

These friars, the "pilgrim fathers" of California, do we not owe them deep debts of gratitude? Are they not entitled to our most exalted opinions? Such instances of abnegation and sacrifice of self are rare in the history of modern times, and we as Californians should appreciate them. How can we manifest it? Simply by preserving from further disintegration the crumbling sanctuaries, beneath whose walls lie many of the bodies of the Franciscan friars, who laid the foundation-stone of our Western civilization.



BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

SOME old sage has tried to make us believe that the anticipation of pleasure far exceeds the reality; but one morning in the month of April, a light-hearted party of congenial souls determined that no croaking of pessimistic proverb-makers should disturb their gaiety. For were they not just starting out on a coach to realize the dream of their lives?

For four successive days we are to drive along the Rivièra di Ponente, whose lovely shores, smiled upon by a never-fading sunshine, are kissed by the waves of one of the most beautiful seas on the earth, and blessed by a soft, balmy air, which soothes the weary and seems to banish from the careworn even the remembrance of anxiety.

The start is made bright and early, and as we bowl along that fine avenue, the Promenade des Anglais, the cheery coach-horn is blown in parting salute to our friends on the hotel porch. With a smart cracking of the whip and much display of skill, we set out at a rattling pace which certainly promises well.

Just past the new Jétée Promenade we turn away from the sea, and cross the Paillon River. Then we skirt the town and begin to ascend Mount Gros, or Great Mountain, by the famous Upper Corniche Road. And here we toil along slowly, for it is a long and steep ascent, with ever-recurring glimpses of charming scenery both above and below us.

Soon there is a sudden turn, and the town of Nice lies far below in all its beauty. There is the crescent shore as far as the Cape of Antibes, twenty-five miles away, and here are the distant hills, dotted with white villas among the green foliage. Thicker and thicker they grow, until massed into a city which, from our stronghold, looks strangely and purely white.

We can readily distinguish, curving around close to the edge of the shore, the celebrated Promenade which the English residents of Nice built in 1822, with the philanthropic motive of employing the poor of the town during a season of want. It is bordered on one side with fine white villas and mansions, each in its garden of palms, orange trees and rose bushes, and rare plants; and on the other side by the waters of the beautiful Bay of the Angels. The avenue is rightly regarded as one of the handsomest in the world.

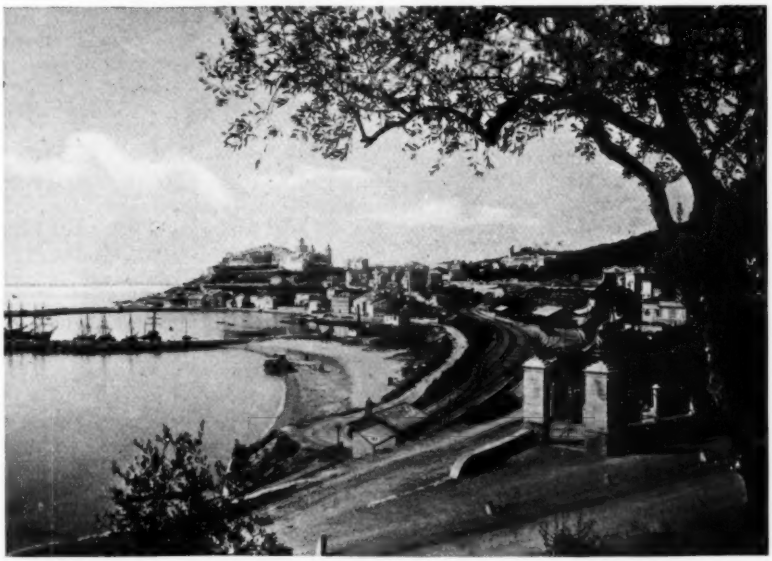
The old town of Nice, with its dark, narrow streets, lies nearer, and the Chateau Hill rises out of it to the left, 315 feet high, while close below us is the Port with its Mole and fine harbor. We cast back lingering looks on the beloved town, for *Nizza la Bella* holds ever a warm place in our hearts.

Now the view below us is shut off, but we soon catch a glimpse of something interesting above, for we are approaching the Observatory which stands out in bold relief, its vast white dome penciled against the deep blue sky. It contains one of the largest telescopes in the world, and was given with all its contents, to the city of Nice, in 1881, by Monsieur Bischoffheim — the entire expense being defrayed by him. The dome is opened for observation, and is surrounded by other buildings connected with its work. The library, a handsome building, near at hand, is about 250 feet long. It all reminds one of the Lick Observatory on a smaller scale. Another turn shows us the Paillon again far below, just where it divides into two streams, near which the small twin villages of L'Ariane and Drappo are wedged tightly in between its forks.

Just beyond a sharp ascent, we round a corner and catch a minute's view of Monte Carlo, which is miles below us and looks like a tiny white bijou in the embrace of the sparkling emerald sea.

Our next picture is a view of Villefranche, with its light-house on the point and its olive-clad slopes covering the sides of the hills. Here lies the harbor for the Mediterranean Squadron of French vessels, and it is with a thrill of delight that we discover the stars and stripes floating from three or four of our own brave ships. This little town of Villefranche, or Villa Franca, as the Italians call it, was founded in 1295 by Charles II., King of Naples; it has been in the possession of the Dukes of Savoy, then of the French, in 1792, next passing, in 1814, to the ownership of the Sardinians. In 1860, the little town, with its near neighbor, Nice, reverted once more to France, which government is still in possession.

We catch a glimpse of the harbor, fort and arsenal, but soon all this is hidden from view and we find ourselves in a region known as "Petite Afrique," so sunny are its sloping hillsides. This quaint little nook of



PORTO MAURIZIO.

the Rivièra is blessed with a soft and equable temperature by the intervention of massive rocks, which tower far above and afford ample protection from the wind blasts of the north. These declivities are largely covered with olive and lemon trees, which add the charm of their soft coloring and delicate perfume to the spot.

Just beyond we go through the Pass, 1,750 feet above the sea—the highest point reached by this grand driveway—and cross the ridge near Mt. des Forcas.

At a sharp bend in the road suddenly appears before us what seems to be a huge eagle's nest, or human eyrie. Perched upon the apex of a mountain of solid rock, its crumbling, sombre-hued dwellings apparently carved out of the cliffs themselves, stands Eze—1,300 feet high—and a curious example of a ninth century Roman village. Its closely massed houses, clinging far up on the tip of the peak are half deserted and the grand old ruin, a Saracenic castle, though weak in its square battlements is still measurably firm on its foundations. Here has it stood since the year 814, looking down in times of peace upon one of the most beautiful scenes imaginable, and in times of war grimly holding its own against all besiegers.

When we leave our coach on the broad Corniche road, and climb by a donkey path up the steep rock sides of the little village, we are well rewarded for our toil. Far below us, projecting into the sea, lies the peninsula of St. Jean, and just this side of it the St. Hospice Point. We can discern its tiny church which is built on the foundation of an ancient temple of Isis, whence some say this village derives the name of Eze. Below, at the edge of the sea, is the railway station from which a steep and stony donkey road leads to the settlement above.

Returning once more to our coach, we start off on our sinuous route, and are soon greeted with a first sight of La Turbie. Just across a wild gorge it stands—a mediæval village, 1,640 feet above the sea, and connected with Monte Carlo beneath, by a terraced footpath of 860 steps.

Here, 1,400 souls eke out their miserable existence in darkness and misery. Into the narrow recesses of some of these streets, and beyond the thick walls of these poor abodes, the sunlight never penetrates. As the inhabitants swarm out of their dingy doorways in response to the cheery sound of our coach horn, we see only feeble old men, a few sad-looking decrepit women and many pale-faced children. The shadows of these gloomy streets, and the poverty apparent on every side is depressing.

The great attraction of La Turbie is its historic tower, erected A. D. 13, to commemorate the victory over the Ligurian tribes. This was the ancient Roman station of Trophae Augusti, on the Via Julia, and the once solid but now dilapidated Roman fort stood intact for 1,700 years. It towered above these beautiful shores, a veritable beacon of strength and durability, and resisted many an invasion until one of the rulers of Monaco, in the time of Louis XIV., ruthlessly reduced it to its present condition. From its top, whither we ascend conducted by four little girls as guides, the view is one of surpassing beauty.

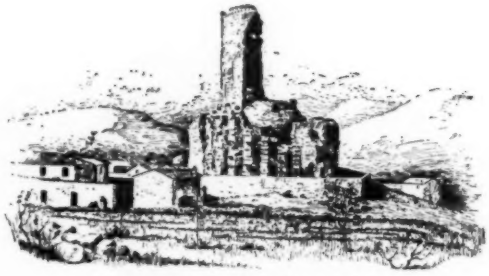
Many hundred feet below lies Monte Carlo, the fairy-like gardens of the Casino appearing like a small spot of bright green verdure against the blue. Monaco projects curiously into the sea, and the intervening slopes are resplendent with olive and locust groves and innumerable terraced plantations of lemons.

From the Tête du Chien mountain near at hand the finest view on the Rivièra might be obtained, but that the French Government has placed a fortress there and reserves the spot for their own exclusive edification.

Fortunately, however, just at the edge of the bluff, near the little inn of La Turbie, there exists a sort of

NICE FROM MOUNT GROS.

natural platform protected by a wall, and supplied with a stone bench for the accommodation of travelers. Here one may lean over and look down directly upon Monte Carlo and its exquisite surroundings. Beautiful enchantress — what ineffable harm have you wrought among the children of men! Even as a siren you draw them to your embrace, only to crush them at last and cast them into outer darkness!



TOWER OF CÆSAR—LA TURBIE.

We tear ourselves away reluctantly. The road now descends at once and we spin rapidly past Roquebrune, another ancient village, built of and among the "brown rocks" as its name implies. Our route lies just below it, and we look up at the great ruined castle of the Lascaris', descended from the Byzantine Emperors, and ceded by them to Charles Grimaldi, an ancestor of the present Prince of Monaco.

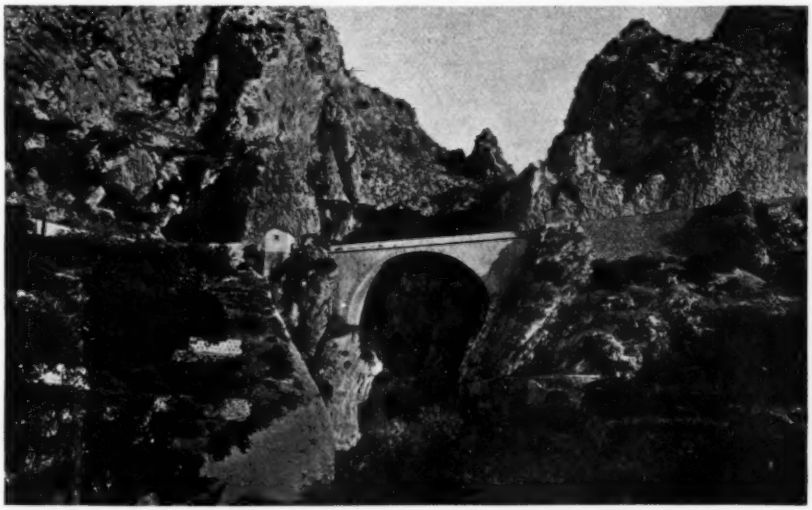
In about an hour's drive from La Turbie we reach Mentone. The town is charmingly situated on the bay of the same name, which is divided by a rocky promontory into two arms called the East and West Bay. There is a ruined castle near the point, and the ancient tower of St. Agnèse, built for protection against Saracenic invasion, is on the hill above. The old town with its dark streets is in marked contrast to the new town stretching along the beach, of which the Promenade du Midi and the Jardin Public are the favorite resorts. Perched 1,280 feet above, on the rocks, is Castellar, from which poor little village there is a magnificent prospect of the Mediterranean and the coast line. Just outside of Mentone are some famous bone caves, six in number, known as the Red Rock Caverns, where quantities of débris have been discovered, which were deposited in past ages, such as

VIEW OF MENTONE FROM BENNETT'S TOWER.

neolithic skeletons of giant man, stone implements and fossilized food.

For some time our route lies close to the sea, but we soon mount a ridge of serrated crags which commands a fine view of the shore.

We now approach the picturesque Bridge of St. Louis which crosses a gorge 215 feet deep, forming the boundary line between France and Italy. From this point there are charming views of the French coast.



BRIDGE OF ST. LOUIS ON THE FRONTIER.

Just beyond is the Italian *dogana*, or custom-house, and here on the very border of Italy we meet with a phenomenon never before encountered in our travels abroad—a customs inspector who refuses a gift. This lowly official has been so very complaisant, passing our effects without examination and wishing us a cheerful "Buon Viaggio" that one of our party offers him a small douceur, which, without showing offense, he politely declines. That man has the courage of a hero. Realizing from bitter experience how poorly all Italian government officials are paid, and in consideration of the fact that no superior officer is present to report him, his sense of duty must be stronger than the average of those of his class throughout Italy.

Just beyond the frontier is Dr. Bennet's residence. He is an English physician who came here some years ago suffering from pulmonary complaint, and becoming completely restored to health, has built a villa in this charming location overlooking the town below. The view of Mentone from his vine-covered tower, is not to be exceeded on this coast. Driving for another hour and gaining once more the level of the sea, we soon reach Bordighéra. There are palms everywhere; gardens and groves, and nurseries and borders of palms—some of which are many hundreds of years old.

This little town has furnished the Easter palms at Rome, ever since the year 1586. How the grant was obtained by Bresca, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open Piazza, before the Cathedral of St. Peters, he was gazing with breathless interest at

the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation, on pain of death. All went

OLD OLIVE TREE NEAR SAN RÉMO.

well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying, "Aiga, dai de l'aiga ae corde!—Water, give water to the ropes!" The suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon; the obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the Pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned his offence, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted, and is respected to this day.

About three miles' further drive along this charming shore, close by the sea, brings us to Ospedaletti, where the principal attractions are a fine hotel and an unused casino. The latter brings to mind the many deserted Italian villages one sees high up among the rocky hills along this coast. This casino, however, although silent and empty, cannot like them be called deserted, since it has never been occupied.

Some twelve years ago the Crédit Lyonnais of France formed a stock company, calling it the Crédit Foncier, and the latter began to invest largely in land around Ospedaletti. They bought up large tracts of real estate, opened a hotel, and erected this expensive white stone structure for a Casino, hoping that visitors would flock in large numbers to the place, and that it would prove a second Nice or Monte Carlo. But the Italian Government absolutely refused to issue to them a license for gambling, and the whole scheme fell through. Thus the beautiful Casino stands with empty halls, serving merely as an ornamental addition to the surrounding landscape.

As we near San Rémo we pass the historic olive tree reputed to be over 400 years old. It looks sturdy and strong, with grotesquely gnarled stems branching and twisting around its huge trunk.

At San Rémo we stop for the night. The old town, which nestles on the slopes of two hills, consists of a network of narrow lanes and alleys, with archways overhead connecting the houses in the event of an earthquake. The new town lies at its feet close along the sea. The upper public garden, called the Jardin l' Impératrice,

is a charming spot, opened only a few years ago under the auspices of the Empress of Russia.

We visit the market place and stroll through the old town until we lose ourselves in its narrow precincts. It is here that we see a vignette of two old women against the black shadow of an arched doorway, carrying on their heads a heavy sack of potatoes, seemingly unconscious of its weight.

JUST BEYOND ALBENGA.

Rolling merrily out of San Rémo, our voices are hushed as we drive past the Villa Zirio, for it was here that the large-hearted Emperor Frederick III. of Germany, fought his brave battle with death. All that affection and wealth could offer was placed at his feet, as a tribute of the esteem in which he was held, but it availed nothing. We drive past the picturesque little pilgrim church of the Madonna délla Guardia, and skirting the small village of Arma, cross the Taggia River. Five miles above, far up on the mountain, lies Taggia, that obscure little place in which Guvanni Ruffini, the author of that fascinating book, "Doctor Antonio," once lived.

We soon turn a sharp point and Porto Maurizio lies below us. It adds a symmetrical touch to the view, for it is built on a conical hill. Our road makes the ascent half way, and then turning to the left descends abruptly once more to the level of the sea, where, looking back we can plainly distinguish the fine church with its two square towers, and roof divided into arches and domes.

And now, a mile further on, we approach our next resting-place, Oneglia. After a cheerful repast of *frittàta*, *animélla di vitélla*, *piséllì*, *celata* and *dolcè*, with *vino ordinario*, we stroll through the arcades in the town, the inhabitants stopping to stare at us, which compliment we return with interest. In two hours we are off again, coming presently upon a small settlement called Diano Marina, which proves to be one of the most interesting places on the route. Here in 1887, the earthquake which

SAN RÉMO FROM THE MOLE.

visited the Rivièra made itself severely felt, and not a house in the place remained intact. Six hundred lives were lost in this disaster, and human bones are frequently disinterred from beneath the ruined dwellings. On one side of the main street every building was leveled to the ground, and the city government taking pity upon the homeless ones erected many rows of small one-storied houses for a temporary refuge. Some of the unfortunates still inhabit these humble quarters, having never since been able to lay aside enough money to erect other homes. The building trade is very brisk in Diano Marina, and new houses are going up on every hand.

Past Cervo which looks down upon us from a picturesque slope above, we drive around the Capo delle Mele and there breaks upon our view one of the finest vistas of the whole route. A prospective of snow-tipped mountain ranges on our left, softened in the purple lights; and far ahead just off the coast, the wild rocky island of Gallinari is seen; while white Lagueglia and Alassio stretch between along the nearer edge of the sea. We soon reach the former — a very bower of orange and lemon groves.

ARCH OF OLD ROMAN BRIDGE NEAR ALASSIO.

Then skirting the shores of three separate bays we reach Alassio at sunset, and find at the extreme end of the long main street of the village, the Grand Hotel, our haven of rest for the night. What an abode of

comfort it is! A peaceful spirit settles down upon us, as we take our afternoon tea on a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, which is crimsoned with the glorious hues of the occident. Beyond, off a rocky point, lies the Gallinari Isle. Drear and somber it appears, and desolate must be the life thereon, with only a stony fort and its accompanying gray walls to vary the landscape.

The next morning we reach Lagueglia with its yellow fruit groves, and then pass by Albenga, which lies a little further back in the broad lowland. Here the valley of the Capri-anna widens and opens, giving us full sight of a broad arena with distant expanse of mountain ranges, the higher peaks tipped with snow.

All along the shore in this vicinity, we see at intervals the fishermen hauling in their nets, and become quite interested in the process. A boat is usually launched and rowed about an eighth of a mile out from the shore to where the buoy is floating, when the net is allowed to drop into the water. Ten or twelve stalwart men stand on the shore and haul in the rope, backing slowly up the beach. Then they change places; each advancing to the water's edge and beginning the long pull over again. Thus they continue until the net is landed and the fish hauled upon the beach. Fishing is the principal industry along some parts of this district, and the poorer villagers live almost entirely on fish and vegetables.

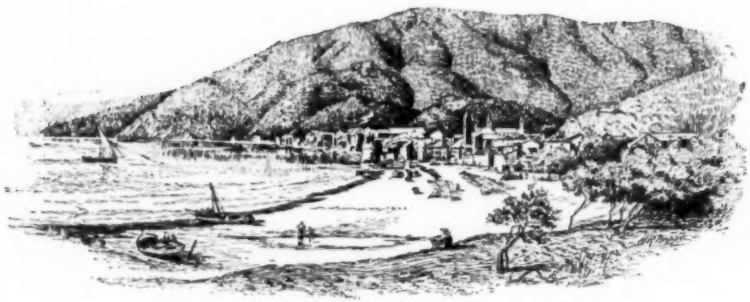
Now we pass through more groves and vineyards, and beyond come to a dual village bearing the euphonious name of Pietra-Ligure. Here the country opens again and the mountains recede. The two villages, Pietra and Ligure, lie a mile apart up on the side of a hill, and the intervening space is filled with richly cultivated gardens containing artichokes, lettuce, cabbage, peas and parsley and extensive vineyards. We drive into Finalmarina, ascending a steep hill where the horses slip on the smooth pavement; and then on through the old town from whence, as we turn the corner, there is a rift in the hills which shows us a glimpse of snow-tipped mountains. Nearer, on the crown of a high hill stands the picturesque ruin of Castello Gavone, with the triangular town of Borgo at its feet.

After luncheon, at Finalmarina, we walk around the place, visiting the church of St. John the Baptist, gorgeous in colored marbles, gilding, and gaudy frescoes. At three o'clock we start once more.

The bakers in the villages along this coast have a curious custom of nailing samples of bread to the outside door of their shops. The rain soaks these products of their skill, the sun beats down on them and the dust floats about them in clouds. Still they hang there, those round rings of *pain ordinaire*, until they fall to pieces and are replaced by fresh loaves.

Under the bald and rugged Cape Bergeggi, we pierce the misty gloom of another long tunnel, and when we emerge, a beautiful prospect opens before us—thirty miles of Italian coast, with its green banks, beautiful bays, undulating ridges of mountains and olive-covered hills. Before us, at the farthest point of the crescent, we can just discern the white lighthouse of Genoa, standing out like the spire of a church against the dark hills.

Vado is a walled city with a ruined castle. The mountains fade away gradually toward the city in the soft prismatic hues of a Southern sunset, and the blue water touching the sandy beach and gray rocks seems to blend into the harmonious coloring of an Oriental scene. On the beach are more fishing boats and men folding their nets, while the entire population apparently is out in the open air, chatting in the waning sunlight. Far up in a cleft of the rocks, just outside the town, nestles a little white chapel which looks wonderfully peaceful, so far removed from the turmoil and noise of the busy world below.



ALASSIO.

We cross one or two small rivers here, without bridges, the horses wading; not much of an undertaking now that the water is low, but a rather dangerous performance after heavy rains, or the melting of snow on the mountains.

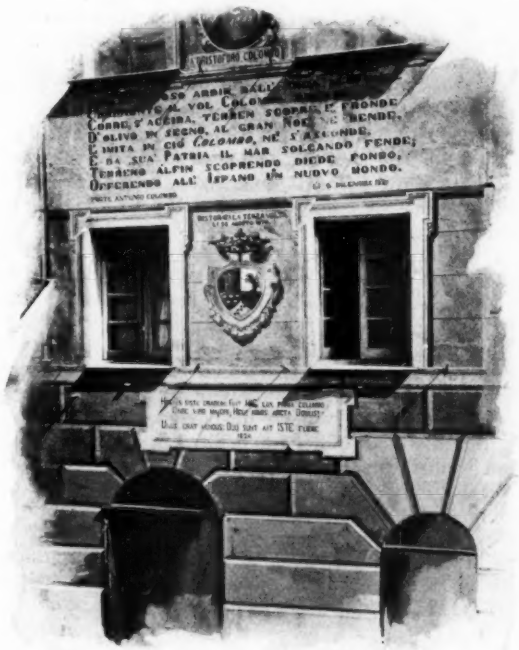
We are glad to reach Savona, although our first impressions of the place and of the Hotel Svizzero are not very favorable. But when we saunter out after dinner we find some good broad streets, fine squares, attractive shops, and an interesting scene at the port, to which a wide avenue lined with trees, leads direct. This place was of importance under Napoleon I., and has now about 30,000 inhabitants.

The next morning we start off bright and early for our last day's drive, and Cogoleto, to which we have looked forward with great interest, comes in sight at last. It is a poor little village by the sea, flat and devoid of interest, except for the fact that this insignificant little town dares to dispute with Genoa the honor of being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. It is a long, narrow village with two streets, one of which runs close to the sea, the other between two rows of houses. Driving slowly along the former, the squalid

SAVONA

dwellings are on our left, with their small terraces and balconies overlooking the Mediterranean. In the only other street, the houses look even more dirty and miserable. Fir trees are placed over many of the doors

After luncheon we set out on a journey of exploration, accompanied by most of the unemployed inhabitants of the village. In the open square is a marble statue of Columbus with a tablet stating that it was dedi-


CRISTOFORO COLOMBO
D'OLIVO IN SECNO, AL GRAN NOCCHIER SI ASCONDE,
PATRIA IL MAR SOLCANDO FENDE;
TERRENO ALPIN SCOPRENDO DIEDE FONDO,
OFFERENDO ALL' ISPANO UN NUOVO MONDO.

HOUSE AT COGOLETO, SAID TO BE THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

indicating that some commodity is for sale within.

In the poor little "Albergo della Bella Italia" the only inn in the place, there is no fireplace, and as it is cold, the old waiting woman brings in a brazier, making a great merit of having put in a piece or two of lemon peel, to impart a delicate odor to the chill and musty atmosphere of the apartment. As there is not much else in the brazier, the coals being few and far between, the lemon-peel has it all to itself, and we continue to see our breath in the air.

cated in 1888. Farther on we come to an insignificant little house which is pointed out as the great discoverer's birthplace. There is a portrait of Columbus on the outside of the house with an appropriate inscription, and the narrow stairs are badly worn by the tread of many tourists.

Once more we are on the way, until in a blaze of electric light we drive past the famous statue of Columbus, and past the crescent bay where the stately ships lie idle. And so at last our glorious trip is ended and we have come to "Genova La Superba."

REPORTING WITH MARK TWAIN.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

IT was in the early days of the Comstock, just when the great boom in silver mining had fairly commenced, that I first met Samuel L. Clemens, now better known as "Mark Twain." It was in the days when "Washoe" was still the popular name of all the silver mining regions of Nevada. Mr. Clemens had been engaged in prospecting at Aurora, Esmeralda County (then a lively camp) whence he sent to the Territorial Enterprise, of Virginia City, some humorous letters signed "Josh." The Enterprise was then not only the leading paper of "Silverland," but also was one of the liveliest and most prosperous newspapers on the Pacific Coast.

I had been at work on the Enterprise about two years, when, in December, 1862, I concluded to take a trip to the "States," whereupon the proprietors of the paper—J. T. Goodman and D. E. McCarthy—engaged "Josh" (Mr. Clemens) to come in from Aurora and take a position on their paper as reporter. I was absent from the Comstock about nine months—on the Plains and in the States—and when I returned, Mr. Clemens had shed his nom de plume of "Josh" and taken that which he still retains and has made famous. Mark did not much relish the work of writing reports of mines and mining affairs, and for that reason, and because of the boom in business and rush of events demanding reportorial notice, I was asked to return "post-haste" and resume work on the paper—everything being, as my letter of recall said, "red-hot."

I found things "red-hot" indeed. Reaching San Francisco in the evening after dark, the first news I heard, even before our steamer had reached the wharf, was that Virginia City was on fire and was being "wiped out." At once there was great excitement, for a score or more of "Washoe" people were on board the vessel. Upon landing we rushed to the newspaper offices and there heard that the town was still burning. I also learned that there had been a big fight among the firemen and that some of my friends and acquaintances had been killed and wounded. It was midnight before we heard that the fire was under control, and I then ascertained, to my great relief, that the Enterprise office had escaped, while all about it had been destroyed.

Thus I "resumed business at the old stand" in the thick of red-hot times—in the midst of flames and war. It was also in the midst of the cutting and shooting days—the days of stage robberies, of mining fights, wonderful finds of ore, and all manner of excitements. As may be imagined, Mark and I had our hands full, and no grass grew under our feet. There was a constant rush of startling events; they came tumbling over one another as though playing at leap-frog. While a stage robbery was being written up, a shooting affray started; and perhaps before the pistol shots had ceased to echo among the surrounding hills, the firebells were banging out an alarm.

The crowding of the whole population into that part of the town which had escaped the fire led to many bloody battles. Fighters, sports and adventurers, burned out of their old haunts, thronged the saloons and gaming houses remaining, where many of them were by no means welcome visitors; and as in the case of cats in strange garrets, battles were of nightly

occurrence. Everybody was armed, and no man threw away his life by making an attack with his fists.

Mark and I agreed well in our work, which we divided when there was a rush of events, but we often cruised in company—he taking the items of news he could best handle, and I such as I felt myself competent to work up. However, we wrote at the same table and frequently helped each other with such suggestions as occurred to us during the brief consultations we held, in regard to the handling of any matters of importance. Never was there an angry word between us in all the time we worked together.

Mark Twain, as a reporter, was earnest and enthusiastic in such work as suited him—really industrious—but when it came to "cast-iron" items, he gave them "a lick and a promise." He hated to have to do with figures, measurements and solid facts, such as were called for in matters pertaining to mines and machinery.

Mark displayed a peculiarity when at work that was very detrimental to the integrity of office property. In case he wished to clip an item or a paragraph out of a paper, and could not at once lay his hand upon his scissors, he would cut out the required matter with his knife, at the same time slashing into the ba ze covering of the table. His end of the cover was so mutilated that little was left of the original cloth. In its place appeared what might have passed for a representation of the polar star, spiritedly darting forth a thousand rays. Some years ago, when at Mark's house in Hartford, I found myself almost unconsciously examining the top of the fine writing desk in his library for evidences of his old knife-slashing habit, but did not find so much as a scratch.

Mark Twain was pretty apt in sketching in a rude way, and when reporting meetings where there were long waits, or uninteresting debates, he would cover the margins of his copy paper with drawings. When reporting the meetings of the Board of Aldermen, where there was often much tedious talk, he would frequently make sketches illustrative of the subjects under discussion. Some of his off-hand sketches were very good—good in the same way that a pun is sometimes good, though far-fetched and ridiculous. I have forgotten the subjects of most of these pencil sketches. I recall one, however that might have been labeled "The Captured Menagerie." There had been some trouble about collecting city license from a menagerie (it had paid county license) and the matter came up before the Board of Aldermen. Mark was amused at the talk of what could be done and what would be done with the show and showmen if the license was not paid at once, and so he pictured it all out. He depicted the City Marshal leading away the elephant by its trunk, and the Mayor mounted upon a giraffe which he had captured, while one policeman had a lion by the tail, and another had captured a rhinoceros. Others still had shouldered kangaroos, strings of monkeys and the like.

This was about his best effort, and after writing out his report of the meeting, he kept his sheets of notes for some time, working up and improving the several pictures. At his home in Hartford, Mark sometimes dabbles in oil colors, he having taken lessons in art since the Comstock days. He "points with pride," to the curly head of a dove-colored bull on an easel in his library, and hints that the best effects were all achieved without the assistance of his teacher.

Mark Twain was fond of manufacturing items of the horrible style, but on one occasion he overdid this business, and the disease worked its own cure. He wrote an account of a terrible murder, supposed to have occurred at "Dutch Nick's," a station on the Carson River, where Empire City now stands. He made a man cut his wife's throat and those of his nine children, after which dia-

MARK TWAIN AND TWO OF HIS COLLEAGUES.*

bolical deed the murderer mounted his horse, cut his own throat from ear to ear, rode to Carson City (a distance of three and a half miles) and fell dead in front of Pete Hopkins' saloon.

All the California papers copied the item, and several made editorial comment upon it as being the most shocking occurrence of the kind ever known on the Pacific Coast. Of course rival Virginia City papers at once denounced the item as a "cruel and idiotic hoax." They showed how the publication of such "shocking and reckless falsehoods" disgraced and injured the State, and they made it as "sultry" as possible for the Enterprise and its "fool reporter."

When the California papers saw all this and found they had been sold, there was a howl from Siskiyou to San Diego. Some papers demanded the immediate discharge of the author of the item by the Enterprise proprietors. They said they would never quote another line from that paper while the reporter who wrote the shocking item remained on its force. All this worried Mark as I had never before seen him worried. Said he: "I am being burned alive on both sides of the mountains." We roomed together, and one night when the persecution was hottest, he was so distressed that he could not sleep. He tossed, tumbled and groaned aloud. So I set to work to comfort him. "Mark," said I, "never mind this bit of a gale, it will soon blow itself out. This item of yours will be remembered and talked about when all your other work is forgotten. The murder at Dutch Nick's will be quoted years from now as the big sell of these times."

Said Mark: "I believe you are right; I remember I once did a thing at home in Missouri, was caught at it and worried almost to death. I was a mere lad and was going to school in a little town where I had an uncle living. I at once left the town and did not return to it for three years. When I finally came back I found I was only remembered as 'the boy that played the trick on the schoolmaster.'"

Mark then told me the story, began to laugh over it, and from that moment "ceased to groan." He was not discharged, and in less than a month people everywhere were laughing and joking about the "murder at Dutch Nick's."

When Mark wrote the item he read it over to me, and I asked him how he was going to wind it up so as to make it plain that it was a mere invention.

"Oh, it is wound up now," was the reply. "It is all plain enough. I have said that the family lived in a little cabin at the edge of the great pine forest near Dutch Nick's, when everybody knows there's not a pine tree within ten miles of Nick's. Then I make the man ride nearly four miles

* The center figure of the cut is Mark Twain; the one on the right is Mr. Simmons, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the one on the left, Mr. Claggett, Member of Legislature from Humboldt County.

after he has cut his throat from ear to ear, when any fool must see that he would fall dead in a moment."

But the people were all so shocked at first with the wholesale throat-cutting that they did not stop to think of these points. Mark's whole object in writing the story was to make the murderer go to Pete Hopkins' saloon and fall dead in front of it—Pete having in some way offended him. I could never quite see how this was to hurt Pete Hopkins. Mark probably meant to insinuate that the murderer had been rendered insane by the kind of liquor sold over the Hopkins' bar, or that he was one of Pete's bosom friends.

To-day not one man in a hundred in Nevada can remember anything written by Mark Twain while he was connected with the Enterprise, except this one item in regard to the shocking murder at Dutch Nick's; all else is forgotten, even by his oldest and most intimate friends.

First and last, many newspapers, daily and weekly, have been published in Virginia City. The life of one of these was so short, however, that only a few persons are now aware that it ever had an existence. It opened its eyes to the light only to close them again forever. This was the Occidental, an eight-page weekly literary paper, started by Hon. Tom Fitch, the "Silver-tongued Orator of Nevada." But one number of the paper was issued. The good die young—the Occidental was good. Why the paper died as soon as born I never exactly knew, but think it would be safe to say that all the "powder" in the magazine was used up in the first shot.

Twain and I were rooming together at the time in what was known as the "Daggett building," a large brick structure where there were many lodgers. Tom Fitch and family were our across-the-hall neighbors. Of course we were informed in regard to Tom's newspaper venture and took a lively interest in all his literary plans. The paper was intended to constitute a sort of safety valve for the red-hot and hissing Comstock literary boiler. Writers on the other papers, and writers at large were to contribute to its columns.

In the number of this paper that was published a romance was commenced that was to have been continued almost indefinitely. At least, in discussing the plan of it nothing was ever said about how it was to be ended, and had the story been carried forward in accordance with the original plan, it would have been one of the curiosities of literature, and probably running yet.

Hon. R. M. Daggett, late Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, wrote the opening chapters of the story. A striking character in the story, as begun by Mr. Daggett, was an old hermit, "reported a Rosycrucian," who dwelt in a partially subterranean castle, situated in a dark and secret mountain gorge, where "in the dead waist and middle of the night" smoke and flames were to be seen issuing from his chimneys while lights—red, blue and green—flashed up in his heavily-barred windows. The building had no visible door—all was solid masonry—and the person viewing it from the outside could only imagine a subterranean entrance, which no man could discover, "for the dews that dripped all over."

The old white-haired alchemist, had a pupil, of course, and this pupil was the hero of the romance, as it was begun by Mr. Daggett. In the great outside world dwelt the heroine, who started out—began business—as a very lovable young lady. The opening was full of mystery, and was very interesting. Mr. Daggett left the hero in a position of such peril that it seemed impossible he could be rescued, except through means and wisdom more than human.

Mrs. Tom Fitch was to have written the chapters for the next number of the paper; she would have been followed by Mark Twain, and he, in due

course, by J. T. Goodman, Tom Fitch and myself, when Mr. Daggett would again come in and take up the thread of the exciting tale.

Each person would have been obliged to extricate the hero, heroine (or any other useful character) from whatever sad predicament the writer preceding him might have devised, and would have aimed to puzzle the one who was to follow him. It would have been a sort of literary game of chess.

It was thought that Mrs. Fitch would respect Daggett's lovely heroine, and carry her along in unsullied beauty of both person and soul; but Mark Twain was sharpening his scalping knife for her. The old Rosycrucian was Daggett's pet. He wanted to carry the old fellow all through the story, but was afraid Mrs. Fitch would find him unmanageable, and would roast him in one of his own furnaces. In case she did anything of the kind Mr. Daggett was resolved to take a terrible revenge when he got hold of her pet character—he would do "a deed that the ibis and the crocodile would tremble at."

Although Mark and I had promised to let Mr. Daggett's old hermit live, we had secretly conjured up a demon fiddler who was to make his appearance in the mysterious barred castle at critical moments, and with "rosined bow" torment both the "quivering string" and the old alchemist. In case Daggett provided the old fellow with some spell sufficiently potent to "lay" the fiddler, we intended to introduce into the secret laboratory a spectral owl that should worry the occupant by watching his every movement; and following the owl we would send the whole progeny of devils—ærial, aquatic and terrestial—said to have been born of Adam's first wife, Lilis.

Mrs. Fitch and her lady friends and advisers doubtless had their plans for "warming" Mark and all the rest of us. However, with the death of the Occidental all passed away into the realms of nothingness, "wie ein schatten vergehen"—as a shadow goes.

The story of the presentation to Mark Twain of a bogus meerschaum pipe has often been told, but in most instances without touching upon that which was the fine point of the whole affair. Major Steve Gillis, C. A. V. Putnam, D. E. McCarthy and several other newspaper men "put up a job" to present Mark an imitation meerschaum pipe. They selected one they knew he would not like because of its shape, had its German silver mounting polished up, and on this the inscription, "To Mark Twain, from his Friends" was neatly engraved. A cherry stem about a yard long, with a genuine amber mouth-piece was procured, and the present was ready. The presentation was to take place on a Saturday night, "after the paper was up," at Harris' saloon, in Maguire's Opera House. Charley Pope, now proprietor of a theater in St. Louis, Mo., was then playing at the Opera House, and he was engaged to make the presentation speech. All this being arranged, I said to Mark one night after we had gone to bed: "Mark, I don't know that I ought to tell you, but the boys are going to make you a present of a fine meerschaum pipe next Saturday night. Charley Pope is to make the presentation speech, and as it will doubtless be rather fine, I have thought it best to post you, in order that you may think up a suitable reply."

Mark thanked me most cordially for "giving the business away"—not once suspecting that the "boys" had made it my part to thus thoroughly post him, in order that we might all have the fun of watching him in his effort to convey the impression that the presentation was a genuine surprise.

This was really the point, and the "big sell" of the whole affair. Even Charley Pope was aware that Mark had been fully posted, therefore to us all it was deliciously ridiculous to observe Mark's pretended "unawareness."

From the moment of our assembling, until the ceremonies ended, every eye was fixed upon him, watching every shade of expression on his countenance.

Even with the "enticing" of Mark down to the Opera House saloon, the fun began, as he assumed a certain degree of coyness, pretending to hold back, and could n't "see why we wanted him to go there." When our victim and all the conspirators had been assembled for some time round the center-table in a private parlor of the saloon, Charley Pope made his appearance. Mark seemed surprised at seeing him enter the room.

Mr. Pope carried under his arm, wrapped in a newspaper, a bundle about a yard in length. Advancing to the table he proceeded to unroll the bundle, producing a ridiculous looking pipe, with a straight bowl about five inches high, and about a yard of blue ribbon floating from the stem.

"That is a mighty fine pipe you have there, Charley," said Mark in an off-hand, unconcerned tone of voice.

Mr. Pope made no reply, but throwing the newspapers upon the floor held the pipe aloft by the middle of the stem, as in the great paintings of the presentation of the Pipe of Peace, and began his speech with: "Mr. Clemens, on behalf of your friends and admirers, those you see here assembled and many others, I present you this magnificent meerschaum pipe as a slight," etc., etc.

Mr. Pope spoke about twenty minutes, making a really admirable speech. In parts it was very feeling, and again it was witty and jolly. Of course we applauded it from Alpha to Omega.

Then Mark Twain arose. In his hand he held the mighty calumet. He was sorry that he would be unable fittingly to reply to a speech so able and excellent as that of Mr. Pope—a speech that had touched his heart and stirred in his bosom feelings he could not find words to express. But the truth was that he had been taken by surprise. The presentation was a thing wholly unexpected.

He then launched forth into what we all knew was his prepared speech. He began with the introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and wound up with George Washington. Just how he managed to bring in the "Father of His Country" I have forgotten; but he had him there in the wind-up, and showed him off to good advantage.

Often the thunders of applause brought him to a halt. He was made to feel that he was a success. Then he called for "sparkling Moselle";—no other wine would do him—and before the session was over six bottles, at five dollars a bottle, had vanished.

A day or two afterwards a printer let the cat out of the bag—told Mark his pipe was a "mere-sham." Mark had suspected as much. Even on the night of the presentation, before we had consumed more than two of the six bottles of Moselle, I had detected him inspecting the bowl of the pipe with a sort of reproachful look in his eye.

I was alone in the "local room," one day, when Mark suddenly made his appearance with the pipe in his hand. He locked the door on the inside and put the key in his pocket. "I want to know from you, now," said he, "whether this pipe is bogus?"

"It is just as bogus as they make 'em," said I.

"Did you know that when you capped me into preparing a speech?"

"Certainly. That was where the fun came in."

"'Et tu Brute!" said Mark in a hollow voice; then he began to pace the room with his face on his breast.

I told Mark to take it easy and say nothing, as a really fine pipe—one that cost $45—was back of the bogus one and would be given him without ceremony or cost. Mark then subsided, but was by no means satisfied with the business. However, years after he told me that he thought more of the

bogus pipe than he did of the genuine one. Like his Dutch Nick item, time ripened it.

At the time Mark Twain was on the Enterprise he wrote no long stories or sketches for that paper. Occasionally, however, he sent a sketch to the Golden Era, of San Francisco. After going to San Francisco he was for a time regularly employed on one or two papers, then wrote sketches and did piece-work of various kinds. He did not much like reporting in the "City by the Sea." For a long time after going down to San Francisco he wrote a weekly letter to the Enterprise in which he gave such chat as would not be sent by telegraph—chat made up in good part of personals in regard to the doings of Comstockers at the "Bay," the humors of the stock market and the like.

In 1865, Mark Twain grew tired of a life of literary drudgery in San Francisco and went up into the mining regions of Calaveras County to rusticate and rejuvenate with some old friends—Steve, Billy and Jim Gillis. The cabin of Jim Gillis is, and always has been a friendly place of retreat in the mountain wilds for writers desirous of respite from the vanities and vexations of spirit incident to a life of literary labor in San Francisco. At his cabin the latch-string is always on the outside. Many are the well-known California writers who have at various times been sojourners in the hospitable mountain home of Jim Gillis. His cabin is a sort of Bohemian infirmary. There the sick are made well, and the well are made better—physically, mentally and morally.

Mark Twain found life pleasant in this literary mountain retreat. He found the Bohemian style of mining practiced by the "Gillis boys" much more attractive than those more regular kinds which call for a large outlay of muscle. The business of the pocket miner is much like that of the bee-hunter. The trail of the latter leads him to the tree stored with golden sweets, and that of the former ends in a pocket of sweetest gold.

Soon after Mark's arrival at the "Gillis Bohemian Infirmary," he and Jim Gillis took to the hills in search of golden pockets. They soon found and spent some days in working up the undisturbed trail of an undiscovered deposit. They were on the "golden bee-line" and stuck to it faithfully, though it was necessary to carry each sample of dirt a considerable distance to a small stream in the bed of a cañon in order to wash it. However, Mark hungered and thirsted to find a big rich pocket, and he pitched in after the manner of Joe Bowers of old—just like a thousand of brick.

Each step made sure by the finding of golden grains, they at last came upon the pocket whence these grains had trailed out down the slope of the mountain. It was a cold, dreary, drizzling day when the "home deposit" was found. The first sample of dirt carried to the stream and washed out yielded only a few cents. Although the right vein had been discovered, they had as yet found only the "tail end" of the pocket.

Returning to the vein, they dug a sample of the decomposed ore from a new place and were about to carry it down to the ravine and test it, when the rain increased to a lively downpour. With chattering teeth, Mark declared he would remain no longer. He said there was no sense in freezing to death, as in a day or two, when it was bright and warm, they could return and pursue their investigations in comfort.

Yielding to Mark's entreaties, backed as they were by his blue nose, humped back and generally miserable and dejected appearance, Jim Gillis emptied the sacks of dirt just dug upon the ground—first having hastily written and posted a notice claiming a certain number of feet on the vein, which notice would hold good for thirty days. This done they left the claim.

Angel's Camp being at no great distance from the spot, whereas their cabin was some miles away, Mark and Jim struck out for that place.

The only hotel in Angel's Camp was kept by Coon Drayton, an old Mississippi river pilot, and at his house the half-drowned pocket miners found shelter. Mark Twain having in his youthful days been a "cub" pilot on the Mississippi, he and Coon were soon great friends and swapped yarns by the dozen. It continued to rain for three days, and until the weather cleared up, Mark and Jim remained at Coon's hotel.

Among the stories told Mark by Coon during the three days' session was that of the "Jumping Frog," and it struck him as being so comical that he concluded to write it up. When he returned to the Gillis cabin Mark set to work on the frog story. He also wrote some sketches of life in the mountains and the mines for some of the San Francisco papers.

Even after he had given it the finishing touches, Mark did not think much of the frog story. He gave the preference to some other sketches, and sent them to the papers for which he was writing. The frog story lay about the cabin for some time, when Steve Gillis told him it was the best thing he had written, and advised him to save it for a book of sketches he was talking of publishing.

A literary turn having thus been given to the thoughts of the inmates of the Gillis cabin, a month passed without a return to the business of pocket mining. While the days were passed by Mark and his friends in discussing the merits of the "Jumping Frog" and other literary matters, other prospectors were not idle. A trio of Austrian miners who were out in search of gold-bearing quartz happened upon the spot where Mark and Jim had dug into their ledge. It was but a few days after Twain and Gillis had retreated in a pouring rain. The Austrians were astonished at seeing the ground glittering with gold. Where the dirt emptied from the sacks had been dissolved away by the rain, lay over three ounces of bright quartz gold. The foreigners were not long in gathering this harvest, but soon discovering the notice posted on the claim they dared not venture to delve in the deposit whence it came. They could only wait and watch and pray. Their hope was that the parties who had posted up the notice would not return while it held good.

The sun that rose on the day after the Twain-Gillis notice expired saw the Austrians in possession of the ground, with a notice of their own conspicuously and defiantly posted. The new owners soon cleaned out the pocket, obtaining from it in a few days a little over $7,500.

Had Mark Twain's back-bone held out a few minutes longer, the sacks of dirt would have been panned out and the richness of the pocket discovered. He would not then have gone to Angel's Camp, and would probably never have heard or written the story of the "Jumping Frog," the story that gave him his first "boost" in the literary world, as the "Heathen Chinee" gave Bret Harte his first lift up the ladder of fame. Had Mark found the gold that was captured by the Austrians, he would have settled down as a pocket miner, and probably to this day would have been pounding quartz in a little cabin in the Sierras somewhere along about the snow line.

Returning to San Francisco from the mountains, Mark for a time resumed his literary hack-work. He then arranged to make a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and wrote up the beauties and wonders thereof for the old Sacramento Union. While engaged in this work he conceived the idea of writing a lecture on the Sandwich Islands, wisely judging that he could in that way get more money out of a certain amount of writing than by toiling for the newspapers.

He delivered his lecture very successfully, both on the Pacific Coast

and in the Atlantic States. On the Pacific Coast D. E. McCarthy, who had then sold his interest in the Enterprise, was with Mark as his agent. When they reached Nevada the lecture was first delivered in Virginia City. Next they went to Gold Hill, a mile south of Virginia City and just over a low ridge known as the "Divide," a place noted in the annals of the Comstock for a thousand robberies by footpads.

A sham robbery was planned of which Mark was to be the victim. He was to be halted on the "Divide" as he was returning on foot from Gold Hill and robbed of the proceeds of his lecture. Mark's agent, McCarthy, was in the plot, as also was his old friend Major Steve Gillis and other friends, with Captain Jack Perry, George Birdsall and one or two other members of the police force. Twain and one or two friends (who were in the secret) were held up on a trail called the "cut-off." The job was done in the regular road-agent style. The pretended robbers not only took the grip-sack of coin—some $300—but also Mark's fine gold watch.

When he reached Virginia City, Mark was raging mad, as the watch taken from him was a present from a friend. He did not in the least doubt the genuineness of the robbery, and it so "soured" him against the Comstock that he determined to leave the next morning.

The robbery had been planned by Mark's old friends as a sort of advertising dodge. It was intended to create sympathy for him, and by having him deliver a second lecture in Virginia City afford the people an opportunity of redeeming the good name of the Comstock. He would have had a rousing benefit, and after all was over his agent would have returned him his watch and money. Of course it would not have done to ask Mark to consent to be robbed for this purpose. His friends meant well, but like other schemes of mice and men this particular one failed to work. Mark was too "hot" to be handled, and when at last it was explained to him that the robbery was a sham affair he became still hotter—he boiled over with wrath.

His money and watch were returned to him after he had taken his seat in the stage, and his friends begged him to remain, but he refused to disem bark. Upon observing some of his friends of the police force engaged in violent demonstrations of mirth, he turned his attention to them and fired at them a tremendous broadside of anathemas as the stage rolled away. Had he kept cool he would have had a benefit that would have put at least a thousand dollars in his pocket, for the papers had made a great sensation of the robbery.

A good deal has been said of Mark Twain's drawling speech. This peculiarity is not natural, but acquired. When he was a small boy he spoke so rapidly that his family constantly remonstrated with him, with the result that he went to the opposite extreme. When angry or excited he can snap his words off as short as any one.

The cabin in which Mark and Bob Howland lived in Aurora, in 1862, endured until a few years ago. It was a sort of dugout, to the roof of which the wandering billy-goat of inquiring mind had access from the hillside above. A picture of this cabin—the old Nevada home—would form a striking contrast to Mark's present fine residence in Hartford. The Hartford dwelling is a structure of many gables and angles, and at the rear or east end projects a veranda, intended to represent the hurricane deck of a Mississippi steamboat. In summer, with the shade of the surrounding chestnut trees cooling the air, this open deck is a pleasant lounging-place. Seated in it, dressed in white linen, Mark imagines himself on board one of the floating palaces of the Father of Waters, while his thoughts often revert to the still earlier days of reportorial work in the mining regions of the wild Washoe.

THE CALIFORNIAN MONTADURA.

BY M. C. FREDERICK.

THE most romantic period in the history of California was that Acadian age intervening between the secularization of the missions, and the coming of the "Argonauts." A more fascinating picture of rural felicity cannot be imagined. Guarded by the broad Pacific on the one side and the high Sierras on the other, the Californians lived a life of singular contentment and prosperity, all untouched by the great world outside, save the occasional vessel that came to carry away hides and tallow. It was a dolce-far-niente life, the Indians performing nearly all the real labor, and the vast herds bringing in abundance of money.

SPANISH BIT.

Under the circumstances it was not surprising that the caballero, with his natural love of horsemanship and display, spent his time in his saddle and his fortune on his *montadura*.* Why not? He had no inclination toward intellectual pursuits, and no means of gratifying it if he had. All nature invited to an out-of-door existence. Such a thing as a carriage or other conveyance was unknown, and the Californian never walked. As to the money, what else could he do with it? It was as plenty as the horses and cattle that dotted the surrounding hills, and as little valued.

COLLAR BOX IN ART LEATHER WORK.

As a result of these conditions, both his riding and his *montadura* were marvelous to behold, and excited much wonder and admiration. It was a common trick for him to pick his *sombrero* from the ground while riding at the utmost speed, and it is said there were some who could dip a cup of water from the stream as the horse leaped across. His trappings were weighted down with silver, and his saddle was gorgeous with fine hand-embroidery in gold and silk of the gayest colors, and a peculiar kind of stamping of great beauty.

SPANISH SADDLE.

The old time Spanish grandeur is but little more than a memory, yet all traces of it have not been entirely swept away by the great tide that set in in '49. His flocks and herds are gone, and his wealth has passed into the hands of the shrewd, money-loving Easterner, against whom the hospitable, free-hearted Californian was no match. But if you were fortunate enough to participate in the Flower Carnival

*In the Spanish language, a word comprehending the entire equipment of a riding-horse.

PORTFOLIO.

at Santa Barbara, you saw him perform many daring feats of horsemanship, one of which was riding at full speed and picking from the ground ten dollar gold-pieces which were given him for his prowess.

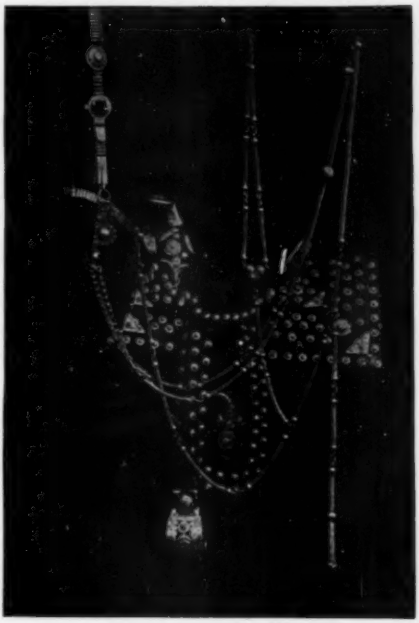
You may see him any day on the streets of Santa Barbara with his braided rawhide *reata* swinging from his saddle, ready on the instant to capture any runaway horse with a dextrous throw, and bring him to a standstill by wrapping the *reata* round the pommel. Sometimes in the operation, a thumb is taken off, as more than one thumbless old *vaquero* can testify. For the safety of the rider the horse is usually given a desperately tight cinch, and some of the mustangs form the sly habit of "swelling up" at the critical moment, but it availeth him nothing, for the Mexican will plant his knee—if not his foot—firmly against the side of the designing beast, and with both hands draw the long strap taut each time as he passes it repeatedly through the rings, and at last ties it exactly as a gentleman ties his four-in-hand.

He will not be decked in the old time splendor; on the contrary both his horse and equipage may be very poor indeed; but he will ride with such ease, grace and dignity that he has become the fashion. The English horseman no longer leads the style, but himself affects the Californian from the crown of his *sombrero* to his enormous spurs which cause him much difficulty in taking the few steps necessary to mount. Perhaps his bridle, with reins and lash complete, is made of skillfully woven horse-hair, or it may be of fine braided rawhide, or of leather and silver.

The Californian bit is a massive piece of metal, elaborately trimmed with burnished silver, delicately wrought, and attached to the bridle with chains, perhaps also of silver. The mouth-piece is fearfully and wonderfully made, and when a horse is bitted he must certainly experience all the deep concentration of mind required by the most profound philosopher. More could not well be gotten in his mouth. With an easy rein the machinery lies flat on the tongue and does not cause apparent inconvenience, but the slightest tightening causes it to rise toward the perpendicular, and gives the rider mastery over the most wicked little broncho. Easterners often experience extreme annoyance with even the best trained California horses, for an effort to hold the continually tight rein to which they may be accustomed soon drives a horse frantic. Properly used the bits insure perfect control

LEATHER-WORKER—SADDLE WITH POMMEL REPRESENTING HUMAN HEAD.

without being severe, yet they are the means of great cruelty in the hands of the ignorant or evil-disposed. Little metal cylinders are loosely strung, like beads, from the sides of the bit to the end of the projection that goes back in the mouth, and in the latter is inserted a small, fluted wheel. If you ask the object in this, "Oh, the horse likes it," will be the reply; and you must be satisfied, though you wonder what developed so peculiar a taste in the animal, and how his master found it out. The horse industriously rolls them with his tongue, when he is not otherwise employed, apparently for his own amusement, and you are forced to the conclusion that perhaps he does like it — perhaps he enjoys the sound, which is like that of a threshing machine in miniature. When these rolling things are omitted, a horse is said to be "sourly bitted," and it is asserted that his good nature suffers much in consequence. Californians affirm that the whole outfit of a saddle-horse as used by them, is more merciful to beast and safer to the rider than that of the Eastern States.



CELEBRATED SADDLE AND BRIDLE OF SANTA BARBARA.

Another bit is sometimes seen, called the Mexican ring-bit, or "jaw-breaker." It does not project so far back in the mouth, and an iron ring passes over the tongue and encircles the lower jaw like a chin strap, thereby giving such a purchase and application of power as only the initiated can comprehend. The *cincha*, or girth, may be eight inches broad, with a tassel in the center. It is composed of horse-hair twisted into a long cord and woven back and forth between the two large iron rings with which, by means of leather straps, it is fastened to other rings attached to the saddle. A riding whip is not a Californian adjunct; a long lash attached to the reins, and of the same material, answering that purpose, though the spur relieves it of much active service. The immense spur with rowels six inches across, made more for show than actual use, is not now often seen, having given place to smaller ones with from one-and-a-half to three-and-a-half inch rowels; not sharp like the Eastern spur, but blunt pointed. These are provided with chains and jingling appendages which add their part to the pomp of the ensemble. If a halter rope is used, it is likely to be of finely twisted horse-hair, strong and durable, with perhaps two or more colors beautifully blended, and the end finished with a pretty tassel.

The saddle is made very beautiful by being completely covered with Mexican stamping; or maybe a neat border only of the same is applied, according to the purse of the owner. No nails are used in the construction of the saddle, and it is put together in a singular way. When the parts are placed in position, strong, alum-tanned

leather thongs are drawn through double holes, placed where required and tied on the outside—the long ends serving the double purpose of securing packages of all kinds the rider may wish to carry, or when not so required, of ornament, only.

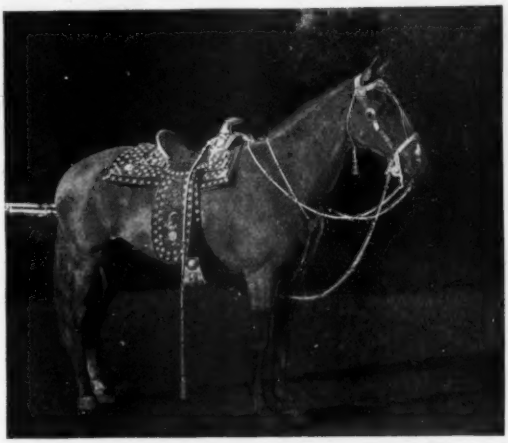
In a certain shop on State street, Santa Barbara, may be seen a curious old saddle that once belonged to Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, Commandante of the troops at Santa Barbara under the authority of Mexico. The saddle which had become so worn as to be discarded by the General before 1840, was made in Mexico in the style then in vogue, though it was given a distinctive characteristic in the high pommel, which represents a diminutive human head made of rawhide stretched over wood. The ears are high up near the forehead, which gives the figure a decidedly grotesque appearance; the open lips reveal two rows of tiny white teeth, but where the eyes once were, only empty sockets remain; and the hair which was represented by open-work silver, has disappeared, as has also the silver ornaments which decorated the cantle. The stirrups, too, are missing, but its chief beauty, the *mochilla*, still remains in a fair state of preservation. This interesting part of the old *montadura* is a leather covering that was folded through the center like a blanket until required for use, when it was thrown over the saddle, the horn and cantle projecting through two openings of proper shape, while a lacing between the two, effected the required curve in the seat. It extended some distance both before and behind the saddle, and reached at the side almost to the rider's ankle, affording ample surface for decoration. There are still a few other very handsome *mochillas* to be found among the heirlooms in some of the old adobes of Santa Barbara, literally covered with rich embroideries in gold and silver, and silks of the brightest hues, with spaces filled with stamping. With horse and rider decked out in the splendid equipments of the time, these proud old cavalleros must indeed have presented an imposing appearance. In time both the *mochilla* and the embroidery disappeared, and the stamping was used exclusively, with sometimes silver ornaments for embellishment.

SATCHEL.

SADDLE OF STAMPED LEATHER—U. S. ARMY TREE.

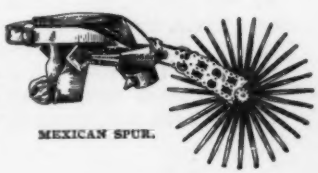
A celebrated saddle of this later period is that owned by Mr. Dixie W. Thompson of Santa Barbara, a "49er" well known on the California coast. Mr. Thompson realized some years ago that the old California was fast giving way to the new, and the thought occurred to him of preserving as long as possible a relic of those days of almost barbaric splendor in horse-trappings. He accordingly had a saddle and bridle made of such sur-

passing beauty that there is nothing in the country to equal or approach them. The saddle is made entirely of Mexican art leather (as this stamping is now called) of exquisite workmanship, and very costly, but this was only the beginning. Mr. Thompson collected Mexican silver dollars which he sent from time to time to cunning workers in silver, who profusely decorated the saddle with ornaments of the metal, and constructed the bridle of the same. The Mexican silver coins contain less alloy than those of the United States, and it is said they will use nothing else for this work. As it was entirely hand-work, much time was required for completion, but the result has fully justified the labor. Each part of the saddle is bordered with rows of silver rosettes; the pommel is encased in solid silver, and the cantle, stirrups, and corners are heavily bound, while solid rings attached serve the purposes of the *vaquero*. Some of the ornaments are flowers and wheat-heads in laminated silver, most delicately formed, and all are further beautified with chasing. Nothing but silver enters into the construction of the reins, throat latch, lash, martingale and collar. The dollars were cold-drawn into fine wire, which is closely crocheted into sections joined together with heavy links and rings. The bridle is covered with fluted silver, except the brow-band and nose-piece, which are finely engraved. Two slender chains cross the face under a six-pointed star, and the bit is as elegant as Señor Madrueño could make it, which is saying a great deal; for in his day the grandees who came from San Francisco to the city of Mexico, would patronize no bit-maker but Madrueño, as not one could approach him in the excellence of his workmanship. The weight of the bridle with all its attachments is twelve pounds, and about 250 silver dollars were used in its construction.



"CANUTE" AND HIS ELABORATE MONTADURA.

The horse privileged to wear this royal paraphernalia is worthy of it, being of superior stock and perfectly trained, and of course he is a great favorite with Mr. Thompson, who is very fond of fine horses. "Canute," as he is called, sometimes appears in a grand parade in



MEXICAN SPUR.

San Francisco or the smaller cities of the State, and seems proudly conscious that all eyes are directed to himself and his glittering equipage, that reflects back the sunlight from a thousand points. Once seen, the brilliant vision is remembered for a life time, and no description can give an adequate idea of the effect. Mr. Thompson also has another saddle, second only to the one described, on which the stamping is brought to the full perfection of the art.

But in all these years no one ever thought of applying the beautiful work to anything but saddles, save, perhaps, sombrero bands and belts. When the Princess Louise visited Santa Barbara on her tour in this country in 1883, her attention was attracted to a superb saddle displayed at a shop door, and her critical eye at once perceived the artistic merit of its novel decoration. She longed to possess some of it, yet obviously not wishing the saddle, there was but one thing to do—have it applied to some smaller and more desirable article—a portfolio, for instance. She entered and suggested her idea to the proprietor. The work was found to be quite as effective on the lighter, softer leather as on the saddles, and so well pleased was the Princess that she

MUSIC ROLL.

ordered several portfolios and some ladies' belts.

This little incident marked an era in Santa Barbara history and proved the beginning of a new industry. Picture frames, collar-and-cuff boxes, card-cases, music rolls, purses, shawl-straps, magazine covers, satchels, wall-pockets, table mats, and many other articles were manufactured in this charming handiwork which sprang at once into popularity. Other shops took it up, and so Santa Barbara has become the center of this art in its new application.

SATCHEL—CONVENTIONAL DESIGN.

When President Harrison visited Santa Barbara, a gift from the people which he carried back to the White House, was a large album made expressly for him, beautifully bound in Mexican art leather, with silver corners and name plate, filled with views of Santa Barbara's charming scenery.

Last of all, the art leather enters into the decoration of the California room in the Woman's building at the World's Fair. The *motif* is entirely new, being the native cactus which lends itself perfectly to the requirements of the material; and the entire furniture, including a tete-a-tete and eight chairs, is upholstered in the cactus-design stamped leather. The cactus appears in ramage and single-figure designs and the needle effects are produced in the background. Some of the patterns are quite open, all are bold rather than delicate, and in one piece the ground work is stained a dark red, while the pattern remains in the rich, natural tan of the leather.

"May I see how it is done?" inquires a tourist who has just purchased a chatelaine bag wrought in passion-flower design.

Soon a swarthy young Mexican appears with a small marble slab, a spoke from a wagon wheel, a few simple, pencil-like tools of steel, and a piece of damp leather. With a courteous bow he de-

PURSE.

BELLOWS.

posits these on the counter before the lady, and places the leather on the marble slab. Then he selects a tool like a small chisel, with the edge slightly curved, and cuts in the surface of the leather without previous tracing, a few graceful, flowing lines which serve as a nucleus for elaborate embellishment. This completed, the stamping begins. There is a frequent change of tools, and each moves continuously in and about the design, accompanied by the light blows of the spoke-mallet, which fall so rapidly as to appear to preclude any possibility of exactness; yet in a few moments he presents the lady the bit of leather on which is daintily wrought in low relief a conventionalized flower, perfect in the finest detail.

It all looks so simple and easy, but it requires a steady hand, correct eye and a certain confidence. A wavering half-afraid-I'll-spoil-it manner of moving the stamps or striking the mallet leaves its impress and mars the work.

To avoid disastrous results, some careful craftsmen first trace the outline of the design with a dull tracer, but the heavy lines are often cut in at once in apparent defiance of the fact that a false line or stroke cannot be effaced.

While somewhat resembling both wood carving and repoussé work, it is like neither, being wrought on the upper side, and no part of the material is cut away. No prepared patterns are used, the work being done like free-hand drawing, and the artist usually evolves his design, a fanciful and ideal mixture, as he proceeds, though the same *motifs* are common to all. Arabesques are used almost exclusively, yet observation shows infinite variety in the floriated and foliated scrolls, and there is as much individuality as in any other art. Those familiar with the artificers can distinguish the product of each, as readily as one can distinguish paintings of different artists.

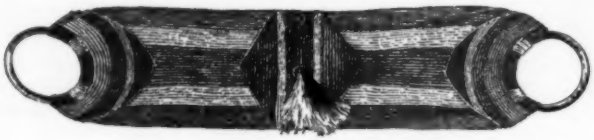
The work seems especially adapted to ladies, and some few have received instruction, but in almost every instance it has been abandoned, for it requires constant practice, and the results are not entirely satisfactory when employed merely as a pastime.

It would be interesting to know the origin of this particular method of stamping leather. California, being once a part of Mexico, came in possession of it with its people, who still do the greater part of the work, though the business is entirely in the hands of the Americans. But where did the Mexicans get it? Some say the Aztecs had tools made of bone and did the work crudely before the conquest by the Spaniards. This is not at all impossible, for they were an industrious and intelligent people. Cortez found the princes of that wonderful race playing our national game in a court like a tennis court, with an India rubber ball, and from this discovery sprang the India rubber business of the world. They ate tomatoes and drank chocolate, raised cotton, spun it with spindles and wove it into cloth from which they made their clothing. They were skillful workers in gold and silver; wore ornaments of filagree work, were expert sculptors and engravers; made truly artistic figures from life, in clay and rags; beautiful pictures from the gay plumage of birds, and there is no reason

to doubt their ability to stamp leather. But the question is, did they? There is no evidence that they knew anything at all of this art, while it is quite certain that it was known to the Spaniards. The mission fathers taught it together with saddle-making to their neophytes, two of whom, one at San Fernando, and one at Santa Barbara called Jose, became famous through all the country round for their fine work.

It is believed to be of Moorish origin, and it is even said to date back to the Moorish invasion in the beginning of the eighth century, when they brought with them to Spain their arts and their religion. Could it be possible that those old Moors, who loved their horses next to their lives, could have adorned their trappings in the same manner as our modern Californians? *Quien sabe!*

The work is but little seen in Spain; and Mexico, too, seems to have not appreciated its possibilities. So it is to California, and especially to Santa Barbara, that we are indebted for the revival and advancement of this art that is now so much admired.



THE MAN UNDER THE STONE.

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

When I see a workingman with mouths to feed,
Up, day after day, in the dark before the dawn,
And coming home, night after night, thro' the dusk,
Swinging forward like some fierce silent animal,
I see a man doomed to roll a huge stone up an endless steep.
He strains it onward inch by stubborn inch,
Crouched always in the shadow of the rock; —
See where he crouches, twisted, cramped, misshapen!
He lifts for their life!
The veins knot and darken—
Blood surges into his face:
Now he loses—now he wins—
Now he loses—loses—(God of my soul!)
He digs his feet into the earth—
There's a moment of terrified effort—
It stirs—it moves!

The silent struggle goes on and on,
Like two contending in a dream.

Peach-tree Joe.

By

Sarah Orne Jewett.

I HAD mounted the corner of a grain-bin in the stable, and sat there swinging one foot and idly watching John, the master-of-horse, who was devoting an hour of leisure to my favorite mare. She blinked her eyes in the spring sunlight that streamed in across the stable floor, and lifted tenderly a fore foot that had once been lame. This foot was apt to draw attention to itself, as if former comfortable rubbings were still remembered. I could not disguise the truth, as I looked at her, that she was no longer young, but I flattered myself that she might be good for many years yet.

John brushed and smoothed her silky coat again and again, and carefully picked the few tangles out of her thin mane; flicked at her sharp ears, and then, holding her firmly by the nose, stood looking her full in the face with an abstracted air. At last she gently moved and glanced round at an imaginary fly. She was full of feminine subterfuges; none of the other horses appealed as she did to John's gallantry, and she gained many attentions and advantages beyond her rightful currycombing and rubbing down.

"There, there!" said John, as if she could understand, "you know there is n't a live fly in this stable; you would n't feel a bee-sting through such a shock of winter hair as you've got on. I never saw them keep their winter hair so late as they do this year," he added, looking over at me, and I nodded assent.

He gave his currycomb a final tap, and leaned against the doorway. There were shining little pools of water on the floor near the stable-bucket, and an adventurous sparrow came hopping in. Sheila looked at him jealously, as she drank, and arched her neck and pointed her ears at him, as if she meant to frown disapproval. Then she thought best to lift a foot slowly, by way of distinct menace, and the sparrow fluttered away. I laughed, and she gave me a reproachful glance.

"Too bad if he drank up all that water, and let you go thirsty," said John.

"I mean to ride her to-day," I said decisively, "and she can have some brook-water"—to which proposition John agreed, after a moment's reflection. He still leaned against the doorway, and I sat on the grain-bin. Beyond, in the garden, there was great activity. I could hear the ring of tools and the click-clack of shears in the shrubbery. Summer had come all at once after much dark weather. There was a young peach tree in full flower at the left of the stable door.

"Those blooms always make me think of war-time," said John. "Out in Virginia the country is full of them, and I thought the first spring I was there they were the handsomest I ever saw; but I got to classing them with powder smoke before I came away. The sight of a peach tree will bring those days right up fresh before me. Dear, dear!—"

He did not look at me, and I made no answer. I hoped for one of those

simple thrilling stories of army life, which are more touching, or more exactly descriptive, than any studied reminiscences.

"There'd be one day after another like this," he went on; "none of your hindering east winds after spring once got its mind made up. For my part, I always like any other part of the year full as well. We got out there in the early part of March, you know. I had n't any business in the army anyway; I was under age, but I was bound to go to war with the rest of the fellows. I owned to a year and a half more than belonged to me when I 'listed!"

I had often heard this statement and did not think it necessary to make any comment, but I thought in the brief silence that followed, how unwittingly the country boy of sixteen had been swept southward by that great wave of excitement, and I thought, too, of the flood of new experience which had gone over him. No wonder that the homesickness and strange surroundings and unlooked for hardships had made him remember clearly that first spring in Virginia.

"There was a little peach tree just the size of this one that I sha'n't forget in a hurry," John said, as if he spoke only to himself. "It had just such a bend in the stem, and we used to be full of jokes about it, saying that we were going to stop right there until the fruit was ripe. There had been some kind of a little old house and garden just where our company was quartered, and some of the old-fashioned garden flowers and gooseberry bushes and things came up, but coming and going we soon trampled 'em out. Most of us was young fellows, green as grass; but you'd have thought 'twas old campaigners that remembered back as far as Waterloo, to hear us scolding over tactics, and what McClellan ought to do. You see we went first to Washington, and then they lugged us over to Arlington Heights, and set us down in the red mud for a week, and then we got orders to go down Fredericksburg way. We used to talk the goodness all out of us before word came to move, and you never saw such a bunch of foolishness as those camps. We were hived together so thick that you could see clusters of lights, like towns, all over that low-rolling country, and the officers had n't learned their business extra well, and we knew it, and we dallied along awhile, and so 'twas.

"We got to know each other, and fights came up, and lots of us got to chumming like young-ones. There were plenty of good, stout, knock-about men, dare-devils and high fellows that did n't think of anything but fighting and fooling, and would as soon be there as anywhere, but that camp life came hard on some folks. I was thinking just now of one poor galoot that was about roughed to death. I don't see how they ever came to 'list him. His father'd died, and he'd got a mother and some little sisters, but he'd come to the front from high notions o' duty and saving his country. Makes me feel bad to think him over, now I've got to be older and know something of the world, but I used to tease him long of the rest then, and be kind o' friendly with him at odd times when I could get him alone out in the shade of one of those crooked, rail fences. He 'd set there and tell me about his folks by the hour. You never did see such a girl-faced fellow trying to play soldier as that was, and he was scary to match.

"We used to tell him every day or two that we'd got orders to march, or that he was picked out to make a dash over into the enemy's lines, and he'd turn just as white as sand and get all blue around his mouth. 'Twas a kind of nervous fit he'd seem to have, and he'd have to go and lie right down and get over it. The Captain used to tell us we'd better let him alone, but that only set us on the faster. We used to try and see if we could anyway manage to get him mad, but he was so simple and pleas-

ant 'twant worth while, and we learned to let him alone pretty much. He'd run and get our pipes, or mend up our clothes, if we came in with 'em torn, as handy as a woman. They'd rigged us out in a lot o' cheap contract stuff to go to war with. Then he had a pretty voice to sing, was real good company, and never seemed to fail us for a joke.

"That little peach tree I was speaking about grew right in front of our 'A' tent, and I saw him crawl out one moonlight night and pick some of the blossoms and wrap them up in a newspaper. He'd know 'twas just the thing he'd get laughed at for by day. I stepped out after him and put him under arrest, and says I, 'Don't you know word has come that the army has got to pick all the peach trees in the fall, and the peaches are going to be sold up North to help get money to carry on the war?' He looked scared, and told me as solemn as could be that he would n't do it again; he only wanted a little piece to send home to show his mother how forward the season was. So I said I was n't going to report him that time. He was a year older than I was, but some used to say I acted old enough to be his father."

"Whoa! stop gnawing that bucket now!" and the mare looked up reproachfully and gave a longing glance at her stall. I scratched a row of x's on the top of the oat bin with a nail that lay there.

"What became of the poor lad?" I asked at last. "They ought to have sent him home."

"He would n't go," answered John with enthusiasm, "I always thought that he was scared out of his life. Plenty of big backwoodsmen died of nothing but homesickness, but nothing ailed him but terror. The greatest comfort in life while we were in camp that time was his little peach tree. He was naturally a boy of a farming turn, and he dug round it and used to lug water for it, and he made a little fence out of sapling stuff that he stuck down so we should n't tumble on it when we were scuffling or anything; or to keep off any mule that might wander by and browse. Afterwards we left there and the Rebs were scattered about; we could see their lights by night, and we used to talk across and do trading on picket, and one time they sent word if we would stop fighting for an hour or two they would stop; 'twas while we were having a good smart skirmishing all along the lines. They all had plenty of tobacco, and were glad to give us any quantity of that for a little salt or whatever they wanted. After we had been chumming and trading an hour or so, we would set to and go to fighting again.

"We were n't quite so ready to go on picket by night as we had been, but we went all the same, and the Captain made no excuse, but poor old Joe was let off easy one way and another, and he got sick with chills and went off to hospital. Everybody thought that was the last of him, but back he came. He surely did have pluck enough some ways, and the right kind, too, but any sudden sound of firing that went to our heads like drink, and made us hope something was going on, would take all the soldier out of Joe, and he'd drop right down in his tracks. He told me one night that 'twas something that come over him quick, and he could n't help it to save his life; he'd never been called a scary fellow nor a coward as he knew of, till he come out there.

"Seems to me now, whenever I come to think it over, that there was dreadful foolish actions that first summer of the war down in Virginia. We all felt as if something had got to be done, but we didn't know just what, and the Rebs hung round, and we hung round, and orders would come for us to march off thirty or forty miles, and we wandered about like stray cattle, but 'twas pleasant weather and we liked it well enough. Somehow you don't think so much about killing folks or any of those

things that come to you afterward, but when those old band tunes would begin to rip the air, we'd all catch hold and sing and step right out along the road—well 'twas like something that got into your head.

"But that poor chap, quick as the word come to move, he'd go all to pieces, kind of frost struck, and the boys would tell him we were going into action and he'd try and step out in line, but he'd lag and lag, and I've seen him tumble right over and lie there on the grass. The Captain would stop, I've seen him myself—and pin a piece of paper on him with orders to let him pass, so when we'd get through the day's scurry, along would come poor Joe looking in all our faces to see if we meant to twit him.

"And at last we came round to the very spot where we'd camped the longest in the spring—we'd lost a good many out of the company; we were on our way up to Harper's Ferry. Everybody had been noticing that old Joe looked as slim as a spear o' hay, and we told the captain and some other of the officers that he ought to be discharged or go back to hospital, one of the two. 'Twas no use for him to think he could serve out his time, and if they gave him orders he'd have to go whether on no, don't you see? He could n't more than crawl about, but he kept his blanket folded tight as any body and was always trying to do a touch of work for some of the rest of us. He was bound he'd do what he could do, that poor boy was. Plenty of the boys was down sick of army life by that time and were complaining of their health to make excuse to get home to their folks, and the company was all thinned out. I suppose that the officers did n't know what to do, and they had to hold on to everything that looked like a man.

"I was wandering round one night while supper was cooking, and waiting till my turn came to go on picket. I had spoken for Joe to go with me; the captain and I looked after him the best we could; Joe felt safer with me, I knew, and we were short of men. I saw him leaning up against a tree, and his head was dropping like a sick bird's, and I went over close to speak to him about picket duty, but he did n't say anything, and he reached out one of his hands towards me.

"'Chirk up, Joe,' said I, 'look how pleasant it is!' and then I mistrusted something was wrong, and I sat down and put back his head to look at him. He was white as a piece of cloth and his eyes were glazing all over.

"'I'm 'shamed,' says he; 'I ought to have stayed right at home. I ain't fit for a soldier—'

"'No more you ain't!' says I. 'Come, cheer up, Peach-tree.'

"'I wa n't never called a coward,' says he again. 'I ain't afraid of anything myself, but I can't make my body serve me. I don't blame the boys for laughing. I could lay down an' die of shame when I come out of those scares—'

"'You never had a fair smell of powder yet.' I'd heard all this before and I did n't know what else to say.

"'I've got to go right home, now,' says he; 'I meant to serve my time, if it killed me, but I'm all played out,' and he let his head drop; but that minute there came the noise of firing, and I heard the old bugle yell out. I started up, and the poor chap was on his feet before I was, his eyes blazing out of his head. 'Come on!' says he, 'come on! *I ain't afraid this time!*'

"He sung out just as pleased as if something was lifted right off of him and ran forward two or three steps—then stumbled and fell right over heavy on to his face. I stopped and turned him over, and he was stone dead—just as if the lightning had struck him—"

* * * * * *

John turned away, hesitated a minute at the stable doorway as if he was looking for some one in the garden; then he took the mare by the

head and went quickly into the stall. I was oppressed by the silence—somebody must say something.

"They ought to have sent such a poor fellow home," I insisted, stoutly, but John had quite regained his every-day manner.

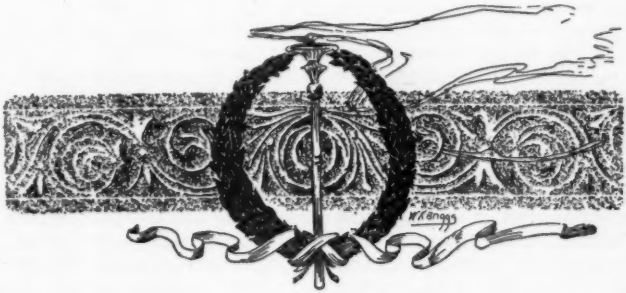
"We did send him home; we boys and some of the other companies helped. 'Twas done handsome as if he had been the general himself."

The horses were munching in a row. I heard footsteps coming toward the stable and alighted from my high seat.

"There was that little peach tree just breaking down with fruit on account of his tending it so much; 'twas right in front of us as we sat talking. I don't know whether he saw it, he was so far gone," John added, looking at me and lowering his voice. "How soon do you want to go out?" (in a louder and perfectly business-like tone.) "I must see to your new saddle girth first, but everything'll be ready when you are."

"Perhaps the rest of you served all the better, and that poor boy helped to save his country after all," I said, lingering.

"'Twas this weather made me think of him," John apologized; "he never was cut out for a military man, poor old Peach-tree wa'n't. But he got home, and there he lays somewhere up country, in one o' those old, bushy burying-grounds."



A CHILD'S KISS.

(TO BEATRICE.)

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

Child of the burnished gold and brown of spring,
Before the showers the flowers of April bring,
Child of the pale and roseate hues of morn'
Before 'tis of its dew-steeped sweetness shorn,
Child, in whose sunny smile and prattle seems
A mystic sense of undiscovered dreams,
There is no holier sacrament than this—
My soul is chastened by thy stainless kiss.

The Ambition of Cleveland and His Difficulties.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

NEARLY every President on entering office for the first term has had an ambition for the second. This cannot now be Mr. Cleveland's ambition, although it is queried by many whether he is not looking to a third term. Washington refused to stand for it; Jefferson, to whom it was suggested, declined to give the subject consideration, though he was the autocrat of his party; it is not known that Jackson ever thought of more than two terms, and Grant, with his tremendous success and reputation, refused a nomination by his party after he had filled the Presidential office for eight years. With these precedents before him it is an extravagance to presume that Mr. Cleveland contemplates what Washington and Jefferson would not consider, what Jackson never thought of, and what Grant failed to attain. He must know, too, that there is the greatest repugnance on the part of the American people to a violation of the unwritten law proclaimed by the Father of His Country. There is a strong feeling also that no President should be re-elected to succeed himself, and Mr. Cleveland's is the first case of a second election occurring after an intervening term. To achieve the third term is evidently not his ambition.

But he has an ambition of no ordinary character. His successes have been remarkable; his advancement was rapid without being the result of any distinguished public service, and without acquaintance with the people or leading men, or knowledge of the possibilities and wants of the country. In his last nomination he was able to override rings and machines within his party, and to force elements to his support which might have been expected would have been recalcitrant. It was proclaimed repeatedly, and from one end of the nation to the other that he was better and bigger than his party, and because they believed him to be better than his party, he was supported by a contrariety of elements. It was not on account of the principles enunciated in the platform on which he ran that he was elected. Mr. Cleveland, by nature, has a full measure of conceit, and circumstances have contributed to its development. It would not be strange if he considered himself a man of destiny. He has firmness verging on obstinacy, and whatever may be his ambition he will pursue it with some vigor and a good deal of pertinacity.

Jefferson founded the old Republican party, and Jackson the Democratic. The government of each was strongly personal, and the party each created was known and designated to a great extent by their respective names. The names of Jefferson and Jackson are conspicuous in the long line of the chief magistrates of the nation. Is it Mr. Cleveland's ambition to found a new party, that he may rank in history with the apostle of old Republicanism, and the apostle of Democracy? To mollify the feelings which had been embittered in the contest which ultimated in his success, Mr. Jefferson in his first inaugural said, "We are all Republicans and all Federalists." He retained in office, and appointed to office without much regard to past party affiliations, but he was careful to see that his policy should be sus-

tained. Jackson was more intent on being supported than he was particular from what source the support came. He reached the Presidency through a fusion of various elements and factions. There is evidence that Mr. Cleveland intends to found a new party, though perhaps not with a new name. Mr. Tyler endeavored to create a Tyler party, Mr. Fillmore, a Fillmore party, and Andrew Johnson, a Johnson party; but each signally failed. They were not great enough to successfully accomplish it, nor were the circumstances favorable. Giving Judge Gresham the first place in the cabinet, indicates that Mr. Cleveland recognizes those who gave him eleventh hour support, and that he regards a coalition with recalcitrant Republicans as essential to his purpose to have a personal administration. As a rule, political coalitions turn out badly; few are of permanent value, and those who form them usually suffer. The coalition between the younger Adams and Henry Clay in the end was disastrous to both, since it destroyed the political prospects of the former, and had much to do in preventing the latter from reaching the goal of his ambition. Suspicion has already been expressed that placing Judge Gresham in the State Department was in pursuance of an ante-election understanding. He supported Mr. Cleveland on a platform which declared in favor of principles and policies, which he had opposed with energy all his life. Democrats of life-long service are justly aggrieved that so great a reward has been bestowed for the brief and silent support which Judge Gresham gave to their candidate. The Populists are suspicious that through an understanding with Mr. Cleveland, Judge Gresham refused to become their candidate for the Presidency. Thus antagonisms are aroused on the part of Democrats and Populists which must weaken and embarrass, and the question is whether Judge Gresham can draw enough from the Republican party to compensate for the defections from the Democratic party that may take place? It is not known in our history under ordinary conditions that any man has been able to carry many with him from one party to the other. Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull, Fenton and many other men of prominence and influence in the Republican party bolted the second nomination of General Grant, but it had merely the effect of securing his re-election by an increased majority. Judge Gresham has been willing and anxious ever since 1880, to accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency, on any platform that a national convention might choose to adopt. A new party can only be formed with success upon some great and overshadowing issue; it cannot be done by a mere coalition between leaders.

Mr. Cleveland may intend merely to reform the Democratic party, and that he sees the necessity for such reformation is to his credit. In such an effort he will have the sympathy of the good men of all parties. To make that party better would improve the political morals of the nation. But his process will have the effect to weaken it, and it may wreck his administration. Neither Republicans nor Populists will support him simply for the reason that he would, in methods make his party better. His measures on financial, commercial and economical questions must be in accord with their opinions. Ambition and natural disposition strongly incline him to the idea of a personal government, and so confident is he in his strength that he may overlook the important fact that no administration can be successful without the support of a strong party. It cannot be otherwise in a government of popular opinion. Since general intelligence and individual independence have so largely increased, the difficulties in carrying out the one man power have become greatly enhanced. To improve his party he proposes to enforce upon it the civil service reform; a thing distasteful to,

and least in accord with Democratic usages. If there is any one idea upon which the Democratic party has been absolutely consistent it is that "to the victors belong the spoils." It is a doctrine that was born and bred of the Democratic party. The spoils system was never heard of until after 1828, when the Democratic party first came into power, and to deny crumbs from the master's table, after having tarried so long in the wilderness of exclusion from office, is a grievance that will not be complacently borne.

Mr. Cleveland cannot pose as the founder, father, and apostle of civil service reform. Non-partisan service was in vogue from 1789 to 1829. Removals for opinion's sake, except in great offices were not practiced by the first six presidents. Had it not been for the practice established by Washington, it is possible that Jefferson would have used the axe liberally, for one of his utterances was that "few die and none resign." The first step taken towards introducing a reform of the service was at the suggestion of President Grant, and by him the first civil service commission was appointed. Mr. Hayes enforced and enlarged the system; Mr. Arthur executed the law with a fair degree of fidelity, and President Harrison not only carried out the law, but made important appointments from the opposition party. To a considerable extent he allowed incumbents of opposite politics to serve out their terms. The proposition of Mr. Cleveland to permit Republicans in office to continue until their terms expire is not new. That he approves of it is to his credit. In all the States, officers are chosen for fixed terms as a rule, and there is no good reason why the same principles should not prevail under the National Government, except as to Cabinet and Foreign Ministers and perhaps to some other high offices. But this will not satisfy his party, for Democrats want the offices now. It is not enough that they may come at some future day, for it is a case of deferred hope. When Dr. Samuel Johnson had resolved on making an English lexicon, he applied to Lord Chesterfield for his patronage, which the noble lord refused. When the lexicon became a splendid success, his lordship proffered his patronage. Dr. Johnson replied that when his patronage would have been useful it was withheld, that now he could get along without it, and concluded by saying, "had it been early it had been kind." So Democrats will feel when they do get the offices. Whether Mr. Cleveland will faithfully adhere to his rule is not a certainty. The clamor is likely to become so great that he may be forced to relax it under the flimsy pretense of "offensive partisanship," or some other of a kindred character.

It is heralded that Senators and Representatives are not to have a monopoly in the dispensation of patronage in their respective States and districts, and that prominent men in the party, and possibly the people in general are to have a voice in the matter. The domination of Senators and Representatives has had the effect to give them control of the active politicians and of party machinery. It has been the instrument of the boss. Senators and Representatives often perpetuated themselves in office through the power of patronage. At one time Senators were patronage oligarchs. In the conflict between Andrew Johnson and Congress the tenure-of-office act was passed which prohibited removals when the Senate was not in session. It is said that the law could not have been enacted without an agreement that Republican Senators should have control of appointments in their respective States. There was always great respect paid to a Senator by his associates, which was designated senatorial courtesy, but under the tenure-of-office act, senatorial courtesy meant that the wishes of a Senator as to conformations should govern. President Grant attempted to break it up, and did succeed in procuring a modification of the tenure-of-office act. The President and Senate are co-ordinate in

the matter of filling the principal offices of the country. The President nominates, and the Senate advises and consents to the appointment. It has the last say, and for that reason it has larger power than the executive. The power of the President in the distribution of patronage has at times been unsparingly and unblushingly used to influence legislation, but it can only be so used when there is an obsequious Senate, and on the other hand the Senate has used its power to coerce the President. If the former power of executives is recovered by Mr. Cleveland, it will be a great lever to be employed in carrying out such ambitious plans as he may have. Whether he will be content to restore the equilibrium remains to be seen. Senators however are not likely to yield their power without a struggle, for they are all more or less obligated to party workers, and as official expectants are not to be rewarded for favors already received, it will blast many a Senator's future prospects. Mr. Sumner refused to recommend to an office where confirmation was necessary, because he wished to come, to the consideration of a case, uncommitted and unbiased. Few Senators in the last forty years have risen to the fairness and dignity of his position. Should Mr. Cleveland get the staff back into his own hands, he can make effective use of it in influencing legislation, and in convincing those who are disposed to be recalcitrant, that his policy and purpose are wise. He can employ the power of patronage patriotically or for accomplishing any scheme for personal aggrandizement that he may have in mind. Though Cato said the desire for posthumous fame is a disease of a depraved mind, still it is not out of the line of ordinary human ambition to aspire to high historical rank, such as is derived from some unusual achievement, like that of creating or reconstructing a party after one's own image.

One of the rules touching appointments to office which has been announced, is that office holders under his previous term are not to obtain places during the present. Evidently it is a rule to which there are to be exceptions; there are no general rules without them. There was a breach of it at the outset and several have since been committed. The re-election of the President himself was antagonistic to such a rule. It should not have been made, for there is no defense of it. Mr. Cleveland will not pretend that the virtues of his previous administration were all due to himself and his private secretary. There were many officers who discharged their duties well and to the satisfaction of the public. There were some bad and indifferent officers, and those only should be debarred from recognition. It is an effective argument before the people for re-election of a candidate that he has served the public well. It was the argument in behalf of Mr. Cleveland himself, and no doubt Lamont was promoted to the war portfolio because he had been a good private secretary. To reward for faithful work is Scriptural, and to secure good public service is the very essence of civil service reform. That Mr. Whitney, Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Dickinson, and others who were former office holders, exerted themselves for his last nomination, created in Mr. Cleveland's mind perhaps the childish fear that it would be thought that he was foisted upon his party and the country by his former federal brigade. There is a marked distinction between those that are in and those that are out—the former having the means to coerce, while the latter can only persuade. The rule will be more honored in its breach than in its observance, and the sooner it is annulled altogether, the better will it be for all concerned.

Mr. Cleveland will not only be troubled from disappointments in not getting places soon enough, or not at all, but he will encounter a difficulty from the fact that there is a sentiment

extensively entertained, that when the people have declared themselves on an issue, it is but simple respect to the popular will that the government should be administered in general and in detail, by those who in opinion concur with the majority. It is a strong sentiment with his party that none but Democrats should be placed on guard. It is proclaimed that political work, however legitimate or effective, is not to be recognized as a claim to a reward. If it is true that such a position has been taken, it will dampen the ardor of Democracy's most earnest workers. There may be men who have attained to such a degree of human excellence that they will exert themselves in behalf of a cause the same as if they had personal interests at stake; but ordinary man is so constituted that he will work harder when his convictions and interests go hand in hand. The ancient philosophers incited to good conduct on the theory that it was to one's interest, and it was not till Christianity was introduced to the world that disinterestedness was made the rule of human action. Ethics so perfect have not yet a controlling influence in American politics. It will be some time before the mass of mankind will cease to believe that there should not be compensation for meritorious work, and certainly Mr. Cleveland cannot believe that labor for the Democratic party is not meritorious, especially when he is its candidate. On a matter of principle or policy, Democrats are accustomed to be dragooned into support of any position their party assumes, but on the subject of patronage it will be difficult to enforce a discipline that requires self-abnegation.

Democrats have ever claimed that measures are first and men afterwards, and they have always boasted of the fidelity with which their party redeems its pledges to the country. The late Chicago convention made a declaration of principles upon which the judgment of the country was challenged. It is presumed to be the duty of the administration to carry them into effect in letter and spirit. There are a few men who jeer at platforms, and say they were not made to ride on. If the country permits that idea to prevail, we shall all be at sea without chart or compass. The people will not know what they are voting for, or against, nor what policy is to be pursued. Beyond doubt there are divergencies of views among Democrats upon certain public questions, but a President elected on a platform is in duty bound to do his utmost to follow its directions, and to have his party keep its faith with the people. Here, Mr. Cleveland will have no small amount of trouble.

The Democratic platform declared in favor of a repeal of the internal revenue tax on State banknotes. But for this tax there would be banks of issue created by State laws in every part of the country, and its repeal will lead to a condition which existed before the war of the rebellion. The notes of State banks under the constitution cannot be made legal tender, and such currency must necessarily be at a discount, as compared with a circulating medium that is legal tender. The introduction of State banknotes will inevitably destroy the uniformity of our money and impair the soundness of much that will circulate. It is not probable that any two States will adopt the same system, nor that undoubted security to the bill holder will be provided. Unless the Government adopts measures that will enlarge the volume of national money, the clamor for an enlargement will be complied with by the issue of State banknotes; and as in the South the Farmers' Alliance is committed to the issue of money based on loans upon agricultural products, it is more than probable that in all the cotton States, banks will be authorized to issue notes secured by loans upon cotton. As that proposition was also indorsed by the alliance in the northwest, it may be presumed that the plan of loaning

upon wheat and corn will be adopted there; and in a brief time the old "Wild-cat system" will again prevail throughout the whole country, inflicting upon the people the evils they experienced from 1832 to 1862. To carry out this plank of the platform will do inexpressible injury to the business interests of the nation, and to refuse will violate the pledges of the party. The question must be faced, for the Democrats have control of legislation.

The dilemma is as bad on the question of silver coinage. The Chicago platform, though not as specific, may be fairly construed as committing the party to free coinage. The vast majority of the party south of the Potomac and west of the Appalachian mountains have declared themselves in favor of it. The bulk of the Cleveland electors were chosen by free silver coinage voters. Action for or against such a measure cannot be avoided. It is probable that the Eastern influences will prevail which should lose to the administration the support of the South and West. Generally the Populists have consorted with the Democrats, and their assistance, directly or indirectly, was a potent factor in securing Mr. Cleveland's success. If they have any regard for the principles they profess on the general financial question they will be in opposition to the administration. Before his first inauguration Mr. Cleveland, in a letter to Congressman Warner of Ohio, announced his opposition to silver coinage, and he has never publicly retracted what he then wrote. If it were possible to suppose that he will favor silver coinage, he will alienate the Eastern Democrats.

The Democratic position on the tariff, as declared by the Chicago Convention, is that duties on foreign merchandise should be imposed for revenue only, and that to impose them for any other purpose is unconstitutional. It is an expression of the views of the extreme free-traders. They hold that duties should be imposed upon what we do not produce, and commodities that compete with home productions should be admitted free of duty. Opposed to this is that other theory which has generally prevailed in this country, that all necessaries of life, impracticable for us to produce, should be admitted free of duty. On luxuries the import should be high because they are consumed mainly by the wealthy classes, and on all other commodities the duties should be just high enough to make up the difference in the cost of production in this and foreign countries, (which is substantially if not wholly a matter of wages) and that the only exception should be in behalf of new and unestablished industries. It is a sharp issue, and one upon which Mr. Cleveland in his letter of acceptance prevaricated. It was understood to be modificatory of the platform, and inconsistent with the views expressed in his message to Congress in December, 1887. Here again he and his party in Congress are called upon to either obey the platform or ignore it. To obey it will be a serious blow to our industries, both mechanical and agricultural; to ignore it will be an act of bad faith which should render any man or party unworthy of public trust. The present customs laws may not be perfect, and any that may be made will not be so, for it is an impossibility for any man or set of men to frame a measure that will do exact justice to the multifarious and conflicting interests of the country. All that can be done is to frame a measure on a principle that will do the greatest good to the greatest number. American labor and capital are both deeply interested in this question. Every change of duties affects values, and where changes are radical, all kinds of businesses are disturbed, while some are liable to be crushed.

Correlated to the tariff question is that of the foreign carrying trade, and reciprocity. The late Democratic House of Representatives would have

repealed the law, for encouragement to our shipping interests, if it had been supposed that the Senate would have concurred; and Democrats have continually sneered at reciprocity, though it has had the effect in brief time to increase our export trade. These are subjects to be acted upon by the administration, and it remains to be seen whether action will be taken to cripple our commercial enterprise.

In his late inaugural, Mr. Cleveland used language which justifies one in believing that he intends to grapple with the question of unlawful methods in election. It is to be hoped he will do so, and when he talks about assuring to all the right of suffrage he utters the sentiment of every patriot. But will he apply in action his generalities to the South, where nearly a moiety of the voters are kept from the polls by unlawful means? It was through the employment of these means that his election became possible. He does not want the third term, and he has no personal interest to deter him from patriotic and heroic action. Should he attempt to protect the negro in his right of suffrage, he will have little or no Democratic support in the South. If he is in earnest in his talk, he will not stop to consider whether his administration will be successful. If his ambition is to become a prominent historical figure, he should see to it that every American citizen is protected in his rights at home and abroad; especially at home.

He has started out unpromisingly so far as concerns his regard for the whole country. He has given the South three Cabinet places and New York, two. It looks like the ante-bellum coalition to rule the country. The South and New York have five out of the eight Cabinet places. The great West has two, if Indiana is included in that section. Only one member is selected this side of the Mississippi River. The neglected section contains two-thirds the territory of the United States, and more than a quarter of the population. It is a section growing in population and wealth more rapidly than any other, and its interests should have the especial care of the Government, for it is new and undeveloped. It possesses plenty of men of ability and high character. As the theater of the army operations is in larger part in this section, the War Department is more important to it than to New York; its mail service demands more work than in the old and populous States, and it is in this section that most of the public lands lie, and the bulk of the Indians are located. A department that deals with these important interests should have been given to one who is acquainted with the section and its wants.

At every turn Mr. Cleveland will be confronted with issues between the producing and capitalist sections, and some of those issues are sharp, and will be bitterly contested. On every hand his course lies between Scylla and Charybdis.

On the money question he will be antagonized by the Populists, a large percentage of Republicans, and, if they act consistently with their professions, by the majority of his own party. On the tariff question he will be opposed solidly by the Republicans, by some of the Democrats, all the business interests except the importing, and by the labor element. On the patronage question he will displease the masses of his party, for they still adhere to time-honored Democratic theory and practices. To do on that subject what he professes, will alienate the office-seeking which is the active element. A few crumbs thrown out here and there to Republicans will not disintegrate the party, for it is still a great intelligent and patriotic body, ready as ever to battle for the success of its principles.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

We stood in youth's fragrant meadows
  Where the tall faith lilies grow.
The sunny slopes of the hillside
  With pink trust blooms were a-glow,
And down in the mossy hollows,
  Hope fluttered its plumes of snow.

Our hearts were drunken with gladness,
  Keeping time with the katy-did's tune;
The flowers made love; the bold cowslip
  Touched lips with the clover bloom,
And the heart of the rose unfolded,
  'Neath the laughing eyes of June.

Then the future swung out before us,
  All golden from rim to rim,
And the pink trust blooms went marching
  With the lilies tall and prim,
While over them all Love beckoned,
  And together we followed him.

It is twenty years and it seemeth
  But a golden summer day,
For Love has laughed at the shadows,
  And danced on the sunbeams gay,
And the lilies of faith were with us,
  And the trust blooms, all the way.

THE FARMER IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN R. GRAYSON.

AS far as the cereals are concerned, California, with respect to its size, cannot be regarded as being in the same class with those Western States lying in the great wheat-producing belt of our country. So large a portion of the State is mountainous, heavily timbered or otherwise unadapted to the cultivation of grain, that the area occupied by that industry is small compared with the whole extent. Nevertheless, the amount of wheat and barley produced is enormous; the crops of these two cereals for the year 1892 according to the reports of the Department of Agriculture, being respectively 38,554 bushels and 12,333,000 bushels. Nor do these figures represent the total product of the land planted in these cereals; for it must be borne in mind that large portions of the wheat and barley crops are annually converted into hay.

It will readily be recognized that the large amount of wheat yearly produced in California is immensely in excess of the domestic consumption, and that there is a great surplus left for exportation; but it is only by referring to statistics that we can form any adequate idea of the quantity this surplus represents; 10,767,567 centals of wheat valued at $16,332,225 were exported in 1892, while no less than 700,000 tons—14,000,000 centals were left on hand. During the same year flour to the amount of 1,166,409 barrels, valued at over $4,918,000, was also exported.

The large grain-producing districts are naturally the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, though in a great number of scattering, outside counties wheat is a staple product. Tulare, San Joaquin, Glenn and Colusa counties may be regarded as the leading sections in this industry, though closely followed by others, such as Sacramento, Contra Costa, etc. According to the last assessment roll, San Joaquin County had no less than 275,018 acres in wheat, 74,142 in barley and 10,365 acres in hay. This fine showing is due to the irrigation of dry lands by water from the great rivers and from artesian wells — the latter being some of the finest in the State—and to the reclamation of hundreds of thousands of acres of tule-swamps which have proved remarkably rich and fertile.

It might be supposed, owing to the widely and constantly increasing attention given to the formation of orchards and vineyards that the area of tillage land would be on the decrease. Such, however, is not the case, the wheat crop of 1892 being considerably in excess of that of 1891, which was 36,595,000 bushels against 38,554,000 bushels. This satisfactory result is owing to the facts that much new land is being brought under cultivation, and that the lowlands, hot in summer, and cold in winter, are not found so suitable for the successful culture of fruit trees and the vine, as the foothills, where the climate is more equable and genial. No great quantity of either corn or oats is grown in California, nor can they be considered as occupying an important

position in the agricultural economy of the State.

Such is the variety of climate and soil, and such the diversity of altitude and local conditions offered in California, that in no other country in the world has the producer a larger list of profitable fruit trees and seed plants, wherefrom to select those which he may prefer to cultivate. Nor is the list by any means complete as yet, for experiment is continually proving that plants that have been regarded with disfavor flourish vigorously under proper care and intelligent management; and it may be doubted whether any member of the vegetable kingdom, with the exception of strictly tropical ones, would not thrive in California. Even the fastidious buhach plant (pyrethrum) has here found a home near Atwater, Merced County—the only abiding place it has hitherto deigned to adopt in the Americas.

While the great valleys and other level lowlands within easy reach of transportation means are the localities in which grain thrives the best, and can be profitably raised, the foothills and terraces on the slopes of the mountains are favorable for the cultivation of deciduous fruit trees; the olive and the vine, orchards and vineyards and olive groves are being planted yearly at higher elevations than those selected by the earlier agriculturists, who were in a great measure fettered by want of transportation facilities.

In this respect let us consider the olive tree. This tree was introduced into California by the padres who first planted it at San Diego in 1769. That this locality is favorable to the culture of the olive may be gathered from the fact that near National City, a few miles southward therefrom, Mr. Kimball possesses an orchard which yielded 14,000 gallons of oil, and twelve tons of pickled olives. This is the largest output in the State from a single orchard. In Napa County this industry is now attracting general attention, and mountains and hills heretofore deemed of little value, except for grazing purposes, are being planted in olives. So firm a hold on the attention of the thrifty farmer has the industry attained that it promises ere long to become the leading industry of the vicinity. The mountainous county of Mariposa is looking with favorable eye upon olive culture, though at first it was deemed an uncertain experiment. It has been found, however, that the trees produce berries at an early age in the sheltered valleys, and during the last three years oil of a clear and beautiful quality has been manufactured.

The area of wine and raisin-grape vineyards is over 225,000 acres, and is equal to one-half of the viticultural area in the United States. It may be asserted that from the Mexican border line to Mount Shasta, few are the counties in which there is no vineyard. It is conceded that that of Senator Stanford, at Vina, Tehama County, which covers an area of six square miles and contains 3,500,000 vines, is the largest in the world. The vast importance of the viticultural industry in the State will be recognized from the value of the wine, brandy and raisins manufactured. It is not known what the total number of gallons of wine made in 1892 amounted to, but whatever it may have been, 10,219,096 gallons were received in San Francisco alone. The product for 1891 was 19,950,500 gallons. The total brandy crop for the same year was 2,000,000 gallons, and the raisin crop, 57,162,000 pounds — figures which represent a very large sum of money, the brandy alone being worth about $3,000,000.

It is generally admitted that Napa County now takes the lead in wine and brandy making, those industries having prominently brought the county to the front during the last few years. Her sandy soil and warm hillsides contribute generously to the production of a fine wine grape, both as regards quantity and quality. The wine cellars in that county are very numerous, some of them being the finest in the

United States. Many are constructed of stone, while others are spacious vaults tunneled in the solid rocks of the hillsides, an arrangement which ensures dry, cool cellarage. The first shipment of wine ever made to France from California was from Napa County, in 1891, and consisted of eight hundred puncheons.

VINEYARD NEAR LIVERMORE, CAL.

With regard to the production of raisins Fresno holds the same position as Napa does with regard to that of wine, her output being at least one-half of the total quantity manufactured in the State. As the raisin crop for 1892 was 57,162,000 pounds, it appears that that county produced the enormous quantity of 14,290 tons. In San Diego this industry is on the increase, and last year 200 carloads were shipped by her raisin growers, being nearly double the amount of the previous year. It may be interesting to state here that the first raisins marketed in this State were from Marseilles Valley, Butte County. This occurred in 1864, and they were bought by Governor Perkins. The first carload sent East was shipped by J. P. Whitney of Rocklin, Placer County, in 1874.

WILD GRAPE—VITIS CALIFORNICA.

When the early fathers introduced a few fruit trees into this country they little imagined that in less than half a century after the occupation of California by the Anglo-American, the almost desert lands that surrounded the small areas they kept under cultivation would be covered with millions of fruit trees of many varieties. Nor did they foresee that the hillsides and valleys over which their half wild cattle roamed, would be devoted to the development of an industry, the extent and proceeds of which would have seemed as incredible then as the invention of the telephone and electric railway would to the public of half a century ago. At the present time there are 40,000,000 fruit trees already planted on an area of 401,415 acres, while 50,000 acres are being prepared for the same purpose. More than one-third of that acreage is occupied by the orange, the peach and the prune, their respective figures being 59,006 acres, 54,836 acres and 49,626 acres. Oranges and lemons are grown in no

less than three-fourths of the counties of the State, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, San Diego, Orange and Butte taking the lead, respectively, as regards acreage devoted to citrus fruits.

Santa Clara is the greatest prune bearing county in the State, her output last year being no less than 20,000,000 pounds, of which 17,000,000 went direct to Eastern markets. Other prune growing sections are Sonoma, Napa, Tulare, Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, the crops of which brought the total up to 30,000,000 pounds. In the last named county, near Templeton, there is the largest prune orchard in bearing in America. It contains 22,000 trees. Santa Clara County has been rightfully called the Garden of California. It is adapted to the production of all the semi-tropical fruit, nor is there a variety which cannot be found in that fertile valley in abundance, yielding rich returns. So productive is the soil, and so congenial the climate, that new orchard-homes are constantly being established there, and the ploughshare is so rapidly giving way to the pruning-hook that grain farming will soon be unknown. It is worthy of remark that in this county may be found the largest seed farms in the world. They produce one-half the world's supply, over three hundred tons being shipped annually, mostly to Europe.

Peaches and apricots are about equal in regard to crop, to judge from the quantities of each fruit, canned and dried during the last two years. Previously the former was far in excess of the latter, but the demand for the apricot has in time placed it on a level with its rival in this State. In 1891, the output of the dried class was: Apricots, 13,500,000 pounds; peaches, 13,200,000 pounds; of the canned fruit each 200,000 cases. The largest peach orchard in the State is situated near Yuba City, Sutter County, and contains 575 acres.

Deciduous fruits are gaining yearly in popularity, and are beginning to rival the orange and the lemon, even in counties in which the citrus varieties have hitherto reigned supreme. In past years, the industry of deciduous fruit growing was confined almost exclusively to Northern California, but lately the horticulturists of the orange-bearing counties of the south have been giving great attention to it. Last year Los Angeles County began to ship deciduous green fruits to the East, forty carloads being forwarded from Pomona alone.

No country in the world is better adapted to the culture of a greater variety of deciduous fruit trees than California. There are five distinct climatic belts, or regions, the hottest of which occupies the southeastern portion of the State, and includes the Mohave desert, its mean annual temperature being from 68° to 72° Fahr. Then follows the elongated elliptical basin of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys, extending from Caliente in the south to Shasta in the north. The mean annual temperature of this great region is from 60° to 68° Fahr. Allied with it in respect to temperature is another smaller section occupying the seaboard in the southwestern part of the State, its inland boundary line extending from a point some miles north of Point Conception and running southeasterly to a point northeast of San Bernardino; thence it follows an almost straight line to the Mexican border.

The basin of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers is begirt with a comparatively narrow band of foothills, the mean annual temperature of which is from 52° to 60° Fahr.; this in turn is surrounded by a somewhat similar belt, composed on the west of low mountains and on the east of the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Range. The temperature at this altitude ranges from 40° to 52°. Both these belts have ramifications and associate regions, the former one being connected by Sonoma County with the seaboard, which enjoys the same temperature from the extreme north of

the State nearly down to Point Conception, where the belt turns southeasterly and then southerly to the Mexican boundary line. Lastly, we have the cold Alpine regions of the Sierra Nevada Range and the Shasta Mountains, where the mean annual temperature ranges from 30° to 44°.

With so many varieties of climate it will readily be seen how great is the field in California for the production of all kinds of fruit. But more than this, individual counties, owing to their physical features, enjoy all these different climatic conditions. Take, for instance, the County of Mariposa; formerly it was regarded as being almost exclusively confined to the mining industry, but the experiments of latter years have proved it to be a fine fruit-producing region. The mild climate of the valleys and lower foothills renders it peculiarly adapted to the production of grapes, figs, peaches, apricots, prunes, olives, oranges and lemons; while the higher belts, with their mountain soil and sharp frosts, produce apples and pears which command the highest prices paid in the city markets. Even raisin-growing has proved successful.

The largest fruit orchards in California are those of General Bidwell of Chico. They consist of 65,250 trees, and in 1891 produced 5,780,000 pounds of fruit.

The rapid increase in the production of deciduous fruits during late years, is shown by the annual shipments of fresh fruits to the East. In 1888, there were sent 851 carloads; in 1889, the amount reached 991 carloads; in 1890, it increased to 1373 carloads, and in 1891, it was 1,387 carloads. In 1892, the amount was fully 200 carloads in excess of the last-named figures. The experimental shipments of fresh fruits from the southern part of the State proved so satisfactory that many growers acted upon the suggestion, and, as already remarked, extensive shipments were forwarded last year. This has stimulated horticulturists to plant extensive areas in deciduous fruits in that section.

During the season of 1892, a most important event connected with the deciduous fruit interest occurred; it was the inauguration of shipments to England. Several hundred tons of assorted fruit were shipped thither, being carried in refrigerator cars to New York, there transferred to cold storerooms on Atlantic steamers and conveyed to Liverpool. The time of transit from California to the place of destination was fifteen days. The fruit arrived in fair condition, and brought good prices at auction. As far as the feasibility goes of sending fresh fruit to England in good condition, the experiment was completely successful; but the transportation charges ate up nearly all the returns, and material reduction in the cost of transportation will have to be made before fruit shipments to England reach large proportions. Nevertheless a new market for California fresh fruit has been pointed out, and during the present year numerous carloads of oranges have been shipped from Pomona and other places of Southern California to England. That the financial returns have been very satisfactory to the growers and shippers is significant.

Fig culture in California deserves more than passing notice, since this ornamental and profitable tree will take a prominent position in the future. The first carload of California figs sent to New York was dispatched last year, and from the fact that the tree is being extensively planted, it is reasonable to conclude that henceforth it will continue to make an annual showing on the fruit shippers' freight bills. That the increase in production has already set in is shown by the outputs for the years 1889, 1890, 1891, which were respectively 200,000 pounds, 350,000 pounds and 360,000 pounds. The finest and oldest fig orchard is at Knight's Ferry, Stanislaus County. The trees are over thirty years old and produce large

crops. Near Burson, Calaveras County, there is a fig tree measuring over eleven feet in circumference, and is considered to be the largest tree of its kind in California.

Another beautiful tree to which attention is being paid on account of the profits yielded by it is the walnut. From Rivera, Los Angeles County, seventy carloads of the nuts were shipped last year, while from Los Nietos, of the same county, the first trainload of English walnuts, consisting of twenty cars, that was ever sent East, left in October last. Walnut groves planted years ago are beginning to bring forth fruit. Orange County alone has 26,220 bearing trees, and 55,026 not bearing.

In San Luis Obispo, a walnut tree carelessly planted in the garden of one of the city fathers, produced last year a crop that sold for thirty-five dollars—an encouraging fact to those who have already planted walnut orchards. The largest English walnut tree supposed to exist in the State is at Vallecito, Calaveras County. It measures nine feet in circumference and annually yields a large crop of superior nuts.

COMMON WHITE MUSCAT TABLE-GRAPE.

The same wide range as regards

variety, is observable in small fruits and vegetables, with the additional inducement to the cultivator that many of the latter may be grown all the year round, while strawberries are produced early in March, a time when the table in other States can only be supplied from the green-house. Other fruits are proportionately early; gooseberries and raspberries appearing at the end of April, and blackberries and currants the first week in May. This early fructification gives the California gardener an advantage over his confrères in all other States, enabling him to make shipments of produce long before the crops elsewhere are ready for picking. Nor is the advantage in this respect confined to small fruits; deciduous fruits arrive at a correspondingly prior maturity. On May 9th, last year, a carload of cherries was sent East from Vacaville, Solano County; on May 19th, a carload of apricots from the same place; and on June 4th, one of peaches from Winters, Yolo County.

People who visit San Francisco for the first time during the winter will be surprised to find asparagus, cucumbers and green peas upon the table in February and new potatoes in March. They may be inclined to believe that these vegetables are provided from green-houses, but such is not the case. Last year green peas began to arrive from Niles, Alameda County, on February 17th; cucumbers came from Winters, Yolo County, on February 16th, and asparagus from Blondin Island, Sacramento, on the 10th of the same month. The season this year has been somewhat backward.

It is impossible to estimate the immense proportions that the industry of vegetable productions will assume in this State. Its present importance is shown by the fact that in 1892 the large amount of 95,939,000 pounds of such produce was shipped to the Eastern market. This is a certain indication of the great interest taken by California farmers in an industry which is capable of almost indefinite

OLIVE ORCHARD—GENERAL BEALE'S RANCH, TEJON.

notice, and that is the enormous size which they attain. "San Luis Obispo County," says a writer in one of the leading daily papers of San Francisco, "seems to take the lead in the production of large vegetables. San Luis raises the biggest onions in the world, some of them weighing four

HOP-PICKING IN KERN COUNTY.

expansion. There is no portion of the State, north or south, that is not interested in this business, and the vegetable productions of these two physical divisions of California are nearly equal. With regard to this industry a prominent railroad man has remarked that "The cultivation of vegetables is one of the strongest points or factors in the immediate future development of this territory. The volume of the traffic has now increased to a point where it is not experimental, and people are as sure of fair returns as they would be in the Eastern States."

One feature with regard to California vegetables deserves especial

pounds apiece. Her cabbages are Brobdingnagian; her pumpkins might be converted into coaches without the fairy wand of Cinderella's godmother. Her potatoes are simply monstrous; one of them would prove a meal to Gargantua himself." But San Luis Obispo County has potent rivals in this respect. At Pomona, Los Angeles County, a squash was grown which weighed 283 pounds, and was four feet in diameter; at Fresno a sweet potato was exhibited last summer which weighed forty-four and three-fourths pounds; Capistrano, Orange

BEET FIELD, LAKESIDE RANCH, KERN COUNTY.

County, could boast of a watermelon weighing 150 pounds, having a circumference of four feet nine inches, and a length of five feet six inches. In the same year an onion was on exhibition at Los Angeles which weighed seven pounds, and had a circumference of thirty-six inches. Other vegetables also have their Goliaths. An Irish potato has acquired the weight of thirteen pounds—this from San Luis Obispo County—and the

RANCH IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

beet sometimes reaches colossal proportions. One of the attractive features of the California exhibits at the World's Fair is the vegetable display.

Though somewhat out of place in the order of classification, attention should be called to the importance of the bean crop, which last year yielded a total of 76,594,500 pounds, 23,897 tons of which were shipped overland. Ventura County is the largest producer of Lima beans in the world; one ranch alone produced fifty-six carloads in one season. Nor must the humble peanut and its county home be forgotten. Tehama takes the lead in California in its production, over 1,000,000 pounds being raised in that section, annually.

BLACK HAMBURGS.

Two other important agricultural productions remain to be noticed, namely the hop and the beet. Washington takes the lead in Pacific Coast hop crops, but in 1892, owing to the ravages of the hop louse (*Aphis phrodon*) in that State, California passed to the front, the respective yields being 35,500 bales and 39,750 bales. The average annual crop of our State is 6,500,000 pounds, and last year 5,439,245 pounds were exported, a very small portion of which (158,175 pounds) was sent by sea. The appearance of the above named hop pest will doubtless lead to a thorough study of the subject of spraying, which seems not to have been properly understood in Washington. Sacramento is the leading county in California, and indeed in the United States, in the production of hops.

There is little doubt that the production of beets will become at no distant date one of the most important industries of the State. No other article of consumption increases in the same proportion as sugar. This is a mark of the progress of civilization. Savage or wild tribes do not use the article; the Arab drinks his coffee without

it, and the Chinaman his tea. In the earlier stages of civilization sugar was a luxury, enjoyed only by the rich; in the present advanced development it has become a necessity, and the consumption of it is enormous, no class of the community going without it. Its cheap production at the present time has placed it within the reach of the poorest laborer and mechanic. When it is borne in mind that more than one-half of all the sugar manufactured in the world is obtained from the beet, the immense importance of this vegetable as a supplier of one of the greatest necessities of modern life will be recognized.

In California the cultivation of the beet has only recently obtained a foothold, and the State is indebted for the introduction of the new industry to Mr. Claus Spreckels, who established some years ago a beet-sugar factory at Alvarado, Alameda County. At the time of writing there are three such factories in full operation, while several others are in contemplation.

POMEGRANATES AND BLACK HAMBURG GRAPES.

The stimulus given to beet culture by the establishment of the mill at Alvarado was so great that its machinery had to be increased in capacity, with the result that 5,000,000 pounds of refined sugar were produced, as against less than 2,000,000 pounds for the season preceding the improvement. For the manufacture of this large amount of sugar, 20,000 tons of beet were bought at an average price of five dollars a ton.

In 1888, a factory was established at Watsonville, Santa Cruz County, the first year's output being 2,920,000 pounds of sugar. Season by season the product increased, and in 1891 the amount reached 4,340,000 pounds, which, however, was little in excess of the output of the previous season. The prospects for the following year were, however, most favorable. The acreage planted to beets has been largely increased, the result being that the product reached 10,000,000 pounds, which was more than the outputs of the two preceding seasons combined.

The third establishment of the kind was erected at Chino, San Bernardino County. It was completed in time to handle the beet crop of 1891, and very marked success has attended the enterprise. The output for the first season was 1,946,000 pounds of re-

fined sugar. During the following year 27,098 tons of beet were delivered at the factory, at an average cost of four dollars and twenty-five cents a ton. About 3,000 acres of virgin soil had been brought under a high state of cultivation for the first time, and planted in beets. The result was that the output reached 7,903,541 pounds, a result so encouraging that the factory has been enlarged, and it is estimated that 5,000 acres will be planted for this season's supply. This enterprise at Chino is proving to be of the highest industrial value, not only to the county, but indirectly, by way of stimulus, to other places in Southern California. At Anaheim, Orange County, a company has been formed for the erection of a similar factory, and a sufficient area of land for the culture of beet has been secured to ensure the successful establishment of the enterprise. The company will commence operations during the present year. At Santa Ana, also, a committee has been at work securing acreage and making arrangements for the erection of a similar factory near the city. In fact, the success of the beet-sugar factories already established has stimulated interest in this industry all over the State, and it is said that an old refinery on one of the San Joaquin river islands will be equipped for the manufacture of beet sugar.

There are three potent facts which point authoritatively to the magnitude which the cultivation of the beet will reach in California at no distant date, and these are: (1) the great area upon which the plant can be successfully cultivated; (2) the heaviness of the crops, guaranteed by the richness of the soil; (3) the abundance of saccharine matter in the California beet. The last important desideratum cannot be doubted, for it has been shown by repeated tests that the beet of our State contains considerably more sac-

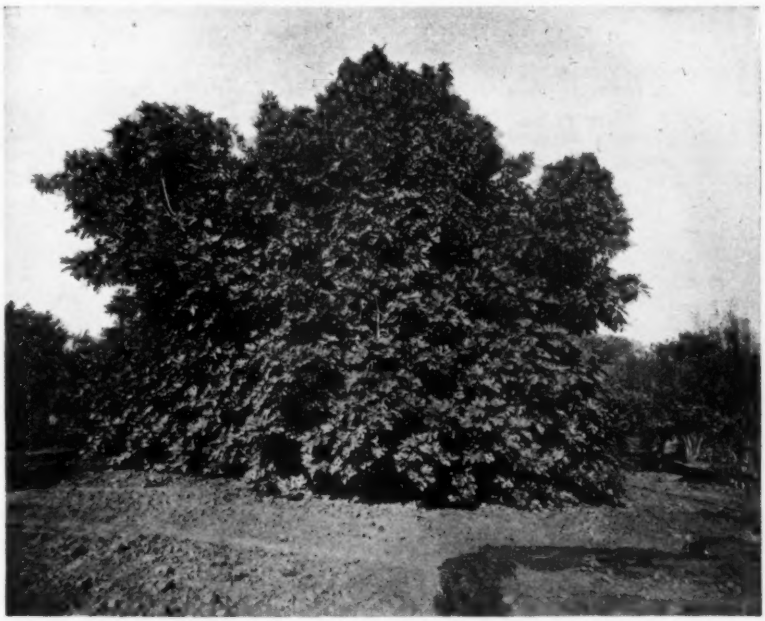


FIG TREE ON GENERAL BEALE'S RANCH.

WALNUT TREES, LAKESIDE RANCH.

charine matter than that produced in the vegetable grown elsewhere in this country or in foreign lands.

The manufacture of sugar from the beet root has been very disastrous to cultivators of the sugar cane. Within a comparatively short period of time the sugar plantations of the West Indies were sources of wealth that sent proud Creoles of French, Spanish and English origin to the lands of their ancestors, resplendent with display, lavish of riches, and contemptuous in demeanor. Half a century ago the sugar cane was king, as cotton was in the present generation. But those times are past. The sugar cane plantations in every part of the world no longer yield fortunes to the slave owner, or hold out much promise of return under the system of free labor. And this is due to the attention that is turned to the cultivation of beet on both sides of the Atlantic.

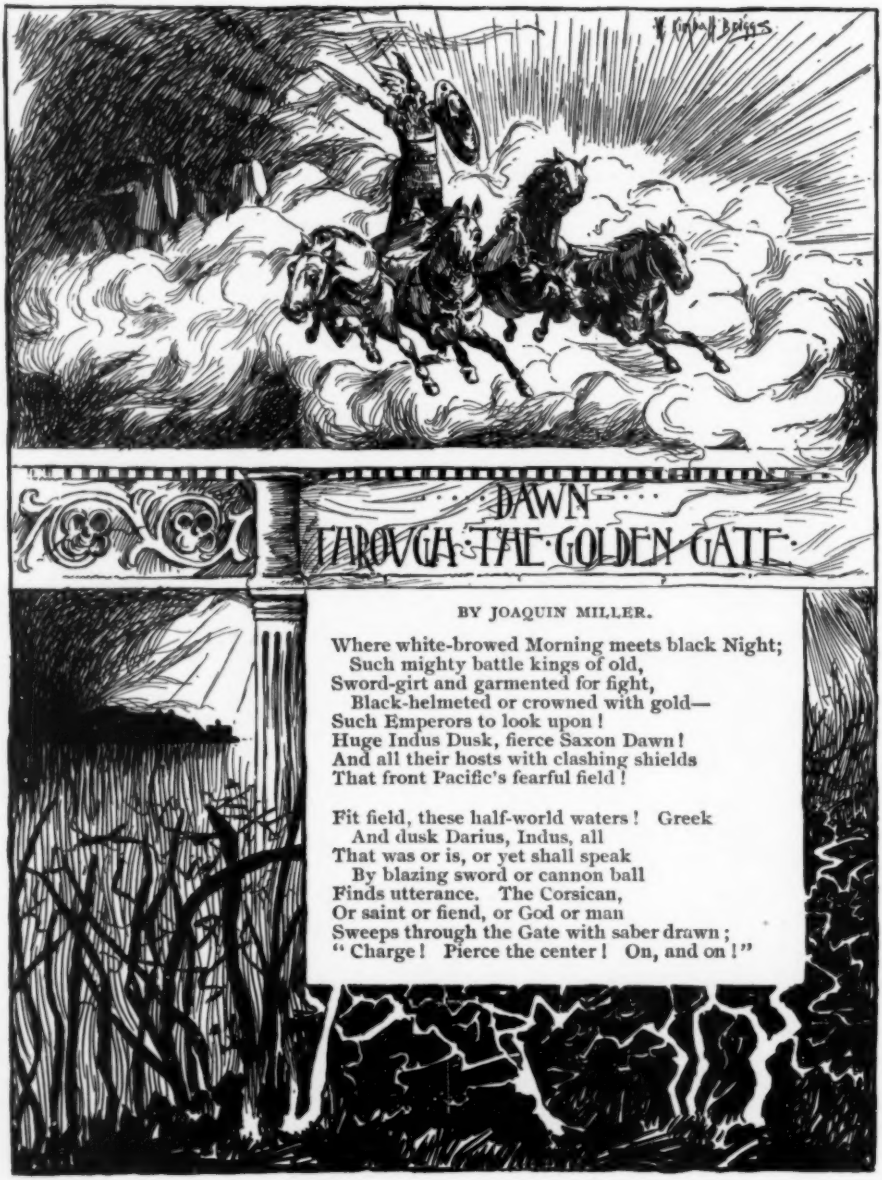
It is not in the spirit of boast or envy that we have thus held the index finger pointing to California's capabilities under the master touch of agricultural progress. These western lands must still be regarded as lying in their swaddling clothes. To regard the few generations of Spanish descent that led a pastoral life in California, as rapid developers would in this age of impatient haste and expansion, be a folly and out of time; but it ought not to be forgotten that they built the cradle in which was rocked the infant Jupiter and carefully fed Amalthea. To those Spanish pioneers California is indebted for the introduction of the orange tree, the olive and the vine, and trees planted by the padres and their followers still bear fruit and are mute witnesses to early efforts at agricultural development.

It may be boldly asserted that no country in the world has taken more rapid strides in agricultural industries than California has done, after the fierce excitement of gold-hunting abated; and in no other country has experimental effort in that direction been more thoroughly, more persist-

ently and more successfully made. Cereals, fruits, vegetables and flowers have all been cultivated in a country only lately released from the shackles of indolence and stagnation, to an extent that is almost incredible. The result has been the discovery that in every branch of agriculture, success attends the efforts of the intelligent producer in California. Cereals, fruits and vegetables thrive with equal vigor, and yield exceptionally large crops. Many of the large ranches which formerly were planted to a single article of produce, are being cut up into small holdings, all the way upward from ten to one hundred acres and converted into family homes. Each owner cultivates his land according to his taste; one planting cherries, another prunes; this one forms a market garden of his patch and that one a nursery; some prefer uniformity, others variety. Thus a great diversity of productions is the result, changing the very aspect of the country. Santa Clara Valley is a notable illustration of this metamorphosis. Where formerly, monotonous reaches of grain met the eye without a suggestion of the beautiful, picturesque rural homes with their flower gardens, ornamental trees and prolific orchards now please the sight and delight the mind. As Santa Clara Valley is now considered by all the garden of California, California, ere long, will be pointed out as the garden of the world.

[The importance of orange and lemon cultivation in California will necessitate a separate paper which will appear in the August number of this magazine.—THE EDITOR.]

INGLENOOK VINEYARDS, NAPA COUNTY.

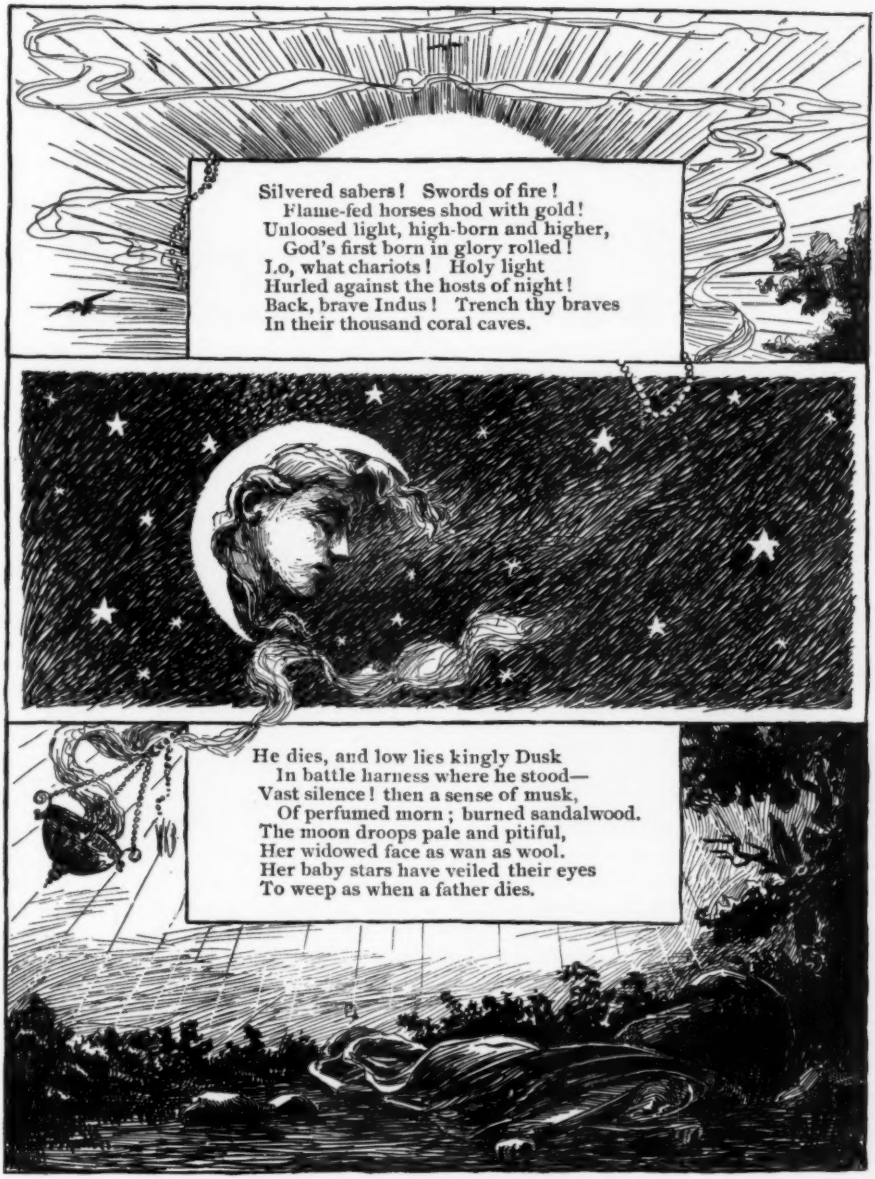


DAWN THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Where white-browed Morning meets black Night;
  Such mighty battle kings of old,
Sword-girt and garmented for fight,
  Black-helmeted or crowned with gold—
Such Emperors to look upon!
Huge Indus Dusk, fierce Saxon Dawn!
And all their hosts with clashing shields
That front Pacific's fearful field!

Fit field, these half-world waters! Greek
  And dusk Darius, Indus, all
That was or is, or yet shall speak
  By blazing sword or cannon ball
Finds utterance. The Corsican,
Or saint or fiend, or God or man
Sweeps through the Gate with saber drawn;
"Charge! Pierce the center! On, and on!"


Silvered sabers! Swords of fire!
Flame-fed horses shod with gold!
Unloosed light, high-born and higher,
God's first born in glory rolled!
Lo, what chariots! Holy light
Hurled against the hosts of night!
Back, brave Indus! Trench thy braves
In their thousand coral caves.
He dies, and low lies kingly Dusk
In battle harness where he stood—
Vast silence! then a sense of musk,
Of perfumed morn; burned sandalwood.
The moon droops pale and pitiful,
Her widowed face as wan as wool.
Her baby stars have veiled their eyes
To weep as when a father dies.

ICE-FLOE IN GLACIER BAY, ALASKA. (From photograph by Taber.)

ALASKAN DAYS.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE District of Alaska, if it has been unfortunate in many respects, is at any rate to be congratulated upon its name.

When Secretary Seward recommended its purchase from its former Muscovite owners, many foolish appellations were suggested by journalistic jokers. But fortunately, such inapt suggestions as Polaria, Walrussia, Zero Islands, *et id genus omne*, were rejected in favor of the original native name, Al-ay-ek-sa, the Great Land, slightly shortened into Alaska. And a "Great Land" it truly is, for it includes about 580,000 square miles, and is twelve times as large as the State of New York. Its coast line, owing to the exceedingly indented character of the shores of Southeastern Alaska, is longer than that of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards combined, being upwards of 25,000 miles. When a citizen of the United States stands in San Francisco, which is generally supposed to be pretty far west, he has more miles of his native or adopted land to the west of him than he has to the East, for from the chief city of California to Attu, the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands, exceeds by several hundreds of miles the distance from the Golden Gate to Cape Cod in Maine.

Alaska includes within her broad domain the greatest glaciers except those of Greenland and the South Polar region, and also the highest peak of the noblest mountain range on the continent.

Mount St. Elias is between 18,000 and 19,000 feet high, and as it rises sheer from the ocean, every foot of this height tells upon the eye of the spectator, rendering it fully as imposing as a mountain of 25,000 feet standing on high ground. The glacier-fields of Mt. St. Elias are of vast extent, amounting in all to several thousands of square miles. The peak itself is rarely visible amid its encircling mists and clouds, and has never yet been trodden by the foot of man.

The great river, the Yukon, is 2,044 miles long, and is navigable for nearly its entire length. In some parts it is several miles wide and is crowded with almost countless islands. Miners

and prospectors who wish to reach the Yukon River District and Forty-mile Creek, usually proceed overland from Chilkat, at the head of Lynn Channel, through the Chilkat Pass to Fort Yukon, the old trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and, when the short season of work is over, go down the river to St. Michael's. Lieutenant Schwatka descended the Yukon on a raft, and this exploit has been frequently accomplished, but it is a decidedly ticklish business, not to be recommended to people of weak nerves, for it involves much labor and anxiety where rapids occur and the raft gets stranded on sandbanks, or caught by "sweepers." The most picturesque and most dangerous portions of the river are the Upper and Lower ramparts, where the mighty stream is confined within a narrow channel between high banks and the current runs at a rate of several miles an hour. The navigation of the river is carried on by steamers of light draught and powerfully engined to make headway against the strong stream. White whales run up the river for 400 or 500 miles from the sea in pursuit of the king and red salmon which throng its waters. The Eskimos and Athabaskans who dwell upon its banks eat the king salmon fresh, but preserve the red salmon as winter food for themselves and their dogs.

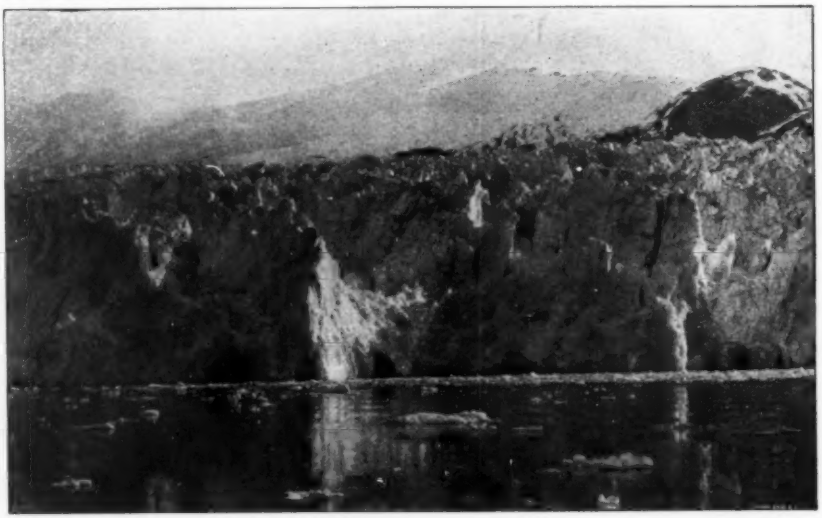
The price paid to the Russian Government for this vast region was

SILVER BOW BASIN, NEAR JUNEAU.

$7,200,000—that is, $7,000,000 for the territory itself, and $200,000 for various buildings and property owned by the Russians. The property included several mules and some white men born in Alaska, who are thus "citizens by purchase," and "Americans by treaty." The treaty of purchase was signed on March 30th, 1867, confirmed by the United States Senate on April 10th, ratified May 8th, and exchanged and proclaimed June 20th of the same year. As regards revenue, by far the most important part of the

purchase was the Pribylof or Seal Islands, of which the Alaska Commercial Company took a twenty years' lease, from 1870 to 1890, paying therefor a yearly rent of $55,000 plus $2.625 for each fur seal captured, with the proviso that not more than 100,000 seals should be taken in any one year—it being rightly thought that the indiscriminate slaughter of any valuable animal is certain to lead ultimately to its extermination. In 1891, upwards of 62,000 seals were taken in the ocean by illicit sealing vessels, which destroyed probably five times that number. Nor was this the worst of the damage done, for killing as they did, for the most part, the females, as being more easily caught, the harm was still further increased. Illicit sealing was so profitable a business that the United States Revenue cutters were unable to cope with the numerous piratical vessels, manned by desperate crews, engaged in it.

The Russians made no effort to develop the mineral or agricultural resources of their province. They cared for furs only, and Prince Baranoff, the ablest and most autocratic of the Russian Governors, is said to have ordered a man who brought specimens of gold-bearing quartz to him to be flogged, for he feared lest the "accursed lust for gold" should seduce his followers from the faithful pursuit of valuable pelts. Furs still remain one of the chief elements of wealth, but the resources in fish, minerals and timber are much better appreciated by Americans than they were by the Russians. The value of the fur-seal skins sent from Alaska to London since 1867 amounts to nearly $33,000,000, and of the skins of sea-otter, silver fox, black fox, black and brown bear, land otter, beaver, mink, and other animals, to about $16,000,000 more.



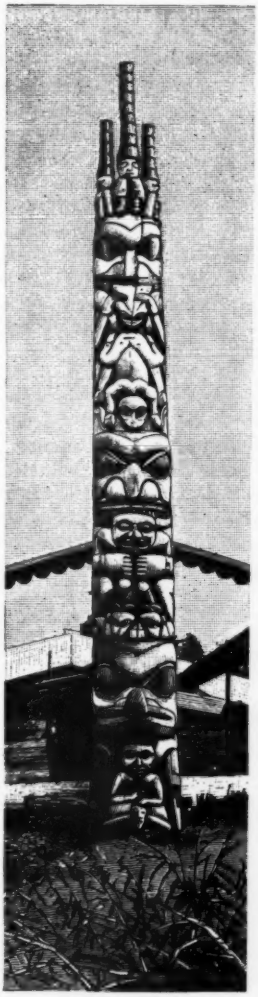
FRONT OF MUIR GLACIER.

The product of the salmon canneries from 1884 to 1890 is estimated at about $7,000,000, the largest cannery being at Karluk, on Kadiak Island, where during the season of 1890 nearly 1,100 fishermen and packers were employed. The herring

fishery at Killisnoo yielded 157,000 gallons of oil in 1890, and nearly twice the amount in 1891. The codfish and halibut fisheries are also very valuable. The red salmon and king salmon are of great size and of almost incredible numbers. I have seen a stream at Loring, the waters of which were a restless, heaving, twinkling mass of salmons' tails, where a mere novice could catch two or three hundred pounds' weight of fish in a few minutes. The whale fisheries of the Arctic Ocean yielded in 1890 nearly a quarter of a million pounds of whalebone, 4,000 pounds of ivory, and nearly 15,000 barrels of oil.

The chief item of mineral wealth is gold, of which some mention will be made later. Copper is found on the Copper River, cinnabar in the Kuskokwim district, and lignite in various places, but these minerals have not as yet much value. Coal of good quality has been discovered on Admiralty Island, but it is not very accessible.

The timber consists of Sitka spruce, pine, hemlock and yellow cedar. Of these the last named is the most valuable, but also the scarcest. It is not probable that the forests of Alaska will be utilized till those of Washington and British Columbia are beginning to fail, for the merchantable timber grows in groves of limited extent, and after exhausting one grove the lumberman must wander on until he finds another.



TOTEM POLE.

Alaska offers comparatively few opportunities for the agriculturist, the ground being too rugged and forest-covered, and the rainfall excessive. But on the Kenai Peninsula the tundra is dry enough to permit potatoes and other vegetables, and possibly even grain, to be raised. In some parts of the peninsula cattle might be pastured, the summers being dry enough to allow hay to be cured as winter food. On the northeast shore of Kadiak Island also, there is excellent pasture, and the natives there have for many years past kept a few head of cattle and sheep, and have raised potatoes and other vegetables for their own use.

The boundary of Alaska begins at 54° 40′ of north latitude, and passes up Observatory Inlet, on the British side of which is Fort Simpson, a Hudson Bay trading-post. It then runs northwards, following the summit of the dividing range, but, if that is further than three marine leagues from the shore, a line distant three marine leagues is the boundary. At this distance the boundary line proceeds up the coast until the Mt. St. Elias range and the 141st meridian of longitude are reached. The 141st meridian is then followed up to the Arctic Ocean. Several parties of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey and of Canadian surveyors are now at work in Southeastern Alaska upon the delimitation of the frontier. The work is to be done with great exactitude,

and, as the country is very rugged and difficult, it will occupy two or three seasons, from May to October in each year.

The territory is divided into six geographical divisions. The Arctic includes the shores and islands of the Arctic Ocean; the Yukon comprises the valley of the Yukon and its tributaries; the Kuskokwim the valley of the Kuskokwim and its tributaries; the Aleutian consists of the islands of the Aleutian group, part of the peninsula of Aliaska, and the Pribylof or Seal Islands; the Kadiak includes the Kadiak group of islands, the Kenai Peninsula and Prince William Sound. The sixth division, the southeastern, extends from the Portland Canal in 54° 40′ north latitude to Mt. St. Elias, and includes the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and the mainland adjacent.

The population can only be roughly estimated, but the official count of 1890 enumerates 31,795 persons. Of these 4,303 are whites, the rest being Creoles of mixed Russian and native parentage, ubiquitous Mongolians and Indians. Of the Indians there are five principal tribes—the Eskimos or Innuits, the Aleuts, the Thlingets, the Athabaskans and the Hydahs. Twelve thousand seven hundred and eighty-four Eskimos occupy the coasts and islands of the Arctic Ocean; they are expert fishermen and hardy navigators. Physically they are of fine appearance, and are often tall and muscular. They usually dress in parkies made of feathers or of the skins of wild animals. The Aleuts—968—inhabit the Aleutian and Shumagim Islands; they are excellent hunters and are often fairly educated, and by no means unfamiliar with crockery, feather beds, cooking-stoves and other appliances of civilization. On the Seal Islands there are schools, at which the majority of the children of school age are in attendance.

The Athabaskans, numbering 3,441, live along the lower banks of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers, and are great hunters and fishers. They are polygamous, and the Shaman, or medicine-man, retains much of his old-time influence among them. The Thlingets, numbering 4,739, are the tribe most commonly encountered by the tourist, as they live on the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and the mainland near them, which are the only portions of Alaska visited by the ordinary traveler. The Hydahs occupy the southern half of Prince of Wales Island, and are noted for their fierceness and courage. Their numbers are now, however, sadly reduced, there being not quite 400 of them. They are excellent carvers in bone, metal, wood and stone, and build the best cedar canoes on the coast. A tribe called the Tsimpsean is met with on Annette Island, usually called New Metlakatla. The original settlement at Metlakatla in British Columbia was founded by the Rev. William Duncan, and was removed to its present site near Loring about five years ago. The story of Metlakatla is full of romantic incident, but there is not space to tell it here.

Though it is usual, and perhaps inevitable, to speak of the native inhabitants of Alaska as "Indians," Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the U. S. General Agent of Education in Alaska, points out that it is erroneous, for the U. S. Courts have decided that they are not "Indians." They can sue and be sued, can make their own contracts, are not confined to any "reservations," but can come and go as and when they please. They are ambitious to imitate American customs, to live in houses built after the American fashion, to dress in "store clothes," and to acquire education, if not to "get religion."

Education in Alaska is chiefly provided by mission schools founded by the Presbyterian Board of Missions, aided by pecuniary contributions from the naval authorities, who have their headquarters at Sitka. The principal mission schools are at Fort Wrangell, (the largest village of the Stikine

TOP OF MUIR GLACIER.

River natives,) at Sitka, Chilkat, Hoonah and Kaigan. At the Industrial School at Sitka, carpentry is taught to the boys, and sewing, knitting and cooking to the girls. There are also Government schools at thirteen places in the territory. But in all Western Alaska there are only two schools where English is taught; one at Iliuliuk, Oonalashka, and the other on the Pribylof Islands. The Russian Church claims 10,950 members, scattered over five parishes and three missions; it contributes $60,000 per annum to maintain churches, chapels and schools where children are taught the doctrines of the Greek, or Eastern Catholic Church.

The Government of Alaska is decidedly anomalous, there being no laws, but only a few treasury regulations, and "An Act providing a civil government for Alaska." The District is under the mining laws, but not under the land laws of the United States, the result being that no one, except a few persons holding patents from the Russian Government, owns the land upon which he has expended perhaps several thousands of dollars

NATIVE ALASKAN HUTS ON KADIAK ISLAND.

TRANSPORTING CANOE ON SLED, NORTHERN ALASKA.

in building a house or a store, by any better title than that of mere possession. There are no county divisions and no capital, though Sitka is the residence of the Governor, the Postmaster, the District Judge, and the U. S. Collector of Customs, Alaska being a Customs' district. The Collector is aided by three deputies, scattered over the vast area with almost no means of inter-communication. At Sitka there is usually a detachment of Revenue Marines, occupying barracks near Baranoff castle, and order is kept throughout the District by occasional visits of a man-of-war or a revenue cutter. San Francisco is the central point of communication, people in one part of Alaska hearing from friends in another by way of the Golden Gate. The mail line between Sitka, Juneau, Fort Wrangell and Port Townsend is the only branch of the Postal service in the Territory. Dwellers at Yakutat near Mt. St. Elias are now and then visited by a schooner from Sitka, and the inhabitants of the Yukon River District depend upon the Alaska Commercial Company for letters and supplies, which they usually receive once a year, if the annual steamer is not wrecked. Sometimes mail is brought over the Chilkat pass, or by way of Winnipeg.

The great evils of Alaska are Shamanism, or the belief in witchcraft; the fondness for ardent spirits, and the degradation of women. The Shamans naturally resent the interference of the missionary, for they know well that education means loss of revenue and influence to themselves. It is not allowed to sell spirits to the natives, but the profits of smuggling are so great that much bad whiskey gets in as "Florida Water," "Bay Rum," or "Pain Killer." The natives, too, using a still improvised from an old musket-barrel and a kerosene tin, have learned to distil from rice, potatoes, sugar, and molasses, a vile and highly intoxicating spirit called "hoochinoo." Whenever any considerable quantity of this fiery stuff has been distilled, a big spree is held, and trouble generally ensues. Among the natives there is almost no such thing as female virtue, little girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age being constantly sold by their parents for sinful purposes. Indeed a woman with several daughters is ac-

counted fortunate as the possessor of a highly marketable commodity—a girl's virtue. Even the girls educated in good and cleanly habits by the teachers at the Mission schools often relapse into immodesty, the additional charms resulting from their education serving to render them only the more attractive and valuable help-meets for the white miners and settlers. In the larger towns, such as Juneau, Fort Wrangell and St. Michael's, there are dance-houses, at which native girls, often of agreeable manners and neatly dressed, are to be seen dancing with the rough settlers.

But it is time to turn from matters of cold fact to the trip of a visitor to Southeastern Alaska, lest the reader become wearied by the recital of details interesting enough to the statistician or professed political economist, but "caviare to the general." Tourists from San Francisco usually join the Alaska-bound steamer at Tacoma or Port Townsend, whence they cross the Juan de Fuca Straits to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Beautiful as the city of Victoria, Beacon Hill Park, and the naval station at Esquimault are, we must leave them undescribed, and hurry on past the maple and cedar clad shores of Vancouver Island. As we get further north, the mountains to left and right of the steamer increase in height, the ranges back of the coast-hills and forests attaining an altitude of about 3,000 feet. Soon they grow so high that their tops are snow-crowned; on their sides are not infrequently seen long vertical slides, the tracks of avalanches which have mowed down in their irresistible course all that lay in their path, leaving a clear space, where giants of the forest grew before. But these marks of Nature's violence, in this moist and genial climate, are soon obliterated, for if Nature is often cruel, she knows too how to be kind, and bright stripes of verdure relieve the darker and more sombre green of the forest firs and cedars.

The first point of Alaskan soil to be reached is Fort Tongass, the southerly port of the entrance to Alaska. Sometimes the passengers land here in rowboats, and explore their first Alaskan town. Naha Bay is a delightfully picturesque spot, lying amid a rich undergrowth of mosses and ferns, and towered over by a dusky grove of timber-trees. The scenery from Fort Tongass up to Fort Wrangell on

NATIVE DANCE AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

Etolin Island is very fine and thoroughly characteristic of Southeastern Alaska. Landlocked waterways and fiords now open into broad smiling lakes, and again narrow into passages so intricate that one expects the ship to go ashore. However, just as she seems about to run her nose into the land, a sharp turn of the wheel directs her into a channel, the existence of which was a minute or two ago entirely unsuspected. Often slender ribbons of silver are seen coursing down the hillsides, or spreading out into the form of a veil or an open fan. In the rainy season, and at the first melting of the snows, these waterfalls are, doubtless, much fuller, but at those seasons the air is so full of fog and mist that most of the beauty of the scene is lost. Throughout the whole voyage, except occasionally when glaciers intervene, and the scenery assumes a harder, barer, bleaker aspect, the shores are lined down to the water's edge with thick forests of fir, pine and cedar. Along the beach is a fringe of driftwood, piled so regularly that it seems the handiwork of man, and not the achievement of the ceaselessly plashing waves. The beaches are everywhere scanty, the waterways being deep right into shore. The forest-clothed hills run down to the water's brink, scarcely leaving space for an Indian to draw up his canoe on the narrow shelving sand. Now and then we descry a rude cabin, the abode of some fisherman—not seldom a white man who has married an Indian wife, and settled down into domesticity and the easy indolence of semi-barbarism. Behind the forest there usually runs a range of higher mountains, the peaks of which even in July are capped with snow. This back range varies from 2,000 to 6,000 feet in height. Under a bright sun the white mountain tops gleam like burnished metal, and one watches, with increasing fascination, the ever-varying pictures endlessly unrolling themselves to view, as in a panorama, till the eyes are strained and dazzled. Rarely are the topmost peaks clearly defined, for clouds are continually drifting about, and partially or wholly enveloping the giants' heads. The climate of Southeastern Alaska is much misunderstood. The mere mention of Alaska makes one think of snow, glaciers, sealskins and Arctic rigors; and to this misconception the title of H. W. Elliot's book—"Our Arctic Province"—has probably in part contributed. Of course, many thousands of square miles of the district lie near to or within the Arctic circle, where temperatures of 60° or even 70° below zero are by no means unknown. But with this inhospitable, frost-bound region the tourist has nothing to do, for he visits merely the Alexander Archipelago, or Southeastern portion of the vast district. Tourists do not get further north than 59° 10'—or about the latitude of Balmoral Castle, the Scotch residence of the Queen of England. The climate of Southeastern Alaska is, at any rate in summer, quite mild, its severity being much mitigated by the Kuro Siwo, or black stream, of Japan, which washes and warms its coasts. The soft warm air reminds one much of the caressing atmosphere of one of the loveliest of English counties—Devonshire. It also causes everything green to grow at a prodigious rate, and to fern-experts and collectors of mosses Southeastern Alaska is a veritable paradise—the better that there are no serpents in it. A very short excursion from the beach takes the explorer up to his knees in a tangled mass of ferns, mosses, and undergrowth, dripping wet at all seasons. The rainfall is very great, 103 inches having been recorded in a single year, and the average mean precipitation being eighty inches.

Despite this heavy rainfall—or because of it, perhaps—a fine day in Alaska, while it may remind one of Devonshire or of sunny Italy, has a loveliness which is all its own. It is soft, balmy and brilliant, and it reveals beauties and splendors hitherto unseen

and unimagined. Mountain ranges flash out in clear outline where until now rested impenetrable banks of cloud ; waters as yet dull and lifeless sparkle and gleam with a thousand ripples, and Nature greets her lovers with a smiling countenance. At our feet are noisy, rushing streams and a gorgeous vegetation ; above our heads dusky woods and snowy mountain crests, tinged with the loveliest and most varied colors. Anon glaciers gleam and glint in the sun's rays, sending back the white light shivered and shattered into the prismatic hues and iridescent tints of which it is the sum and blended harmony.

JUNEAU.

Fort Wrangell is a beautiful spot, rendered interesting to the visitor by its historical associations, and by the numerous though fast disappearing totem-poles. These are trees carved with the figures of men, birds and animals, and set up in front of the houses of chiefs or men of importance. The higher the totem-pole the more dignified the ancestry of the chief. At Wrangell are to be bought silver rings and spoons of native manufacture, also carved horn spoons, bracelets, baskets and Alaskan rubies. These last are garnets, and are found on the banks of the Stikine River. Here, too, may be observed the ornaments of Alaskan women, the commonest of which is the labret, a bone or silver stud inserted in the lower lips through a hole which is enlarged as the wearer grows older. The women also wear finger-rings, ear-rings and bracelets of silver, and occasionally of gold. A curious practice is that of smearing the face with a mixture of lampblack and oil, especially before starting out on a canoe trip. This is said to keep the skin from becoming rough and hard by exposure to sun and wind, but as it is chiefly practiced by the older women, it may be considered as also intended to hide the ravages of

time, that universal destroyer of female loveliness.

The most interesting of Alaskan towns is, of course, Sitka. Here, bolted to a rock, is the castle of Prince Baranoff, the former Russian Governor. It is of a yellowish-brown tone, well fitted to delight the eye of the æsthete, and win the praise of Oscar Wilde himself. In by-gone days Baranoff Castle was the scene of many a gay dance or dinner party, for the Russians were generous hosts. The view over the bay, crowded as it with almost innumerable islands, recalls the Bay of Naples, the resemblance being increased by the propinquity of the volcanic peak, Mt. Edgecumbe. The "rancherie" is delightfully quaint, and, owing to the wholesome despotism of various United States naval officers, is much cleaner than most Indian settlements. To people fond of religious and educational work, the Mission School, with its laundry, museum and carpenter's shop, is full of interest. Not far from the school is Indian River, where a rustic bridge spans a mountain torrent, which now and then breaks bounds and sweeps all before it. It is a lovely bit of Alaskan woodland scenery, and has the added charm of being reached by the very best road in the whole country. On our return we must not overlook the Greek church with its pretty spirelet and green, metal-covered dome, for the kindly priests can show us many articles of great beauty and value, as bridal crowns of gold and silver, embroidered velvet stoles, fine paintings and Ikons. The gem of St. Nicholas church is the Ikon of the Virgin and Child, known as "the Madonna." The painted hands and face are as delicate as if executed on ivory by a miniaturist, and the robes are of sterling silver exquisitely chased.

From Sitka we pass on to a scene, the sight of which repays us for all the toils of the journey, and the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memory—the Muir Glacier.

ALASKAN GRAVE, NEAR JUNEAU.

Here a vast ice-field several miles wide is compressed to a space of about one and one-half miles, and forced up to a height of between 300 and 400 feet above sea-level. The exquisite purple tints of the ice, if one is so fortunate as to see it under a bright sun, can never be forgotten. The depth and brilliancy of the colors baffle description, and the terrible roar of crashing icebergs stuns and awes the beholder. One can climb up one of the lateral moraines and getting on the top of the glacier gaze out upon ice, ice, ice, as far as the eye can see. The ship, dwarfed by the vastness of the natural surroundings, looks now a mere speck upon the turbid waters of Glacier Bay.

But we must hasten on to Juneau, the mining center of Alaska. Hither in the winter, when mining operations are impossible in the iron-bound soil, come the miners from the Yukon district to squander their earnings at the faro-table and in the dance houses. But Juneau is a lovely spot, where "only man is vile." Behind the little town rises a stern, dark hill, down which trickle little silver streams; in

front are Gastineaux Channel and Douglas Island, where is the richest gold mine in Alaska. Two hundred and forty stamps grind and thunder night and day throughout the year, crushing to powder 600 or 700 tons of ore every twenty-four hours. The quartz is of a low grade, but is so abundant and so easily worked that the enterprise is immensely profitable. In 1891, gold bullion to the value of $707,017 was shipped from the Treadwell or Paris mine, which has the enormous, and indeed in Alaska, the indispensable advantage of being on the water's edge, so that communication by steamer is both easy and cheap. Under present conditions it is almost hopeless to work a quartz mine profitably in Alaska unless it is situated right on or very near to water carriage, as there are not only no railroads, but not even any roads at all in the country. Near Juneau, on Sheep Creek, and in Silver Bow Basin, a good deal of mining goes on, but more than half the plant of the mills is probably idle during the greater part of the year. In the neighborhood of Yakutat, near Mt. St. Elias, gold-bearing sand is found in considerable quantities, but the deposit is liable to be washed away by heavy storms, and the recovery of the gold is attended by some difficulties which render it only moderately profitable.

But here I must close, though the temptation to run on is almost irresistible, for in very truth the wonders and beauties of Alaska are so numerous that it is impossible to compress any but the barest account of them within the limits of a single article. I can only heartily recommend every lover of nature to go and see for himself, feeling sure that he will come back and say, as the Queen of Sheba said of Jerusalem in the days of Solomon: "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land. Howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me."

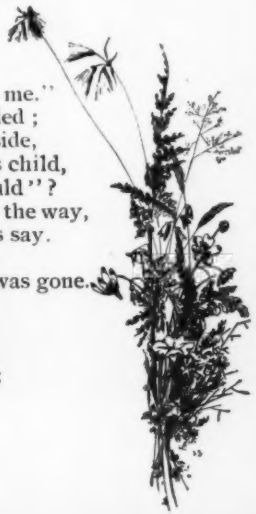
SITKA, FROM THE ISLANDS. (From photograph by Taber.)

In olden woods the rarest mosses be.

A REDWOODS IDYLL.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WAS in the days when through the Golden Gate
The good ships bore the builders of a State.
Why was it royal Adolph could not be
Hail fellow in this lordly company,
Lordly as ever from the ends of earth
Was drawn and marshalled for a city's birth?
The palaces of chance with clinking stream
Of silver, ringing showers of gold,—the dream
Of Danaë come true, they were for him,
And yet the fine gold, how was it waxed dim!
By day and night the gilded ways he strode,
Stalwart as any; out the Mission Road
Dashed side by side with maddest cavalier
That jingled spur; but ever in his ear
Sounded the counsel of the white-haired sire
His arm had happed to rescue from the fire,
The third quick fire kindled to sweep away
The hamlet on the dunes down by the bay.
Glorious old roamer! many years before
Famed Forty-Nine he knew the Golden Shore,
And well a youth might heed the thing he said,
Bending benignantly his noble head
As bend the oaks of Napa when they lean
To meet the wild oat in its April green.
"In olden woods the rarest mosses be,
Old heads are white with treasure. Come to me."
These were the words, too round to be denied;
And then was there not something said beside,
About the "bird" Ninette, "her mother's child,
Orphaned down in the burning southern wild"?
These last were chance words, dropped in by the way,
But to a young heart—let the young hearts say.
"In olden woods"—it echoed on and on;
The boat slipped from her mooring, the boy was gone.
Slow out of sight Yerba Buena passed.
Next rusty Alcatraz, and Angel last;
Behind, now, lay the windy town, the bay
Rippling and glistening in the perfect day;
Before, the valley of the oat and oak.



Erelong, lulled off to slumber, when he woke,
'T was time to quit the boat, and with a will
To thrid the oaks far as the western hill,
Where the guide, Cactus, waited in the shade.

—As bend the oaks of Napa when they lean
To meet the wild oat in its April green.

The wind was stirring, and the burr oaks laid
Great shadows, black along the blanching grass,
Matted so thick it would not let him pass
Where it was rankest ; clear, between the swells
Of wind, clear, merry, rang the blackbird bells,
While gurgling music, hurrying note to note,
Spilled from the starling's overflowing throat.
And it was twilight ere he reached the guide
Lounging upon the scenty mountainside,
Young, lissome Cactus, dusk and debonair
A slave as ever fawned on lady fair ;
And deep the sun was sunk into the west
The hour they reached the Redwoods and the " Nest."

And deep the sun was sunk into the west—

'TWAS dawn; at the first calling of the quail
Adolph appeared. Below, the oaken vale
And plunging spines of interjacent hills
Were all in fog, the dense white fog that fills
The world up, there, till broad-backed ranges be
Mere porpoises swimming a vapor sea.
"Helena's cap will lift in just an hour,
Then shall you know old Mother Nature's power":
It was the sire, his hearty welcome said,
Hymning his Redwoods heaven as on he led.
"Here has she set on high, and there laid low,
As pleased her. Guttruff from yon rock can throw
The sight across seven ranges; turn that way,
And he can count the white sails on the bay.
How now? And there be wonders in the West?
We hear the stars here, we in Eagle Nest."

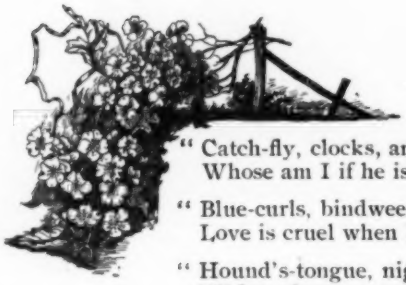
Below, the oaken vale
And plunging spines of interjacent hills—

The squirrels flowing round them, the pert jay
Mocking the hawks, the highholes at their play,
The golden-robin with his vigorous tune
Singing his heart into the heart of June;

The lusty quail lifting amid it all
The happiest mountain sound, wild love's own call,—
Attended thus, fared onward sire and guest
Till come upon the "one bird" of the Nest.
'T was in one of those fringy, winding places
Where close the clover-velvet interlaces,
And the dwarf oak and little evergreen,

Guttruff from yon rock can throw
The sight across seven ranges.

Lovers, in one another's arms are seen.
Under a manzanita, glossy, dark,
Her yellow head, leaned on its winy bark,
Made sunlight there. "Sire," Adolph sighed, "all Greece
Might well have sailed to fetch that golden fleece."
Nor was the sighing fainter since the child
Was woman rather, blossoming in the wild,
With song and laughter. It was lesson-time,
And, taught of brooks, she rippled rhyme to rhyme:—



"Catch-fly, clocks, and columbine,
Whose am I if he is mine?

"Blue-curls, bindweed, baby-eyes,
Love is cruel when he tries.

"Hound's-tongue, nightshade, meadow-rue,
I'll have lover none but you.

"Pin-bloom, pipe-vine, pimpernel,
This, sweet naughty, you know well.

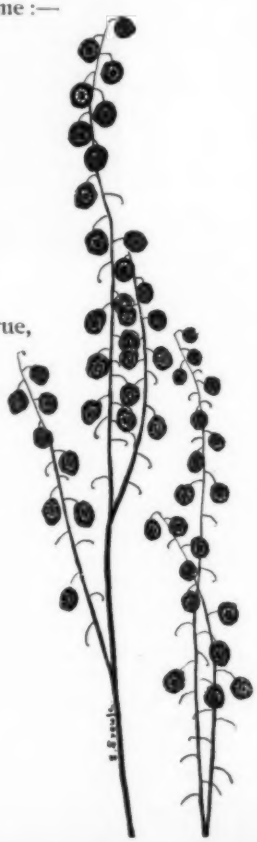
"Shepherd's-purse and shooting-star,
Strangest folk all lovers are.

"Silverweed and thimbleberry,
Ho, my heart, but we are merry!

"Bleeding-heart and virgin's-bower,
Now it is the lover's hour.

"Stonecrop, stickseed, tiger-lily,
He will love me—will he, will he?

"Knot-grass and forget-me-not,
Let him swear it on the spot."



I called them blossoms, thought them such till now.

THE larkspur, painted-brush and poppy flame,
Ay, every peeping sweet without a name,
All, in those sunsets under foot; the hues
Of purple and of scarlet, greens and blues,
Of hill and valley, all on sward and bough,—
I called them blossoms, thought them such till now.
O sire, that only flower! that face—that face!"
Adolph leaned forward, poised as for the chase.
And carolling Ninette? The list'ning wood
Breathed out a shape to her. So bright he stood
She could not tell whether he was of earth
Or owed the old divinities his birth,
Sent down to be her father's friend, since he
So honored them. Her blood ran riot, she
Could feel the traitor shame-spots creep and grow;
The ruddy god—would he not see, not know
Each silly thought, and tell it, too, and set
All heaven a-laughing? Innocent Ninette,
A silly child indeed to bleed with shame
Before a god that could not speak her name,
So dumb he was; one to be led away
That he might arm to woo another day.

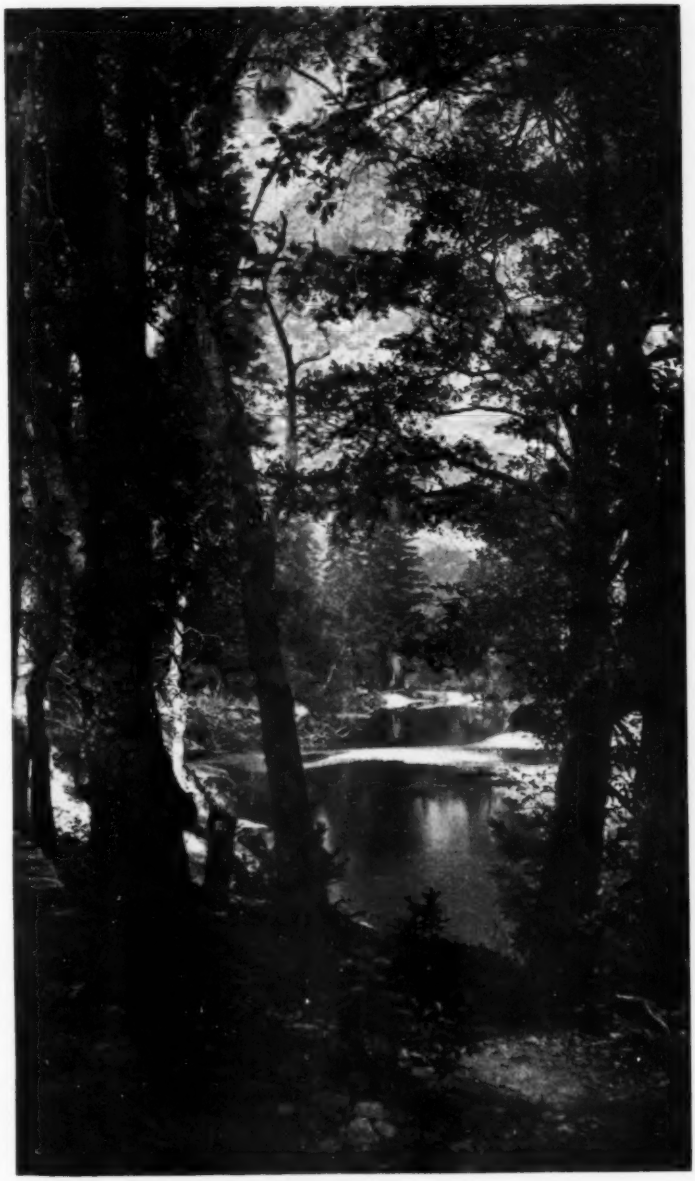
Age yet may serve young love. High on the rock
Whence shines the bay, our lover could unlock
His tongue; unsparing spent he on and on
Until it seemed all love's best words were gone.
The good sire heard, but as one hears in dream;
His mind was back there by the bay. The gleam,
The growing wind, the smoke, the jam of drays,
The furious hurry in the narrow ways;
At last the wall, the fragile, hanging wall,
And then the cheering—and the blank. Life, all,
Again 'twas saved him by the peerless boy,

And in a torrent broke his father's joy :—
" Once more, once more, kind gods, I find a man
To lift the heart up. Stand, Greek Puritan,
That I may look, gaze till my sight, long dull,
Whets it upon you, strong and beautiful.
Methinks those were your fellows, brown-haired boy,
Who brewed the storm before the walls of Troy ;
There had you buckled armor with the best,
Shining to stir the hovering goddess' breast,
So proud of spirit, and so straight of limb,
Atrides' self had kept you near to him,
And well-worn Nestor—as your Nestor now—
Had, blessing, laid his old hand on your brow.
I said, to-morrow you should go to dig,
To gorge you in the tawny hills ; but, big
With fondness, I so tyrannous am grown
I will to keep you. Leave me not alone
Until the autumn rains. The gold will wait.
Their lordships roistering by the Golden Gate,
Sow with full hand. Themselves, they swear, have found
The gold-beds first of any ; on the ground,
And in, the very first. They little know—
God pity him !—who roamed here years ago,
Who can, asleep, discourse of rock and sand
To plague their wisest. Put in mine your hand :
You shall have gold in heaps, then, surfeited,
(If she will yield it) her own golden head.
For two years, boy, she bides my one bird still,
And then, why, then as she and Heaven will."

THE summer went ; and overhead the gray
Was growing on the blue. If graver lay
Ninette sang now, the measure ran too free
For true-love bonds, for captive minstrelsy :—

" Run away, love, and leave to me
The way of the bird and the way of the bee :
Flower to flower down to the mead,
Mead to mead over the vale,
Vale to vale as the sunbeams lead,
On to the sea and the endless sail.

" No no, love, I will not stop,
The butterfly swings in the thistle-top ;
Rock, rock, in the sunny weather,
Song of the bird and sweet of the bee,
Just the day and I together,—
That's the life and the love for me.



They were long joyous days from sun to sun—

" Fie, fie, love, bliss enough for me
The song of the bird, the sweet of the bee :
Flower to flower down from the hill,
Flower to flower down to the dale,
Field to field as the free winds will,
Ho, for the sea and the endless sail !"

" Nay, Nature ; flowers will waken at her feet,
Untimely, wrongly flourish in the sweet
Of her false Spring ; ay, quickened, they will blow,
Will, like her, wake and waste, and never know."
So grieved the boy the while he secret heard
The burden of the merry Redwoods bird.
Lorn Adolph ! Song that can deceive the year
May be too subtle for a lover's ear ;
Chance, other measures sang the merry bird
Deep in her heart.

And now the sky was blurred,
And over hill and valley woven and spread
Dull, slumbrous color for the season dead.
The sire could not sit calmly at his door
And let the boy go, but, well on before,
His voice startling the rabbit and the quail,
Must see him to the forking of the trail :—
" Straight as the pigeon points will run the way,
With Cactus for your guide. He must not stay ;
It is no Sabbath journey, and we need
The shoot of darkness here. The nightshade-seed
Is brother's dog, his crutch ; and past a doubt—
The voice dropped now—the girl were lost without
Her Shadow. Lad, the goddess—does she chide
Or sway the battle to my hero's side ?
How reads the omen ? "

" I have kept my vow,
Good sire ; so, pray you, let me answer now."

TWELVE-MONTH passed ere fortune brought the sire
Fresh fuel for his pioneeric fire :—
"Right royal robbery, boy! but more, more yet.
By Napa's oak and by the bird Ninette,
Play on, throw on; it shall be kingdoms. More,
More yet, more, more. Away! But not before
Some word be left may please a lass's ear.
You scarce have seen Ninette; too sharp, I fear,
The thorns of honor." Slowly Adolph said,
His brow bared, "Not the slightest little thread
That flies, far shining, from that golden head,
Or wanders down that wondrous neck, love-led,
Has felt a breath from me."

Another June,
And Adolph came to hear the fairy tune
Of air and laughter, even the same he heard
It seemed an age before. The wilding bird
Sang on the same old elfin-measured song,
Trilling along the hills; the warm day long
The same far ditty, while with lighter feet
The little breezes danced to it, and sweet
The mating birds, 'mong the madroño boughs,
Wove snatches of it in their lover's vows.
Two years had wrought a change. But few days more
Were left the uncle; haggard now as hoar
Was he that came to hide him from his kind,
The scholar, hurt in body and in mind,
Ninette's tutor, from whom no plant that grows
Could keep the secret of its leaves and blows.
Time had been busy: Gorgon, grim old dog,
Followed her master's heel with feebler jog,
While Hector, the pet elk, had sprouted horn
Fit for the brows of vanished Unicorn.
And not the same was Cactus; like his charge
And playmate, Hector, he had sprung to large
And dangerous size. To some old tameless race
He pointed, with his native leopard's grace
And withy sinew. And Ninette, the bird,
The one bird of the Nest—love had no word
To name her change. "Good sire," the lover said,

"The child, as any eye may see, has fled,
And I must woo a woman."
"Jacob, boy,
Winced not at plump seven year. The gods help Troy,
And great Achilles sulks."
"Easy the gold
Was rifled from the sands. There was I bold
To lead; could swing a thief up, hear his groan,
Unmoved; for play could break a bully's bone,
And laugh, and bid him mend it. Now, I whine;
Human am I, the other is divine."

"No maid unmans the man can so make stand
'Gainst them that lord it in a new-born land":
So mused the tried old sire, and, musing so—
As once his Jove—he let the battle go.
The sire had notions. "Adolph and Ninette,
They be a parlous pair," he said. "Abet,
Oppose? Not I. No, not a single word
To Alcibiades or to the bird."

Now he tried
The cures that grew the water-brook beside—

It was down by a spring that bubbled up
Among the hazels; with a glossy cup
Of leaves, Ninette was dipping, sipping, like
The smooth noon-bird she was. "Strike, sunlight, strike
Her head; and in your pretty beating say,
So does love punish, neither will it stay
More cruel stroke if straight you do not own
Your heart is Adolph's, his, and his alone."
So spoke the youth in thought, then, prying through
The maze of hazels, trolled he verses two
Of an old ditty,—
"*On a day it fell*
He found a naiad by her native well."
She turned on him swift as the darting light
Sunned water glances, putting out his sight
With the flash of beauty, —"Thus he did begin:

'Twas in one of those fringy windy places—

'*Prithee, sweet love,*' and straight she pushed him in."
If, sire, your happy Hellas had its art
Supreme, what had this little darling heart
Here in the wild? While thick love's arrows sped
Against her, up she tossed her glossy head
In golden scorn: "Play me a tune of war,
The iron string, the stave man's hands are for!
But Venus' viol!"——

Stung by lesser thing,
The lordly creature seeks the herb will bring
Its life back: Adolph tasted, here and there,
All substances on which large love may fare,
Sore wounded. Now he nibbled at a book,
A good old tome that from its rusty nook
Looked out on him in pity; now he tried
The cures that grew the water-brook beside,
Where strayed the bright-eyed scholar, breathless, pale,
His friend at last. All was of no avail;
Forthwith the maid, the lesser, frailer thing,
Was sure to turn anew and softly sting.
But, ah, the lonely upland roundelay
She sang in the clear space where all the day
The wild doves come! There with the gray wild dove,
It was another song, her song of love:—

" 'Twixt the little oaks the sunbeams pry,
And, warm and gold, in the open lie;
Yea, pretty doves,
So many loves,
And to spare not one!
There be that have loves none.

" Around the doe plays the dappled fawn,
The rabbits dance at dusk and at dawn;
Yea, pretty doves,
So many loves,
And to spare not one!
There be that have loves none.

" The chatting squirrels silver-gray,
Tell merry love-tales all the day;
Yea, pretty doves,
So many loves,
Every heart with its own;
And yet you moan, you moan."

HE little lonely upland song of love,
Crooned in the clear space with the mourning dove,
This nature heard, and, down below, the pain
Of the strong man; but came the two again
Together, not a sound she heard of all.
" The man would stir my love must fight, ay, fall,
For me; and though an angel came to say
'Sir Love does love thee,' I would turn away":
Thus mischievous Ninette. Her father gone,
Her uncle, too, and Cactus with him, on
A happy plan she hit, aided, may be,
By certain nettling words dropped craftily
By Hector's only master.

" Shall a man
Stand back for Hector? What my Shadow can,
It seems a man cannot. Set Hector food,
Prove Love for once could make his great words good."
" 'Tis well," the other answered; " east or west,
Who challenges the Knight of Eagle Nest?
If Hector, joust with Hector let it be."

The knight passed in to face armed Hector. He
Set food; Hector, responding with a thrust,
Caught him, sent him down headlong. Mailed in dust,
Sir Love, no sooner down than up, would try
It out, now, humbled in his lady's eye.

'Twixt sport and earnest, evenly he strove
With rousing, pressing Hector till he drove
Three short, blunt prongs into his naked side.
Ninette, not seeing this, thinking he tried
To frighten her with show of danger, bade
Him yield the fight if, truly, use he had
For butcher's blade. But when she saw the tide
Slow reddening down the white of his bare side,
She flew to fetch the silver-hilted knife
Swung on the cabin wall. It was now life
Or death. Both little hands on, all her weight
To plunge the blade in, straight it went; so straight,
Just back of Adolph's body as he held
Round Hector's neck, that prone the brute was felled.
The knight fell with him. Side by side they lay,
One dead, the other—' twas too soon to say.

The days were many ere she let him speak,
The boy she held from death, but when, still weak,
The words would come, then fell the voice of all
Voices the sweetest: "'He must fight, ay fall,
For me.' In sorry truth, it has been done."
She smiling, weeping, answered, "Too well won."
Never before the wooing birds gave ear
So close; for never melody so dear
Was heard or made by mountain stream or bough.
The naiad's heart was making music, now,
And happy Adolph answering,—"Death is gone,
Sweet; I remain; and here will I woo on
Till hale again; then hence, a knight well tried,
For home, my lance and lady at my side."

RUE was the knightly heart, and true his word—
The word, too? One there was that overheard,
One all forgot in their full joy, his heart
Rankling with hatred, he whose hellish art
Had so miscarried.
On this fateful day,
The two have wandered to the ledges gray,
Under the "flying bridge,"—the hanging pine,
With roots that push into midair, to twine

There, gnarled and naked. Adolph thinks to wind
His way out. At the moment, close behind,
A footfall ; and, as sprung up from the ground,
The fiend is on him. Worn, weak with a wound
Unhealed—the gulf—what chance now? All his might.
What were it all now? and his very sight
Is dim with wasting sickness. On the brink
He holds, strives blindly. Lost ! He feels him sink,
Plunge over. No, he holds yet. What the shriek?
'Tis hers, Ninette's wild cry ! His head is weak,
But like a vise his clutch. At least his life
Will not be bled out ; for the villain's knife
Is wrested from him : her own panting breath
Has told him that. Was never hug of death
Too strong for love. The lithe and silent snake,
His coil is crushing ; but a gripe would break
A bullock's neck at last shall make it give ;
No devil, so strangled, could much longer live.
Looser ! The black rings slacken, slacken ; he
Unwinds the limp thing, lifts it, swings it free ;
Ay, well above his head Cactus is hung,
Is swaying forward—backward—forward— —flung !
Nay, 'tis too horrible. Let us hasten here,
As is the vintage children's wont, for fear
They in their dreams will see the reptile hurled,
Writhing, into the hungry under-world.

And, now, his lotted toil of love fulfilled,
Adolph stood hale and free, and, as he willed,
Bore to the far-off home his mountain bride.

A WILD, rude tale—and true? At the fireside
Up in the hills, when summertime is gone,
And heavily the autumn rains come on,
The vintagers oft tell it, word for word,
Drinking huge bumpers to the "mountain-bird,"
Wishing her joy, she and her blue-eyed knight;
And full as heartily they cheer the flight
Of Cactus down the gulf, and curse his bones,
Left to the vultures. But among the stones
Under the pine, where all the summer day
The vintage children sport the time away,
Is oftener told the gentle afterpart
Of this grim redwoods story; and the heart
Is in each little mouth, as, one by one,
They wonder how the miracle was done.
A miracle it was: when next the flowers
Came out, upon a day of golden hours
There sprung, among the rocks around the pine,
The strangest, loveliest blossom that may shine
At any time, in any place. The earth
Has not another like it; for its birth
Was of the blood of her, the golden-haired,
Slight wounded by the weapon Cactus bared,
And she struck from him. Never tongue shall tell
How fair the flower the children love so well,
The rare rock-flower—one for each drop that fell—
They pluck, and call the Golden Lily-Bell.

THE HEART OF THE SIERRAS.

BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

FROM the Atlantic to the Pacific there is no system of mountains which effects more materially the topography and climate of the region in its vicinity than the Sierra Nevada Range. The mountains on the Atlantic reach only limited altitudes, ranging from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and extend to within several hundred miles of the coast, but those on the Pacific tower from 8,000 to 14,000 feet, sending great spurs down almost to the water's edge—the two ranges sometimes coalescing and merging into one unbroken line; then again separating to enclose between their high walls, rich valleys, or the Coast Range disappearing, leaving the open valleys to extend to the sea. What more obvious reason for this vast difference in climate, than the mountain development of these sections of country? The high trade winds, otherwise parching the land and absorbing all moisture from the atmosphere as they blow in from the arid plateaus, are cooled in passing over the snowy elevation of the Sierras, giving our delicious night breezes, without which the summers in some regions would be as warm and dry as those of the East.

The fertility of the two great valleys of California, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, depends almost entirely upon the Sierras. The warm, vapor-laden winds blowing from the ocean are cooled upon coming in contact with the air of the snow-capped mountains; the vapor is condensed and falls as rain or snow. When the warm weather begins, the snow, which sometimes falls in the mountains to a depth of forty or fifty feet, gradually melts, feeding the numerous streams that flow down to irrigate the valleys. Although the Coast Range mountains produce their effect upon the country, it is the Sierra Nevadas that influence most largely the rainfall of the entire State. Thus the Sierras are not only responsible for our unrivaled climate, but they are the fountain head of all our moisture—the source of California's fertility.

The range is of granite formation, capped with basaltic and other kinds of lava, with heavy beds of ashes and breccia; these features being observable on the route between Truckee and Sacramento. The rounded granites give evidence of glacial action, while in various sections enormous glaciers still exist. The mountains extend for 500 miles, with an average width of seventy miles, passing through 9½° of latitude.

Although not the highest mountain in California, Shasta is by far the most magnificent. Solitary, robed in snow, it towers 7,000 feet above its neighbors, reaching a height of 14,440 feet. Though regarded by some as a great spur of the Coast Range, Mt. Shasta stands independent of either system—the keystone of the California arch of mountains. From the railroad town of Sisson, Shasta's magnitude may best be studied. In this locality there is nothing to intercept a clear view of the mountain, and the opportunity afforded for comparison with Muir's and other peaks, aids in one's conception of Shasta's stupendous beauty.

Following the range down from Shasta, we find few points of particular interest until we come to Lake Tahoe; and of all the California lakes, none can compare with Tahoe in size

LAKE TAHOE.

FROM A PAINTING BY SUSAN SHOUPE LOOSLEY.

FATHER OF THE FOREST, CALAVERAS GROVE.

or beauty. Its elevation, the distinctive coloring of its shimmering surface, the picturesqueness of its banks and surroundings, its clearness and purity, are supreme. Clustered about this beautiful sheet of water lies a community of lesser lakes, each of which has its own attractive features.

Taking the steamer at Tahoe City, a complete circuit of the lake may be made in one day, with ample time to explore the various places of interest. Tallac is the starting point for one of the pleasantest excursions in the vicinity; namely, to Mt. Tallac, which is seventeen miles southwest of the hotel. The trail conducts us through a wild, thickly-wooded country to the summit of the mountain, from which seventeen lakes may be viewed in the immediate surroundings. Of these lakes, the largest and most beautiful is Fallen Leaf—its outline and curiously tinted surface resembling a great leaf. Glenbrook is the only important landing on the Nevada side save at Incline, a mining settlement. A long stay is made at Hot Springs, for besides the boiling springs of sulphur water, a pebbly beach is found here. For rich pebbles of various sizes, however, Carnelian Bay offers the greatest attraction, and to this sunny cove tourists and guests from all parts of the lake gather in large numbers.

The lake is twenty-one miles long and twelve miles wide, with a depth of 1,645 feet, and an altitude of 6,202 feet. There are so few streams flowing into it, that its source is supposed to lie in underground streams and springs. The beaches are few, for the mountains, many of which are snow-capped perpetually, reach down to the water's edge, forming steep banks that are almost perpendicular. The eastern bank has a marked abruptness, the only cove or shore possible for a settlement being Glenbrook.

Although encompassed by snow-fields, Lake Tahoe never freezes, perhaps owing to the frequency of squalls, which ruffle its bosom into thousands of tossing waves. At sunset the breeze

subsides. The surface, as smooth as Mirror Lake, reflects not only the snow-clad mountains and the borders of pines, but also the iris-hued sky. The light strikes only the profile of the western mountains, sending a flood of golden beams upon the blue, hazy peaks of the east, tinting the sky with rose and purple. This brilliant, fantastic picture, thrown upon the glinting surface of the lake, displays several belts of color. A yellowish gray near the edge deepens from violet into rich purple; patches of green follow; then spreads out, as far as eye can reach, a field of golden light. It is a dream of beauty—too delicate, too transparent for the artist's colors, and almost too beautiful to be less than an illusion.

One of the most interesting retreats in the heart of the great Sierras is the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees.

From two to four thousand years, these giants of the forest have reared their lofty heads on high. They have battled the severest gales; the snows have fallen thick upon them, and many of their graceful limbs have been hurled to the ground; they have witnessed the fury of the forest fires, which have swept away their more youthful companions, singeing their own sturdy trunks; and yet they stand, solemn and majestic sentinels of the mountains.

Entering the grove by the left-hand gateway, and walking about 120 yards down the path made of the deep-red sequoia bark, one comes upon a noble group of trees, named respectively, Grant, Sherman and McPherson. The plume-like foliage unites at the top in a mass of rich green. "General Grant" is a particularly fine tree and may be viewed to advantage from the veranda of the hotel.

MOTHER OF THE FOREST, CALAVERAS GROVE.

A few steps farther on is the "Pride of the Forest," which is twenty-three feet in diameter, three hundred feet in height, and is one of the healthiest and most erect trees in the grove. To the east of the Miner's Cabin, a fallen tree whose name may have been suggested by the hollow formed in the roots and base, is a row of three trees, called the Three Graces. "Andrew Jackson" forms the central figure of a most imposing cluster, just north of the Three Graces. Around him have gathered "Florence Nightingale," "W. C. Bryant," and "W. H. Seward." The Pioneer's Cabin stands on the main path, and has an opening through which a stage may drive. The cabin-like interior with a

MAMMOTH GROVE HOTEL.

hollow resembling a chimney extending through the center of the tree, gave rise to the name. The Pioneer's Cabin is thirty-two feet in diameter, and is one of the most curious trees in the grove. At the end of the northward course, stands the somber "Mother of the Forest." In 1854, the bark was stripped from this tree to a height of 116 feet for exhibition purposes at the East. One may gain an idea of its gigantic proportions, when told that without the bark (and the average thickness of the bark is eleven inches), the circumference measures eighty-four feet, while the height is three hundred and twenty-one feet.

THE SENTINELS AND PAVILION, CALAVERAS GROVE.

The "Father of the Forest" lies prostrate upon the ground, a short distance from the aged "Mother." The height of this tree must have been 450 feet; its circumference is at present 112 feet. We stood contemplating the immensity of the fallen monarch, when suddenly our eyes rested upon one of the party, who was rapidly scaling the giant by means of a series of steps at one side. When he had climbed to the topmost roots, he began taking regular paces to the other extremity of the tree. As we knew that he was calculating the distance to where the first branch must have been, we stood waiting for his estimate of the distance; but upon hearing 200 feet as the report, our surprise at the "Father's" unusual measurements, reached its climax. And this is not all—for the heart of the tree has long since been consumed, and through the capacious hollow, horsemen are wont to travel. The knot-hole, too, is a most interesting feature, into which the sunshine streams, lighting up the dark, cabin interior of the tree.

The "Father," is not the only one that lies in the dust. Old "Hercules" at one time the largest standing tree in the Grove, measuring ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, met with his downfall in 1862, during a heavy storm. The Miner's Cabin was deposed two years sooner, while the Fallen Monarch has probably lain prostrate for centuries.

For symmetry and beauty combined, the tree known as "Abraham Lincoln" stands in the first ranks. This

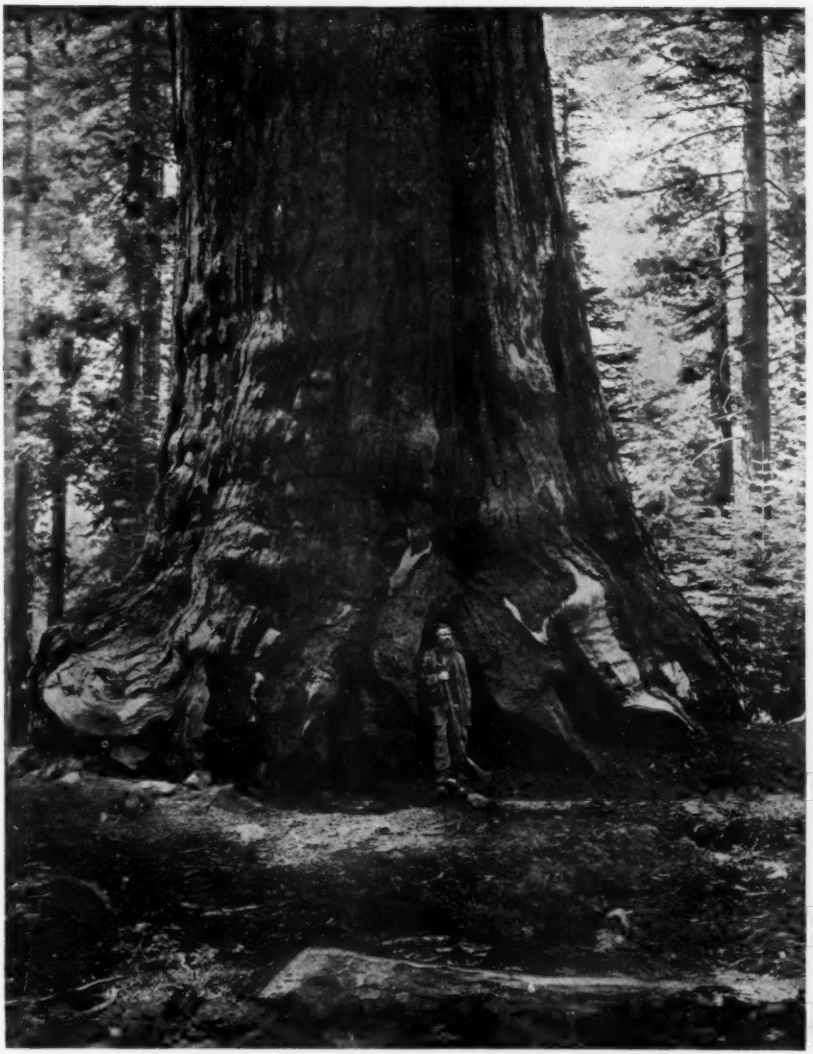
HALF-DOME FROM TRAIL, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

stately sequoia is perfectly erect, its foliage is well grown, and it is sound from base to top. Perhaps its beauty is more apparent because of its solitary and unguarded position, close to the winding pathway. Only the stump of the original or first discovered tree remains. Like the "Mother of the Forest," this noble sequoia was stripped of its bark, and afterwards, not satisfied with this despoilation, the heartless destroyers succeeded in completing its overthrow. A pavilion now covers the stump, insuring protection against further destruction.

The only noted tree that stands without the enclosure is "Old Dowd," named in honor of the discoverer of the Grove. Besides the *Sequoia gigantea* in all stages of development, the general flora of the Big Trees region is also a striking feature. On the route to the Grove, the tall evergreens have full sway. No leafy ravines, no vine entwined boughs, rival the beauty of the lonely pines and firs. But in the temple of the sequoias, all is changed. Hazel, with its velvety leaves; maple, clad in brightest green; dogwood in its summer dress of snowy blossoms, or robed in crimson by the autumn frosts—all mingle harmoniously with the rugged pillars of the sequoias, or the tall brown shafts of the silver fir and sugar pine. Lilies, delicate and fair, peep up from the green sward, while columbines and bells look out from their mossy glens as we walk down the shady, deviating path. Dainty yellow mimulus sprinkle the green floor, and the moss-covered logs only enhance the wildness of the scene.

It was in the cool of the early morning that we started on a journey to South Grove, situated seven miles from the Mammoth Grove Hotel. We drank in the delicious fragrance of the pines as we rode in the shadow of the tall trees. The narrow trail conducted us to the top of the ridge, whence we descended to the Stanislaus River, the dividing line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties. After winding in and out among the mountains, climbing steep ledges, passing through dark ravines and sunny glades, we reached Beaver Creek, which with the Stanislaus, constitutes the chief trout-fishing grounds of the region. Then, climbing one more ridge, we descended into the South Grove. The Calaveras Grove covers an area of fifty acres, and contains ninety-three sequoias, twenty of which are over twenty-five feet in diameter; but the South Grove is more extensive, containing 1,380 trees ranging from one foot to thirty-four feet across.

The first tree that attracted our attention was "Columbus," a magnificent representative of the species; tall, solitary, and with unusually wide-spreading branches. At the south end of the grove stands "New York," the largest living tree, measuring 104 feet. Near a large stump is a tree whose shaft has been struck by lightning, the top having been shivered into



GRIZZLY GIANT, MARIPOSA GROVE.

fragments and the trunk rent in twain. Even the topmost part of the remaining stem is twelve feet in diameter. "Old Goliah," a fallen tree, is among the largest sequoias that have ever grown. The gale that overthrew this royal tree also deposed his neighbor, "Hercules," of the Calaveras Grove.

Like the Calaveras Grove, South Grove lies in a sort of valley sheltered by mountains. It is three and one-half miles in length, and contains, besides the sequoias, avenues and

clusters of sugar-pine, yellow-pine, silver fir, red spruce, cedar and other genera, with an unlimited variety of shrubs and wild flowers.

For a combination of all that is magnificent and inspiring in the Sierras, the great Yosemite Valley wields the sceptre. The graceful, foamy falls, the flowery ravines, the well-forested slopes, the huge granite walls, combine to make one of the most attractive valleys known to the world. From Inspiration Point to Cloud's Rest, falling water and towering rock mingle in a most harmonious picture of beauty and grandeur. And although there is another ca equaling in some respects this mi valley, nowhere can the sublimit Yosemite be surpassed.

This most accessible cañon of fornia is 4,000 feet above the lev the sea. It is seven miles and half a mile to a mile in wi with walls of solid granite, w sometimes fall back gracefully, or s out in bold relief against a backgr of feathery foliage of pine, fi spruce. The forest trees and flowers grow more rich and beau as we ascend the cañon. The light falls between the boughs o

GLACIER MONUMENT, KING'S RIVER CAÑON.

mighty conifers in checkered patches on the ground beneath, and the exhilarating air is in harmony with the gorgeous dress of the mountains. A general view of the valley may be gained from turns on the road, which reveal the fresh, green floor, with its sparkling stream, the stupendous cliffs on every side, and the tuneful, foaming waterfalls. The first object of interest is Pohono, or Bridal Veil Fall. The top of the fall is 900 feet from the great caldron of tossing water at the base, and the stream is forty feet wide. On the brink a soft velvety moss grows in abundance, affording, when dry, a safe foothold in walking to the edge, but usually it is very slippery and dangerous to tread upon. The stream that forms this picturesque fall gains its source in a lake thirty miles distant, flowing through rich meadows and extensive forests of silver fir.

Among the remarkable falls of the valley, the Yosemite is the most wonderful. The Yosemite Creek Basin is lined with glacier-polished granite, smooth masses of which rise far above the forest. Through the undulating walls of granite, the water flows with a steady current, then slipping over the brink of the precipice, it falls into an immense basin where it rests but for a moment, only to plunge over another abrupt ledge. Two falls compose the Yosemite, making in all a height of 2,600 feet, but when seen from below, with the cascade between them, they appear as one immense comet-shaped mass.

The Nevada Falls stand next to the Yosemite in grandeur. The Merced River, flowing through the Little Yosemite Valley, is broken into a series of rapids; then, passing through a rough, rocky channel, it is tossed into foam and hurled over the brow of the precipice, striking a granite protrusion half way down, which powders it into finer spray, and gives it the appearance of a fleecy cloud resting against the mountain side. From a projecting granite cliff at one side, an excellent view may be gained of the network of streams below, uniting and reuniting, until they finally merge into one river, which continues on its way to Emerald Pool, and then makes another plunge into mid-air. The angry tossing of the Nevada Falls presents a strong contrast to the calm, orderly movement of the Vernal Falls. In the latter, the water pours down in a broad, steady, unbroken sheet, eighty feet wide and 400 feet high. Its beautiful rainbows and the fact that it is so easily accessible have doubtless given it its marked popularity.

Illilouette Falls resembles Nevada Falls in its foamy, cloud-like aspect, though it is far less magnificent. Both these falls are about 600 feet in height. The former is difficult to reach on account of the rough, craggy cañon it inhabits, and naturally is less frequently visited than the other falls. The Ribbon or Widow's Tears Falls is a narrow band of water, falling from a height of 3,000 feet. It is situated just opposite Bridal Veil, being formed by Fall Creek, a tributary of the Merced. In the early spring the stream resembles the finest lace.

Beyond Ribbon Falls on the north wall, stands El Capitan, a simple, massive, imposing rock, nearly or quite 4,000 feet high. Across the river, just above Bridal Veil, Cathedral Rocks loom up to a height of 2,700 feet. Following El Capitan, on the same side of the valley, are three pillars of granite, the highest reaching a height of 4,000 feet. They are named the Three Brothers, for the sons of Tenaya, the oldest Yosemite chief.

Opposite the Three Brothers, on the south wall, the Sentinel rears himself to a height of over 3,000 feet. He stands in the central point of the valley, tall, slender, stately, ever keeping watch over the glorious wealth of his realm. No feature of the valley is more prominent than the Sentinel, no form more commanding. When in front of this massive monument, the Yosemite Fall is plainly revealed,

gushing from the mountain in a roaring torrent. Stretching out before us is the wide upper part of the valley, with the North Dome, Royal Arches and Washington Column on the left, and Glacier Point on the right; while in the middle, Half Dome, perhaps the most beautiful of all the rocks, towers 4,750 feet against the clear, blue sky.

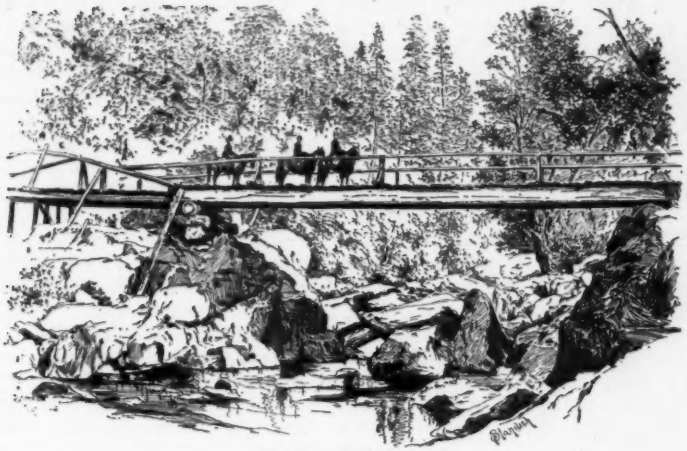
At this point there is a division of the valley into three branches—Tenaya, Nevada and Illilouette cañons. Ascending the Nevada or middle branch, we pass Vernal and Nevada Falls, when we come to the Little Yosemite Valley, which resembles in some details the great parent valley. It is three miles long, with walls from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, and an abundance of rugged cascades. Green, mossy meadows light up the floor of the valley, tall pines and firs adorn the slopes, and ragged, precipitous granites jut out in somber, dignified magnificence.

For a preponderance of rock formation, the north, or Tenaya branch, excels its neighboring cañons; nor is the display of waterfalls and lakes less attractive. This cañon is more densely mountainous than the other two, and naturally more picturesque. Between the North Dome and the Half Dome, two of the most remarkable rock structures of the Yosemite, is situated that marvelously beautiful Mirror Lake, with Tenaya Cañon for both inlet and outlet. The reflected shadows are strongest at daybreak. To the left of Mirror Lake, Mt. Watkins, resembling El Capitan in its massiveness, rises 4,000 feet above the valley; on the right, Cloud's Rest is faintly outlined in the lake, while the rocks and trees in the immediate vicinity can admire their likenesses in the most wonderful natural reflector of which we have knowledge. For a mile above the lake, the cañon is comparatively level, the water flowing in an even current for a considerable distance. At Tenaya Fall, the end of the valley, the scenery is quite changed. The stream above makes a succession of plunges, dashing the water into a foam, and just as it is about to slip over the granite lip it divides, one branch making a vertical fall of eighty feet, while the other swirls and roars in a series of disorderly cascades. Tenaya Fall is certainly one of the most fascinating of which the Yosemite Valley may boast.

Lake Tenaya, which is about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, is the fountain head of all this beauty, and the terminus of the Tenaya Cañon. Nearly concealed by a thick border of firs, it lies hollowed out of the highest mountains. From the south and east the tall mountains rise almost vertically, while on the north and west, the slopes are less severe.

Just south of Tenaya Fall, is situated Cloud's Rest, an imposing fold of granite, rising 6,000 feet above the valley, and named from the presence of a cloud seen frequently resting above its summit. From its lofty crest, a tract reaching over an area of fifty miles stretches out before us. Below, the polished crown of Half Dome gleams in the sunlight; Mirror Lake looks like a sheet of shining silver; North Dome, Eagle Point, El Capitan, Sentinel Dome and Glacier Point repose in solemnity in the wide expanse of valley, while Yosemite Fall is a mere bit of vapor clinging to the mountain. The climb to this point of vantage is a difficult one, and only experienced mountaineers should attempt to scale the rocky, precipitous wall.

Winding our way through the wild, rugged mountains, for about a mile, we come to the Sierra Cathedral—a solid rock, beautifully sculptured into spires, domes and gables; a veritable work of art. It stands upon a plateau 9,000 feet high, towering 2,500 feet and may thus be viewed from all directions. Its prominence affords an excellent opportunity of studying its peculiar architecture, while from its ornamental pinnacles,



STANISLAUS BRIDGE.

superb views may be obtained of the valley of the glorious Merced.

The excursion to Glacier Point is one that should not be neglected by visitors to this enchanting valley. The trail leads through rock-walled cañons, where huge boulders are heaped in the utmost disorder; up grassy inclines, flowered with the Mariposa lily, the bright purplish blossoms of the Penstemon, or the closed evening primrose, which lights the meadows at sunset with its dazzling golden blooms; and after the cool shade of the forest one comes into the glare of the noonday sun, climbing over barren, rocky soil, until Union Point is reached. From here, on an elevated flat, the valley, well planted with fir and spruce, reminds one of a rich green velvet carpet, and the Merced River looks like a mere thread of silver. We soon reach Agassiz's Column, a mass of rock thirty feet high which looks ready to topple to the ground at any moment. A great sweep of mountains spread out on all sides, but when we have gained the topmost pinnacle of Glacier Point the grandeur is incomprehensible. Peak after peak of the noble ranges loom up in stately magnificence, gradually growing fainter and fainter, until the dim outlines are lost in the haze of the distance. The Vernal and Nevada Falls appear like little patches of white, and at this elevation of 3,257 feet above the valley, Mt. Starr King, Mt. Lyell, Cloud's Rest, and Half Dome are mere points in the wilderness of spires and domes.

King's River Cañon compares most favorably with the famous Yosemite. The valley of the former is longer and deeper, the rock precipices are more majestic, the waterfalls, though less sublime, exceed in height and volume, and it is only a question of time when the fame of this magnificent cañon will equal that of its more prominent rival. From Visalia, the nearest point to this cañon on the Southern Pacific Railroad, the journey is made by stage. After passing through miles and miles of grain fields and grassy flats, and hot foothills reeking with desolation, the mountains, which had been visible for miles through the hot atmosphere, grew nearer. A breath of the fragrant pines had not infrequently been wafted toward us and very soon we were in a dense forest of sequoias. How refreshing the cool shade after the glare of the sun! We passed through shady

ravines, whose banks fairly glittered with their gorgeous array of flowers —bells, lilies and gilias waving and nodding a welcome in the gentle breeze.

At the height of 5,000 feet or more, in an opening of the thickly grown evergreens, we gained an excellent view of the central valley of California with its protecting coast mountains, its fields, orange groves and vineyards, its towns dotted about in irregular lines and circles. We soon reached the limit of the stage line, and were compelled to travel the remaining eighteen miles on horseback, over a steep, narrow trail, crossing the basins of the Big and Little Boulder Creeks—tributaries of King's River. We soon gained the summit of the ridge that forms the boundary of Little Boulder Creek Basin, and then descending, reached Bearskin Meadows—a perfect sea of gilias, larkspurs, columbines and lilies. Rich shrubs and tall, graceful leaves bend down to kiss the sparkling stream that ripples and laughs through the center of the meadow. The melodious rapture of the birds mingle in the glorious harmony of earth, sky and sunshine.

One more tremendous climb and we reached Grand Lookout, the highest point of the trail, 8,300 feet above sea level, from which we obtained an uninterrupted general view of the valley.

King's River Cañon is situated south of the Yosemite, forty-five miles from Visalia, and is the valley of the south fork of King's River. It is ten miles long, one-half a mile wide, with walls that tower to a height of from 2,500 to 5,000 feet. The depth of the valley is more than a mile, while the floor is comparatively level, with groves and parks of willow, poplar, fir, and pine, rising from a carpet of exquisite flowers. The abrupt walls rear themselves almost perpendicularly, and the changing river flows down through its dazzling cañon, now gliding gently, and then leaping and dashing over huge rocks and boulders through a narrow gorge into deep, clear pools below. Numerous streams from the surrounding mountains find their way down the slopes, seeking at last this mighty river, where they mingle in the soft ripple, or in the furious roar of the cascades. Great masses of rock, curiously fashioned, jut out from the ponderous walls in artistic architectural forms, like forts

A BIG TREES SCHOOL.

and buttresses built upon a high precipice.

The first rock upon which the eye rests at the foot of the north wall is the Palisades, a curious structure, apparently crystallized into geometrical cubes, so square and regular are its faces. It measures 2,000 feet from base of upright portion to summit. Following the Palisades, we behold a collection composed of Hermit Tower and Three Hermits, standing out disconnected and alone. They present a striking appearance in their isolation and quaint construction. East of the Hermits, a stream rushes and roars in clamorous disorder over a succession of rocks to form the booming cascades. How merrily the water swirls and splashes over the precipitous ledges! The stream has its rise from the melting snows which trickle down the slopes of Mt. Kellogg and Mt. Hutchings.

Beyond the Cascades, appears North Dome, which rises to a height of 3,450 feet, resembling somewhat the Washington Column of the Yosemite. An imposing rock is seen east of this noble pile, and is named, perhaps from the strength and boldness of its outline, Lion Rock. But it is much inferior in height to the main contour of the north wall. Everywhere, heaped in the direst disorder, are huge boulders with trees growing in the crevices between them, or wild flowers that have sprung from seeds wafted to the thinly covered surface of the rock by the early winds.

Back of Lion Rock, Copper Creek wends its way into the valley from a neighborhood of picturesque lakes that cluster upon the ridge rising between the two forks of King's River. All the region drained by this romantic stream is rich in groves of spruce and fir, and meadows of the choicest flowers. The remaining portion of the north wall is low, as compared with some of the rocks on the opposite side of the valley. Three miles up the valley are found the Roaring Falls and Cascades. A network of silver ribbons pours its waters into the Roaring River to form this most unique range of waterfalls.

On the south wall is Cathedral Rocks, situated just east of the Fall, and somewhat resembling the rocks of the same name in the Yosemite. Following Cathedral Rocks, is a cluster called the Seven Gables—massive and broad at the base, but carved into gables, turrets and arches on the summit.

Avalanche Cascade, which has its rise near the base of a peak sin. arly named, separates the Seven Gables from the Sentinel Group, the highest rock prominence of which reaches a height of 3,300 feet. This Grand Sentinel presents to one side of the valley a perfectly smooth, flat face and is peculiarly sculptured. The entire group comprises Grand Sentinel, East and West Sentinels, and Lower Sentinel, all imposing rock structures of enormous proportions. The Sphinx, having a vertical sphinx-like face, about 4,000 feet in height, is the highest rock on the south wall. Cave Dome and Leaning Dome are in close proximity to the Sphinx, and are both over 3,000 feet high. In among the Sentinel Group, a series of cascades called the Sentinel Cascades, leap and play in wild confusion, making a fall of 2,000 feet. Bear Cascades, the succeeding strip of falling water, fall a greater distance than the Sentinel Cascades, but are less wild and turbulent.

The whole succession of exquisitely modeled rocks, from Cathedral Rocks to Leaning Dome, is, perhaps, the most imposing and awe-inspiring feature of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. But when the head of the valley is reached, a bold, impressive structure confronts us—the loftiest, most magnificent of all. Glacier Monument, standing like a gigantic statue as the terminal point of the valley and guardian of its treasures, looms to a height of over a mile, and is symmetrically outlined.

At Glacier Monument the river di-

vides into two branches, one extending northward through Paradise Cañon, while the other follows an eastward ravine, stretching far up into the snows of the High Sierra, where it gains its source at the base of Mt. Tyndall and other peaks. The gorge is comparatively narrow, and is in some places choked by the boulders, which only add to the rugged wildness of the scenery. The stream enters the great cañon in a disorderly cascade of 800 feet in height. Above this cascade, the water falls in rapids through a wilderness of forest trees.

Paradise Cañon presents a grander and more striking appearance, for the walls of the stream are more stupendous in height, while for ten miles, the river sweeps along in one mighty stream, broken here and there by a series of cascades and falls. Shadowed by the Monument is a meadow, broad and flat, containing rich blossoms of purple, gold and red. On the east, beyond the monument, Paradise Peak stands in stately beauty. Few of the rocks possess that delicacy of sculpturing that characterizes this lofty peak. Although slightly resembling North Tower, Paradise Peak lacks the raggedness that is a prominent feature of its neighbor, and is much more sublime. We camped for many days in one of the shady ravines of the valley, where a commingling of beauty and grandeur in the flowers and rocks, and symphony in the music of the river, might charm the first hours of day or lull us to rest at night. One object in selecting a somewhat central point, lay in our plan of making excursions to all the places of interest in the great King's River Cañon.

How extravagant Nature has been in this enchanting region! Not only one divinely beautiful valley, but two of unsurpassed sublimity. From our camp, we made an excursion into the wonderful Tehipitee Valley, which is almost as grand as the King's River Cañon, and is the cañon of the middle fork of King's River. It may be reached by ascending the Copper Creek Valley, then crossing a ridge and descending into the head of a cañon. The floor is level, containing parks and gardens of beautiful trees and flowers, with great walls to enclose it, 2,000 to 4,000 feet high.

The width of the valley is half a mile, the length about three miles. The river flows smoothly for a long distance, when it breaks into cascades and waterfalls, making a leap at one place of 2,000 feet. The Tehipitee Fall, formed by a comparatively small stream, is 1,800 feet high, first falling in little lacy streams, resembling somewhat the Mossbrae Fall of Siskiyou County, then uniting near the bank to plunge into a pool of the clearest water.

East of the Fall stands Tehipitee Dome, a majestic granite tower, 2,500 feet high. It stands out from the main wall, grand in its simplicity of architecture, mighty in its pensive solitude. The south wall is pinnacled and spired curiously, reminding one of mediæval castles and palaces.

Of the other excursions to be made in this vicinity, the climb to Tyndall's summit is one of the most important. Avalanche Peak ranks next. Then follow Mt. Brewer, Mt. Kellogg, the Helmet, and numerous other peaks, from either side of which broad, sweeping views of the grand Sierras may be enjoyed.

XENOPHANES.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

While knowledge and high wisdom yet were young,
  Through Sicily of old, from tryst to tryst,
Wandered with sad-set brow and eloquent tongue
  The melancholy austere Rhapsodist.
"All my life long" he sang, "by many ways
  I follow truth, where devious footmarks fall;
Now I am old, and still my spirit strays,
  Mocked and eluded, lost amid the all."
That was Mind's youth and ages long ago,
  And still thine hunger, Oh Xenophanes,
Preys on the hearts of men, and to and fro
  They probe the same implacable mysteries;
The same vast toils oppress them, and they bear
The same unquenchable hope, the same despair.

TEKEL.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

The idle doings of an idler day
  Dance back to mock me when the day is done;
The squandered hours of a spendthrift play,
  The ghosts of ends of endless things begun;
Time's terse lieutenants, misused moments,—all
Write TEKEL plain on retrospection's wall.

Chance hours there may be when the heart is prone
  To be content with sweet and sinless ways;
And some stray words, like idle winds, are blown
  Into mine ears to lisp insidious praise
Of softer sin, and lure me back from where
I had withdrawn in silent thought and prayer.

But only pass the ghosts of sordid ways,
  Of ghoulish triumphs over scornèd good,
That glide before mine eyes of stone, and raze
  My better moments to a bitter mood,
Making me hate the paltry world of pelf,
But bitter most of all against myself.

O come, sweet hour of strength at morning time—
  Calm strength of will, that shall not steal away,
Teaching my lips sweet answers, that shall climb
  To very Heaven as off 'rings from the day;
Sweet natal hour of purpose, that shall blend
With daily consummation to the end.

SALT LAKE CITY.

BY HARRY R. BROWNE.

THERE are many important features which entitle Salt Lake City to more than ordinary consideration, not only as a commercial center, but as a natural sanitarium and delightful place of residence. The city is situated at an elevation of 4,350 feet above sea level, with the towering peaks of the Wasatch and Oquirrh ranges extending for thousands of feet above her, sheltering and protecting her from the elements, and sending down through the cañons the pure rarefied air, which, with the breeze from the Great Salt Lake, fifteen miles to the west, forms a combination of atmospheric invigoration which cannot be found elsewhere in the United States. The seasons are regular, and drift one into the other almost imperceptibly. Spring opens early, and in April the foothills and cañons are ablaze with the most gorgeous wild flowers. As the season advances the entire valley, stretching to the north and south as far as the eye can reach, is transformed into a veritable garden. There is but a short season of hot weather—as a rule not more than three or four weeks—when the sun is uncomfortably warm in the middle of the day, but even then the mornings and evenings are pleasant, and the nights cool enough to necessitate a pair of blankets. Winter lingers from the middle or latter part of December to early March; but during all that time, instead of the murky, dismal and wet weather prevalent in so many cities of the country, there is always dry air and generally sunshine.

The growth of the city itself has been phenomenal, but also sure and steady, and the value of real estate has never fluctuated materially since the spirit of enterprise and progress became dominant. The annual report of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, published in April, 1893, places the City's assessed valuation at $55,000,000; the population at 70,000. In the past three years the municipality expended nearly $2,000,000 in public improvements, consisting of about 100 miles of graded streets, 30 miles of sidewalks, an improved water system, that now pays at the rate of five per cent. on a basis of a $1,500,000 investment; a thoroughly equipped and efficient fire department; a perfect system of irrigation and numerous other improvements. In addition to the foregoing, one-half the moneys

SALT LAKE THEATER.

expended on the joint City and County building, a beautiful structure occupying, with the grounds around it, an entire block, has been supplied by the city, and a sewerage system second to none in the country is well under way. New buildings and improvements for the year past amounted to $2,015,000. Stone and brick have replaced frame and adobe, and most of the business blocks and residences are built of native product. Granite, gray and red stone are quarried in abundance in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, and are used principally for fronts of buildings, sidewalks stairs, curbing and paving. There are half a dozen companies engaged in this industry alone.

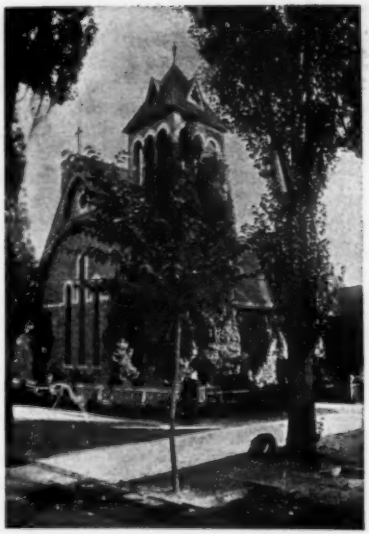
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

One of the most important of the many improvements made in the past three years, is the paving of the streets in the immediate business district of the city. A part of this is already completed. The materials used are granite blocks along the curb for ten feet into the roadway, and also between the street-car tracks, the balance being asphaltum. The foundation of all is sand, and six inches of concrete. All the materials for paving and building are mined and quarried in Utah, and most of the contracts have been given to the Culmer-Jennings Company, a local corporation which has its own plant and works its own mines and quarries. Utah asphalt has proven itself to be the equal, if not the superior of both the Trinidad and California products.

SALT LAKE CITY IN 1853—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

The change in the street railway system from horse power to electricity occurred in the fall of 1889. The following year horses as motive power had entirely disappeared, and at the present time it would be hard to suggest any portion of the town, or immediate vicinity, in need of further transportation facilities.

There are many signs pointing toward this city becoming a great railway center. Roads are coming here from the East, and other roads going westward will bring about this result, necessitating the building of a Union depot where passengers, baggage, express and freight may be transferred with alacrity and economy. The Union Pacific is the pioneer of the many roads now entering the city, and has several important branches connecting this point with the inexhaustible coal fields and mines of the territory. The first train rolled into Salt Lake in 1872.



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Following the Union Pacific's completion came the Rio Grande Western —at that time a narrow-gauge connecting Salt Lake City with Denver, and completing a direct chain of travel and commerce with all points East. This road was finished April 23d, 1893, and with the Denver & Rio Grande has since become famous as the scenic line of the world. Passengers in either direction choose the Rio Grande Western for the marvels of scenery presented en route.

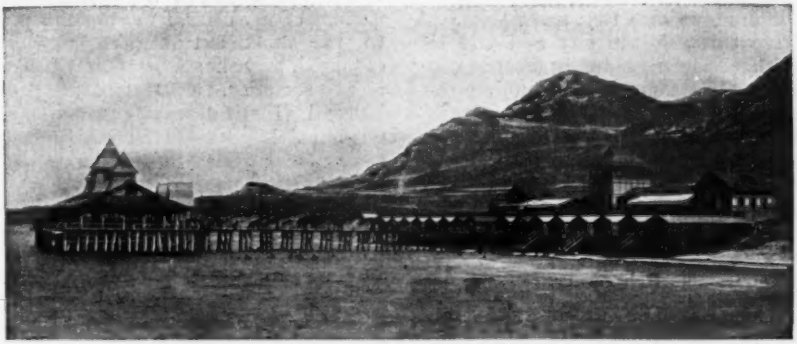
On this route one passes through the fertile valleys of the Salt Lake and Provo Basins, the grand mountain cañons and gorges, Castilla Springs Resort, the desert east of Green River, with its awe-inspiring silences, its walls of weird, fantastic mountains (suggesting to the mind the famous description of the desert in "Ben Hur"), and the grand, majestic gateway at the entrance of the cañon, where two gigantic pillars of stone tower almost to the clouds, and are fittingly named "Castle Gate."

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

To meet the requirements of increasing traffic, and establish a through car service from Denver to the Pacific Coast, the Rio Grande Western was changed to standard gauge, and the first through train under the new arrangement reached Salt Lake on the 16th of November, 1890.

It now boasts of as thorough and complete equipment and fine rolling stock as any railroad in the United States, and makes the run of 716 miles between Denver and Salt Lake City in twenty-three hours.

There are several new roads likely to materialize in the near future, the two most important of which are the extension of the Great Salt Lake and Hot Springs Railroad to Coalville (which will bring coal in such abundance as to materially reduce the price to consumers) and the road to the Deep Creek Country, which is some 230 miles west of the city and is considered by experts to be a second Leadville. It is an undisputed fact that the building of the Deep Creek road will eventually lead to a new transcontinental line to the Pacific Coast.



GARFIELD BEACH, GREAT SALT LAKE.

The real estate market is in a healthful condition, the sales for the year amounting to $7,743,315. During the city's recent wonderful progress, many additions within the city limits were laid out and sold to home-seekers, so that many important resident districts have been added to the city proper. Perhaps the most successful of these has been "Darlington Place," which is situated on the bench to the east, overlooking the entire city and valley far away to the west and south, and affording one of the finest views of any location on the higher ground in the immediate vicinity of Salt Lake City. Here in 1890 was started the foundation of what is now one of the most popular residence portions of the city. House after house was reared with energetic rapidity. Then street-car companies, foreseeing the rapid growth of "Darlington Place," at once extended their electric lines on First and Third Streets, giving the residents a double service of rapid transit, which makes its homes eagerly sought for by intending purchasers or tenants. In two years this locality has grown from a few scattered houses to a thriving community represented by countless homes, every one of which has been built with an eye to the special comfort and convenience of its occupants. In each house may be found every convenience known to modern architecture and building. The residents of Darlington Place are now building in their midst their own church, and this will be formally dedicated ere these pages go to press. The promoters of Darlington Place have pursued a most judicious course in their operations, giving the option to buyers of building themselves, or furnishing their own plans, besides making the terms of purchase easy enough to suit all buyers. This, together with the choice location, is the keynote to the situation, and such is the present pop-

ularity of Darlington Place, that new buildings may be seen in all stages of construction from the foundation to the last finishing touch.

BLACK ROCK, ANTELOPE ISLAND.

There have been so many great changes in the business district, as well as the residence part of the city, that it would be hard indeed to give an accurate statement as to the number of business blocks and fine residences which now grace this metropolis. A drive through the city will find the old landmarks gradually disappearing before the steady advance of improvements. The largest blocks recently completed are the Dooley, Commercial, McCormick, Zion's Bank, Hooper, Culmer, Dinwoodey, Constitution, Progress, Scott-Auerbach and Mercantile. The postoffice in the magnificent Dooley Block, is a model of completeness in every detail. The City and County building, already completed to the fourth story, is one of the finest and most elaborate structures in the West. There are sixteen banks, both national and private, twenty-six hotels, at which accommodations of any class, from the cheapest to the most extravagant, may be obtained, three hospitals, thirty benevolent societies, a Deaf Mute and Normal Institutes, Woman's and Orphans' Homes—in fact all the necessary auxiliaries of a large and thriving city.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Standing prominently at the head of the great commercial houses of Salt Lake, is the extensive and veteran establishment known as Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. The high character earned by twenty-five years of honorable business enterprise, the great resources and facilities accumulated and acquired during that time, the experience of the wants of the trade, gained by a long observation of its requirements, and the energy, business ability and liberality that characterize all operations of the house, command for it a most conspicuous and honored position among the mercantile institutions of Utah. This great establishment was founded on the plan of broad, liberal ideas, with the view of bringing the cost of the necessities of life down to a basis of reasonable prices. There is an old maxim commonly current in trade of "Live and Let Live." This corporation, however, thought that it could improve upon this old saying, and adopted the maxim of "Live and Help to Live." That it has been a decided improvement, thousands of the people of Utah testify to-day, in broad and unmistaken terms. The institution was originally organized

MERCANTILE BLOCK.

with a capital of $500,000—the stockholders comprising the most influential men of Salt Lake. The city was then nothing but a village, but the wants of its people were many and the supply was limited. Money was scarce and articles of necessity were dear. These public-spirited men realized that something had to be done to relieve the pressure upon the people. They banded themselves and their capital together and paid half a million in cash to establish the enterprise and buy goods. By this means the necessities were purchased at a lower figure than could be obtained on the credit system, and the consumer received the benefit of low prices. The progress of this institution has been remarkable. Inch by inch, and step by step, it has ascended the ladder of commercial fame, until it now carries a stock of $1,250,000, and the annual sales are between three and four million dollars. In addition to the huge establishment in Salt Lake the company has reached out its powerful arms and located branches at Ogden, Provo, Logan, Utah, and Idaho Falls, Id., all of which transact an enormous business annually. The institution is located in a large and magnificent iron and stone front building, with 165 feet frontage on Main street, and containing in all something over 153,000 square feet of floor space. The factory is a four-story and basement structure 50 by 165, provided with four boilers of eighty-horse power each, and two engines of 100-horse power. The factory turns out 500 pair of boots and shoes, and seventy-five dozen overalls daily. The drug department is separate from the main establishment and is filled with the largest and best selected stock to be found anywhere in the country. The establishment supplies nearly, if not all the necessities of life, and a majority of the luxuries also. In this vast institution 300 men and women are employed, and the pay-roll amounts annually to nearly $250,000. The twenty-fourth annual statement of April 1st, 1893, set forth by this corporation, shows its resources to be $2,126,156.92, with total cash receipts for the year of $3,100,232.76. A dividend of three per cent. is paid to the stockholders.

Prominent among the leading hotels is the "Knutsford," a magnificent, granite seven-story building which occupies something less than half a block, at the intersection of State and Third South Streets, and is under the able management of G. S. Holmes. This hotel was opened for the reception of guests, June 3d, 1891, and represents an actual outlay of $750,000. Centrally located, with both of the important street car lines passing the

west and south entrances, with accommodations comprising 250 guests' rooms, single or *en suite*, provided with every convenience known to modern times, it may well lay claim to the leading place among the finest hotels of the inter-mountain region.

A popular and elegant hotel is the "Manitou," just east of the "Knutsford," which under the present management bids fair to rival the larger and more pretentious hotels of the city. There is quiet, refined taste displayed in all the appointments of the "Manitou," and one might look in vain for a more pleasant room or suite of rooms than can be found within its walls. Immediately underneath the hotel, on the ground floor, are the Turkish baths. It is but fair to say that these compare favorably with any of which our largest cities on the Continent boast.

Diagonally opposite the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, with the historical points of interest of Salt Lake City all within a stone's throw,

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

stands the "Templeton," a structure of architectural beauty, and another monument to the enterprise of the city's progressive citizens. This hotel at once established its place among the best, and its situation and elegant appointments make it a favorite with the traveling public. Electric cars passing the entrance connect with all depots and the various resorts and parks. The dining-room is situated on the top floor, and affords a magnificent view of the entire valley and the great Salt Lake.

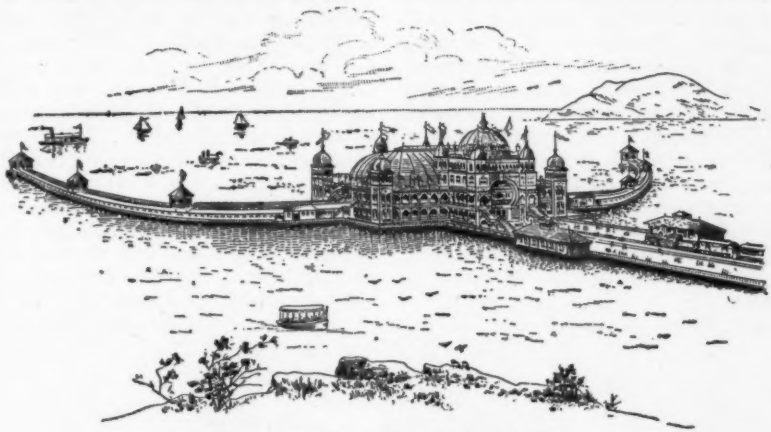
HOTEL KNUTSFORD.

"The Morgan," one of the most attractive and conveniently constructed hotels in the west, has, since its opening, May 1st, 1891, made a host of friends, whose appreciation is testified by their constant patronage. Its appearance, indicative of solidity, is fully borne out by the sat-

isfaction afforded its guests. Its situation is most advantageous, electric car lines running from the door to all depots, and the many points of interest located in the city. Its situation in relation to central points of interest is well nigh perfect, the Temple, Tabernacle, Gardo House, Theater and Co-operative Store all being located from one to two blocks away. Every modern convenience that skill or science could invent or suggest has been incorporated in the hotel to add comfort and enjoyment to its patrons. The genial, homelike spirit that pervades the establishment is proverbial of Mormon hospitality. Strangers can rely upon being treated with the utmost courtesy, and the most inquisitive may here obtain all requisite information concerning almost anything pertaining to Utah.

While on the subject of hotels, we must not overlook the "Grand." It is located on First South Street, in close proximity to the business center, on two car lines, and only two blocks east of Main street. Its large, well-kept lawns and beautiful shade trees give the place the air and appearance of an elegant private residence, which offers a pleasant domicile to its patrons, convenient to business, and yet almost at the verge of the handsome residence portion of the city, where the larger proportion of Salt Lake's representative citizens reside. The "Grand" is well worthy of its name, and its favorable situation makes it deservedly popular with the traveling public.

The recent completion and dedication of the Mormon Temple marks an important epoch in the history of the people of that particular faith. From the inscription on a beautiful art window of one of its upper rooms, we learn that the corner-stone was laid April 6th, 1853, by President Brigham Young and his Counsellors, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. Forty years later, April 6th, 1893, the Temple was dedicated by President Wilford Woodruff, and his Counsellors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. There are at present three other Temples in the Territory—one at Logan, one at St. George and the other at Manti; but none of these, nor any former ones erected by the Mormons, approach the splendor and magnificence of the Salt Lake Temple. The exterior is of granite and the building covers an area of 21,850 feet. The figure of the Angel Morini, surmounting the central east tower, is twelve feet, five and



SALTAIR, THE NEW RESORT ON SALT LAKE.

one-half inches in height. Numerous electric lights are placed on each of the six towers. It is impossible in this brief description to give one an idea of the exquisite beauty or the ingenuity and completeness of the appointments of the interior of the Temple with its grand stairways and marble floors; its baptismal font, supported by twelve life size oxen; its rich and costly furnishings, magnificent chandeliers and oil paintings; its Grecian columns, colossal, triple mirrors and jeweled windows. Hydraulic elevators in two of the west towers carry passengers to the various floors, and are in keeping with all the other elegant appointments of the Temple. The afternoon preceding the dedication day, invitations were issued to thousands of prominent Gentile citizens and their friends to inspect the interior, and those who availed themselves of the courtesy of the Church, will never cease to congratulate themselves that the opportunity was afforded them of viewing such an enchanting scene. It was the one and only time that any one outside the faith will ever gaze on the interior of this, to the Mormons, Holy of Holies.

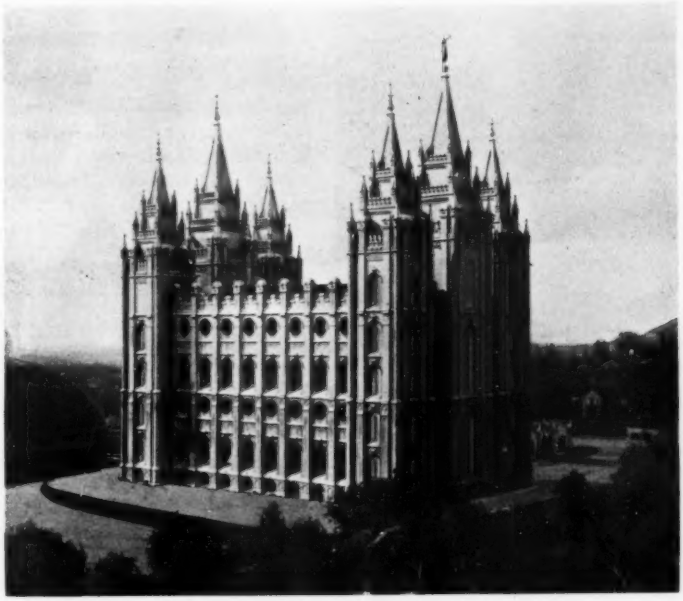
JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Our space permits but a casual allusion to the numerous home industries. Manufacturers in the East are waking up to the fact that we have enormous quantities of raw materials for manufacturing purposes, and it looks as though the next few years would place Utah in the front rank as a manufacturing center. There are many of them, and they are generally quite successful, some of them paying to their stockholders substantial dividends. Outside of our smelters and refineries, there are manufactories of all the ordinary articles of apparel and utility. There are also good job-printing offices and lithographic establish-

UTAH NORMAL COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

RESIDENCE OF F. A. GRANT, DARLINGTON PLACE.

ments, and plenty of wide awake daily and weekly newspapers. An art glass factory turning out some of the handsomest designs to be seen in any part of the United States has been established. There are tanneries and furniture manufactories, paper mills, and the finest roller flouring mills, turning out all grades of flour from which crackers are made. There are good breweries, manufacturing beer from Utah malt and hops; wagon, carriage and machine shops, as well as brass and iron foundries, capable of turning out anything from a crow bar to a steam engine. Natural gas has been discovered several miles north of the city, and will in the near future serve its purpose in supplying cheap light and fuel both for domestic and manufacturing purposes. Nearly all the wells sunk indicate enormous pressure. The gas escapes with a great roar, and when ignited throws a flame forty feet in circumference and as high as 125 feet in the air. The American Natural Gas Company has secured franchises and is preparing to pipe the gas into the city. The many



THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

ELIJAH GRIFFITHS' RESIDENCE.

RESIDENCE OF ERNEST G. ROGNON.

HOUSE OF JAMES A. ROBINSON.

EDWARD D. WOODRUFF'S RESIDENCE.

RESIDENCE OF E. C. COFFIN.

THE NEWELL BEEMAN HOUSE.

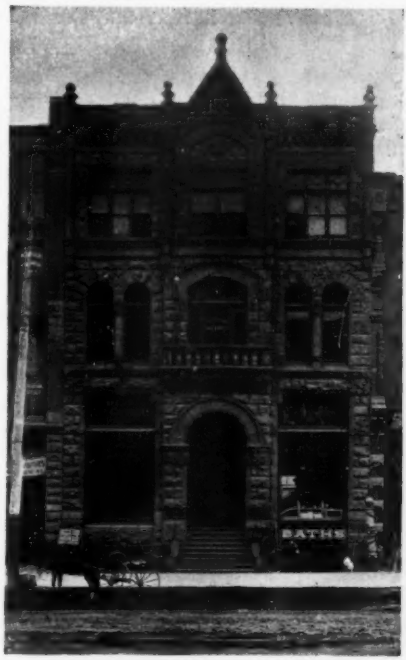
DARLINGTON PLACE RESIDENCES.

EAST TEMPLE STREET.

good nurseries, producing fruit, shade and ornamental trees and other plants are a feature of no little importance among our industries.

As Salt Lake City is more or less dependent on all industries, not only of those prosecuted within her own limits, but also of the tributary country, it will be interesting to note the agricultural progress of the Territory. Farming is carried on much the same as in the East, with the advantage of irrigation, which relieves the farmer of all anxiety as to the probability of rain to freshen his crops. There is never any danger of drought, and an official analysis shows that the irrigation streams of the Territory contain a higher percentage of nitrogen compound (the essential element of plant food) than does rain. This will partially account for the immense yields on irrigated lands.

Every variety of agricultural products of temperate regions thrive here, and many of those of the semi-tropical, developing to surprising size and perfection. There are immense fertile districts or valleys in Utah, where the plow has never entered, which only await the arrival of railroads and irrigation to develop them. The agricultural, stock-raising and manufactured products find a market in several



COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK.

CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING.

States and Territories. There are few of the necessaries of life that cannot be raised or manufactured here.

RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH P. BACHE.

The matter of education in Salt Lake City has been given the thoughtful consideration consistent with the importance of the subject. The Salt Lake City Board of Education was elected in July, 1890, pursuant to a statute of the previous March, consolidating the city into a single school district, and providing for the election of two members of the Board of Education created by the law, from each of the five precincts in the city. The Mayor was ex-officio President of the Board. The work of education the first year consisted in classifying the pupils, grading their work and establishing rules of procedure. The schoolroom accommodations were found to be lamentably deficient. The former system, which had laid the city off into twenty-two separate and independent school districts, had resulted in the building of small structures for the schools, and the accumulation therein of comparatively few of the school population.

In many of these schools tuition fees were charged. Naturally the school work was not as good as was desirable; but improvements were constantly made, so that by the close of the first school year the people were a unit in approval of the good work done by the Board. $600,000 was placed at the disposal of the board in the latter part of 1891. The greatest part of this has been expended on the development of the educational department of the city. In every district new, commodious and modern schoolhouses have replaced old ones, or are now in process of construction. Each scholar is furnished with all necessary books at the city's expense. It is in every sense of the word a free school system. The high school is equipped with a well-selected library and with the advantages the school possesses it is only the industry and proficiency of the student that regulates his promotion from the preparatory department to the senior graduating class of the high school.

DE GOLYER RESIDENCE, DARLINGTON PLACE.

In addition to the above enumeration we have the University of Deseret, accessible to all students of both sexes over fourteen years of age. Here may be received an education equal to that of any of the State universities in the country. It also embraces a mining department, a school for deaf mutes, an extensive library, an art gallery and various other auxiliaries. The languages are given special attention.

TEMPLETON HOTEL.

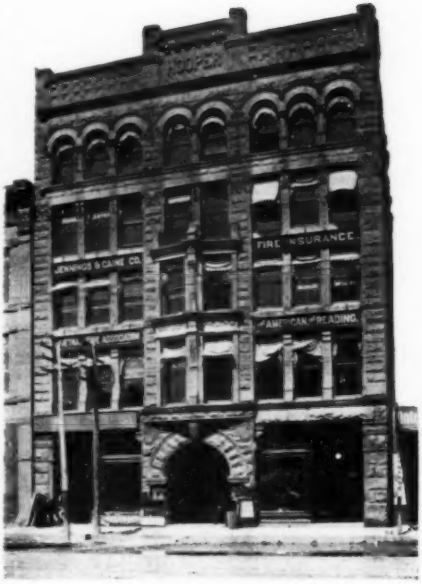
All Hallow's College and St. Mary's Academy for boys, and St. Mary's Academy for girls, were founded and are maintained by the Catholic Church. Their respective courses include every thing from the preparatory to the collegiate, besides bookkeeping, shorthand and stenography. Gymnastics and calisthenics are other features of importance.

The Latter-Day Saints College, maintained by the Mormons, the Salt Lake Academy by the Con-

gregationalists, Salt Lake Seminary by the Methodists, Collegiate Institute by the Presbyterians, St. Mark's and Rowland Hall, a first-class boarding school for girls, also admitting day scholars and controlled by the Episcopal Church, form, with those previously mentioned, a combination affording unsurpassed facilities for acquiring a first-class education. There are also kindergartens, manual training schools, two commercial colleges, besides numerous private schools. The Sunday schools are noted for their excellence and efficiency.

In addition to the Deseret Museum, there are the Deseret University Library, the Pioneer (one of the largest in the city,) Odd Fellow's, Firemen's and Salt Lake Free Libraries, embracing a choice collection of literature and a law library. All these are free, or accessible to responsible subscribers.

The Utah Normal College and Conservatory of Music, now in course of erection at South Brighton, a beautiful suburb of Salt Lake City, is a non-sectarian Normal Training School and



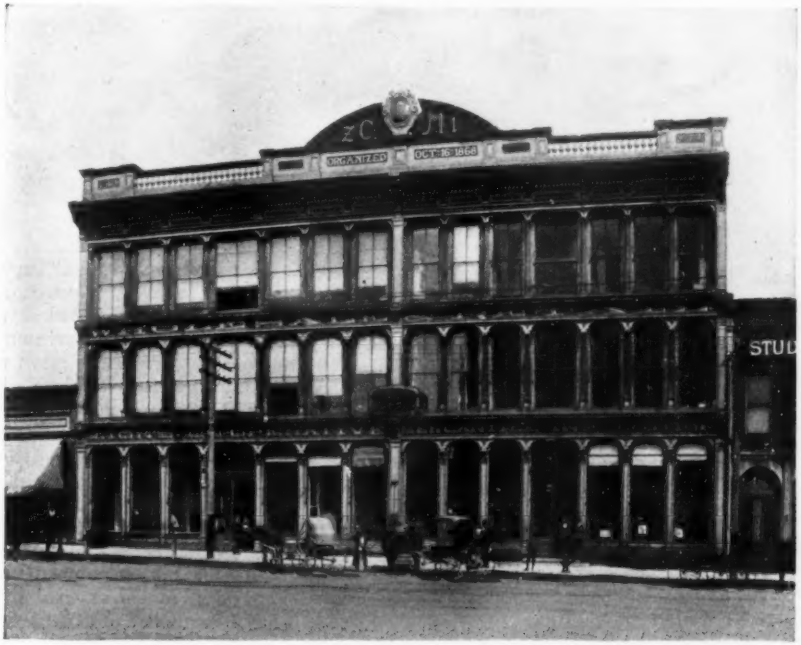
HOOPER BLOCK.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

Conservatory of Music for Utah and the inter-mountain country. The Board of Directors are Dr. R. A. Hasbrouck, President; J. C. Wolfe, Vice-President; J. W. Newbern, Secretary and Treasurer; W. T. Eddingfield, Principal of the Normal College, and C. F. Stayner, Director of the Conservatory. The building will be the largest and handsomest structure devoted to educational purposes west of St. Louis. It will be built of Utah stone and brick. In dimensions the college will be 248 feet front, 133 feet in depth, and four stories rising to a height of sixty-five feet, with a central spire ninety-six feet in height, and smaller spires on either end seventy-four feet in height. A clear title to a large amount of property immediately surrounding the college has been transferred to the association free of charge. In addition

to this, large equities in over 2,000 fine building lots have been donated to the institution, and the sales and management of this property have been placed under the direct care and management of a Trustee, who acts under the supervision of the Board of Directors of the Association. The thorough and practical, and the teachers for each department, specialists. It is therefore a school for the masses, and one in which an education is placed within the reach of persons of limited means.

The Conservatory of Music is now in the second year of its existence—



ZION CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTE.

north wing of the building, consisting of twenty-seven rooms, and costing $25,000, is near completion, and the college will open in September, 1893. No expense or labor is to be spared to maintain one of the greatest non-sectarian training schools for teachers in the land. Owing to its connection with the already thoroughly equipped and well-established Conservatory of Music, musical advantages are open to all attending the College, as are the advantages of the College to those attending the Conservatory. The training in all departments will be modern, the attendance during the first year having exceeded the highest expectations. Each department is complete in itself and furnished with instructors of ability and years of experience as educators. A noticeable feature of the Conservatory, is that of enabling its pupils to progress rapidly, thoroughly, and artistically, by means of the understanding inculcated while beginning their studies. Its pupils are spared years of superfluous work, the degree of excellence not being lowered by reducing the time of study; and although many years can well be spent

RESIDENCE OF W. S. McCORMICK.

in the Conservatory, young teachers who can attend but for a few months, will find it greatly to their advantage to do so. No efforts will be spared to make this institution the most practical and useful one of its kind in America. Besides the fine College and Conservatory, now in course of erection in Brighton, there will always be a thoroughly equipped department near the business center of the city for the accommodation of those who may find it more convenient. This young, but live and thriving institution is the pride of Utah and the inter-mountain region.

McCORMICK BLOCK.

The social amusements of the city are pre-eminently refined, a fact notably demonstrated in the several literary, musical and athletic clubs. All first-class theatrical attractions stop at the city for from three to four nights. It is a matter of congratulation that only first-class companies can afford to make the long jump from Denver to Salt Lake City and San Francisco.

Among the resorts of Salt Lake City are Fort Douglas, situated on the eastern bench and affording an excellent view of the city, Liberty Park, whose drives are exceptionally fine, and the Warm Springs, two miles from the Temple, the waters

STATE UNIVERSITY.

of which come from the rock, 103° Fahr., and are beneficial in cases of rheumatism and kindred troubles. Two miles farther are the famous Hot Springs, possessing almost identical properties with those of the Arkansas Hot Springs. The attractions of the popular resort of Great Salt Lake are too well known to be dwelt upon. The buoyancy of the waters is wonderful. In either shallow or deep water one is able to float like a cork, holding the shoulders and head well out of the water. The waters themselves have many hidden virtues, such as curative powers in various nervous disorders, and a bath is a boon alike to the healthy and feeble. Ample provisions are made for the comfort

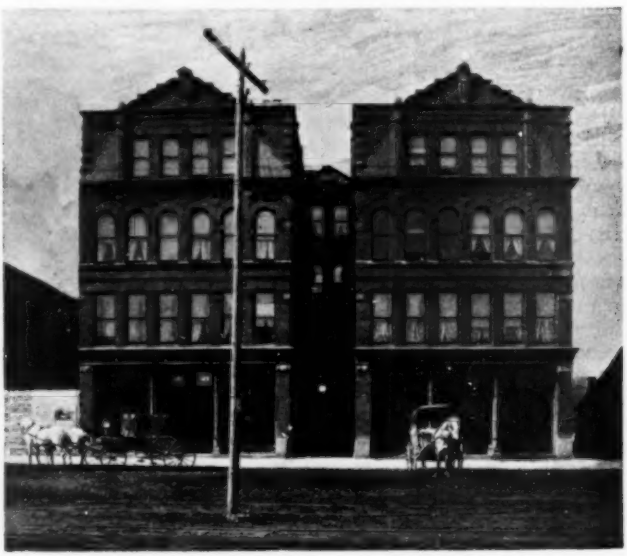
MORGAN HOTEL.

BOARD OF TRADE AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

of the bather or spectator at Garfield Beach. Music, dancing and all sorts of amusements are provided. A new resort, the Saltair Beach, which boasts of one of the handsomest pavilions in the country, fifteen minutes' ride from the city, has just been completed and opened to the public. It will afford further accommodations for all who visit this glorious lake. The boat club have their boat house and headquarters at the lake, and a regatta is among the many attractions every summer.

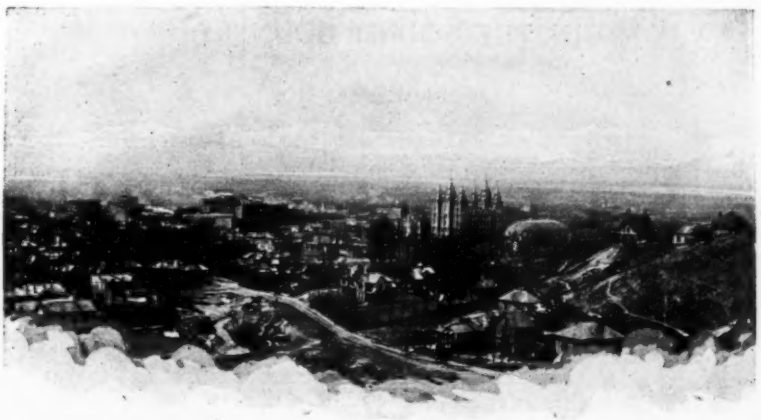
There are many other attractive resorts hidden among the mountains whose rugged grandeur encircles the beautiful valley.

The cañons that break the mountain fastness are an inexhaustible source of gratification to the explorer. They are possessed of great beauty at all seasons of the year; in the spring when they are pervaded with that mysterious sense of awakening nature, when the birds are returning and the breezes are laden with a fresh, sweet odor more pungent than sandalwood and myrrh, in the summer when every tree, brush and bank is clothed



MANITOU HOTEL.

in the voluptuous effulgence of leaves and flowers, in the autumn when the gorgeous red brown, gold and orange sunset tints cast their glow over mountain and valley, and in the winter when white-frosted trees thrust their branches up from gulches deep with snow, and the fleet hare leaves the imprint of his little feet on its surface, betraying his home to the hunter. Far up in some of these cañons are summer camping-grounds, walled in by high stone barricades rich with granite. There among the dense foliage, by the side of the bounding ice-cold mountain streams, summer idlers build their cabins and erect their tents, forming little colonies where they may enjoy an uninterrupted siesta for weeks if they so desire. There are also hotels in some localities, hidden among the mountains in such picturesque wildernesses, that while one may find there congenial companionship among pleasure or health seekers, sportsmen or artists, he can also enjoy the utmost solitude where he may commune uninterruptedly with nature. Such are the environs of the thriving, prosperous and well-regulated metropolis of Salt Lake. The city may proudly lay claim to attractions and advantages possessed by few others, and the tourist, the invalid, the home-seeker, the artist will ever regard it as an ideal locality.



SALT LAKE CITY FROM PROSPECT HILL.

THE OLYMPIC RANGE BY MOONLIGHT.

IN THE SOUND COUNTRY.

BY HERBERT HEYWOOD.

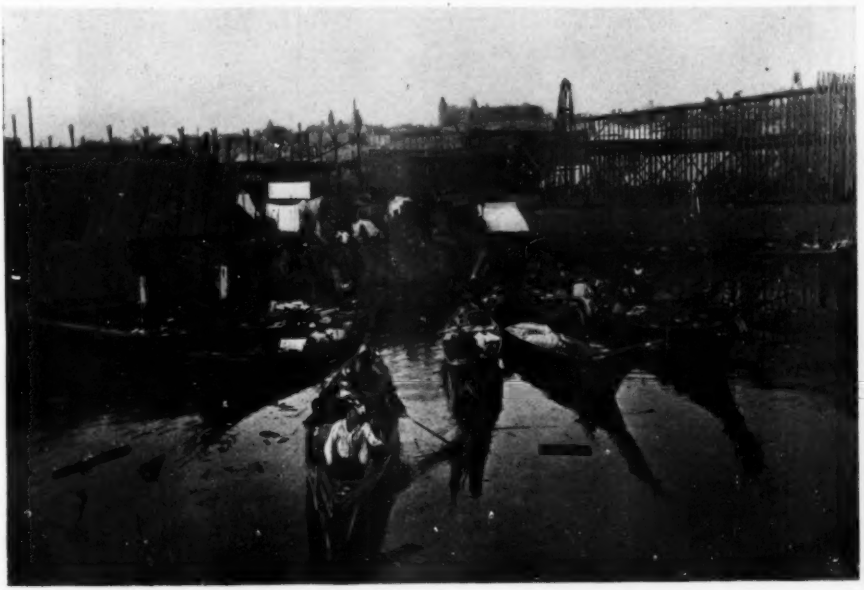
PUGET SOUND is a large inlet, or rather a series of inlets penetrating the northwestern part of the State of Washington, with many islands, beautifully tree-clad and watered by lake and river — a harvest land for the farmer and the rancher, where a literal vine and fig tree could "crown a youth of labor with an age of ease." The Sound has a shore line of 1,843 miles, and is connected with the Pacific Ocean by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which are eighty miles in length and vary from ten to fifteen miles in width. Numerous safe, roomy harbors indent the coast of Puget Sea, and the great ships are always going and coming in this "Mediterranean of the Pacific." Upon the shores are clustered cities and villages, although for the most part, the land is still waiting the hand of sturdy industry.

The islands of Puget Sound are of all sizes and degrees of interest, varying in extent from three and four to more than 30,000 acres, and when one has gone among them and sought out their hidden beauties, he will declare them to be the most attractive features of the Sound. The largest and most interesting is Whidby Island, named by Vancouver for Lieutenant Whidby, one of his officers. The island is nearly forty miles long and from one to ten miles wide; it is the prairie island of Puget Sound, nature with a deft hand having hidden in this forest wilderness 4,000 acres of prairie land. The superior cultivation of Whidby Island, its large tracts of agricultural country, are due to the fact that it is one of the oldest settled portions of the Sound. Camano

Island is held in dread by the Indians, for on Camano Head an encampment of 200 Indians was once wiped out of existence by the falling of a high projecting bluff. In the forty years that have followed, this catastrophe to their people has not been forgotten; no Indian foot has touched the island since; no Indian canoe has ever drifted near its shores. Then there is the mountain island, Fidalgo, which is in a prosperous state of cultivation, with productive, well-tilled farms. Its rocky beaches, with pebbled floors, are camping places that in the days of summer send out the ruddy blaze of camp-fires, and here, too, are caves and crevices like those of Nantasket. Just beyond lies Rand's Island, and then we come to Deception Pass. So calm and beautiful is the approach that it would seem at this spot 'twas said, "Here shall thy waves be stayed," when suddenly we are in the midst of a boiling, seething flood of water. Navigators used to avoid the dangers of this Pass by making their way through a slough between the mainland and Fidalgo; when the tide was in all went well—when it was out they found themselves fast in the mud.

After leaving Deception Pass a broad expanse of water opens into Rosario Straits, merging on the west into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the passage to the Pacific Ocean. From the water's edge rise dark forests clothing in the varying hues of blue and emerald the islands of Lopez, Cypress, Blakeley, Decatur, Orcas, and many others. The San Juan Islands were once disputed ground. England claimed them as contiguous to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, while the United States contended that the ocean channel of De Haro made them properly adjacent to our shores. The affair was adjusted by international arbitration, the decision being given in favor of our Government.

Pacific Avenue, the Broadway of Tacoma, is always a scene of great



CANOES AND TEMPORARY ENCAMPMENT OF CHINOOK INDIANS.

activity. Fine large business houses of stone, iron and brick, abound on either side and present an appearance of solidity eminently in keeping with the substantial progress of the city. A delightful morning ramble for the stranger is to walk down Pacific Avenue and along the water front. Once past the Northern Pacific R. R. Building which stands on an eminence as if to guard the city's approaches, the visitor finds himself on a long wooden sidewalk, with a railing at one side, at the right of which lie multitudinous railroad tracks, freight and lumber houses and acres of wharfage, while reaching out beyond are the waters of Commencement Bay, alive with craft of every description.

Standing on a high bluff jutting out into the sea are the rising walls of a mammoth hotel—the Olympian. The growing demands of tourists justify this structure which entails an outlay of nearly $1,000,000. The view from the site of this new hotel is superb. To the right are the flats upon which mills, lumber yards and various industries are located, and across the bay lies East Tacoma and the Puyallup Indian Reservation. Further on (for an area of sixty miles is spread about us) are groups of pine-clad hills, their ragged sky lines silhouetted against the pale blue mountains of the Cascade Range, while above all the dome of Mt. Tacoma rises majestically. Though encased in living glaciers and vast fields of ice and snow, a smouldering fire burns within this mighty mountain, and small clouds of steam are often seen resting upon its apex. A sight of the mountain is always impressive, whether it is seen rising spirit-like out of the mists of early morning, or tinted with the sunset glow of late afternoon.

Just how the controversy regarding the name of Washington's favorite mountain will ever be adjusted does not yet appear. Its 14,000 feet of grandeur rises high above its companions of the Cascade Range, and is distant some forty-five miles from Tacoma, and about sixty from Seattle.

LAKE SOUTHERLAND IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS.

THE OLYMPIAN HOTEL, TACOMA.
(Under Construction.)

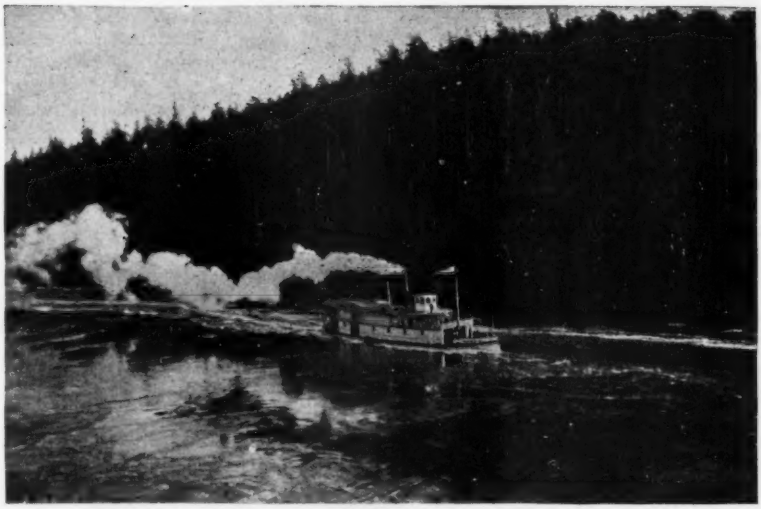
The Cascade Range which takes its name from the waterfalls and cascades, ever leaping from its precipices or plunging down its gulleys, was discovered in 1792 by Vancouver, who named the highest peak, Rainier, in honor of the admiral of his fleet. Now

SNOQUALMIE FALLS.*

Tacoma people insist with a large measure of reasonableness, that Tacoma, or Tahoma, is the old Indian name for the mountain, that it is more characteristic of the region, etc., while Seattleites declare that no Indian names have yet been discovered for Mounts Hood, St. Helena, Baker, *et al;* that the name Rainier has stood by right of discovery for nearly a century, and finally that one would as soon think of changing the names of Vesuvius and Popocatepetl to Chicago and Philadelphia, as to call Rainier, Tacoma. The Board of Geographical Names at Washington, D. C., has lately decided in favor of Rainier. Seattle people regard this as a finality, but of course it is not.

The city of Seattle lies on a series of high hills gently receding from a

*See "The Land of the Moon," in the CALIFORNIAN for February, 1893.



DECEPTION PASS.

broad and beautiful inlet known as Elliott Bay. When one eventually finds his way through the city's streets, which are lined with handsome commercial buildings and residences, and stands on top of any one of the hills, the view is superb. Mt. Rainier lies snow-covered and serene to the south, while in the northwest the great chain of the Olympics, with its icy peaks and glaciers, shines out resplendent amid shadows of inimitable blue. To the north amid the pines are the beautiful lakes Union and Washington. Across the bay Port Blakeley, containing probably the largest saw-mill in the world, is recognized by its fires which burn incessantly night and day.

At the close of the hop-picking season the Chinook Indians engaged in the fields gather in the principal towns to lay in their stock of clothes and provisions. Their long, high-prowed canoes may be seen darting about the wharves filled with the result of their expenditures. Quantities of red, blue and yellow blankets forming the most gorgeous array of color are spread about, and with their gay costumes, the effect is weirdly picturesque. Formerly, before the Indians were so largely superceded by white pickers, the fleets which were always presided over by a scion of the royal line, and numbered from twenty to thirty canoes and from fifty to one hundred pickers, were a sight to behold. Then what a confusion and chatter of voices ensued when at last the canoes, loaded to the water's edge with siwashes, klootchmans, dogs, papooses, utensils and provisions, paddled away! Many of the Indians came from far away Alaska consuming months in transit. In fact it took them the greater part of the year to come down for the annual hop-picking which lasted a trifle over three weeks.

Angeline, the daughter of Chief Seattle is a familiar character about the streets of Seattle. She is said to be ninety years old and certainly looks every day of it. She is short, dumpy, blear-eyed; her face is a network of deeply furrowed lines and altogether she looks like a revivified mummy. But she carries her head high on her shoulders, walks with a firm step and helps herself without let or hindrance

to anything in the way of fruit or confectionery that happens to lie in her path. For many years it was said of her that on a certain occasion she saved the whites from massacre, but the story is now generally discredited. Old Seattle, Chief of the Suquampsh and allied tribes was always friendly to the white men, and his memory is much reverenced by the city fathers, who have erected a handsome monument over his grave on the Reservation near Port Townsend.

PRINCESS ANGELINE.

A trip to Olympia, the capital of Washington should not be omitted by the tourist who is bent upon "doing" the Puget Sound Region thoroughly. The city has a more settled and homelike aspect than most of the Washington towns, with its handsome residences nestling comfortably among the trees, and its fine hotel looming up prominently. Back on the hill the white-painted capitol with green blinds stands out in bold relief against the dark foliage, and but for the flag of freedom flung out to the breezes, might be taken for a New Hampshire meeting-house.

A ten minutes' ride on the Olympia & Chehalis R. R. will take you to Tumwater, the oldest town in Washington. Old residenters never tire of telling how "way back in '49" Col. Simmons led his daring company of explorers across the Columbia River and up the Cowlitz Valley, through dense forests and rugged mountain passes—two weeks of laborious travel to accomplish a distance of little more than fifty miles. To lovers of nature Tumwater is certainly a delightful retreat. The Deschuttes River at this point makes three separate plunges from a height of eighty feet or more, and these are interspersed with innumerable cascades of varying dimensions which dart out from the most unlooked-for places. Now the water tumbles over green, mossy rocks, and dashes with a terrific spurt against huge black logs which lie in wait to intercept it, and then it flows gently over smooth polished boulders; here there is a steady, forceful downpour, and there a delicate, trickling streamlet. Every point of observation, whether from the sawmill window, or the trestle bridge on the opposite bank—every step to the right or left reveals new beauties. And at all times the mills in operation lend the "hum and buzz" of their machinery to the rhapsody of the falls.

Space will not permit to tell of Anacortes, Whatcom, the beautiful Bellingham Bay and sundry other places which will well repay a visit.

Port Townsend is the seat of the U. S. Custom House. It has a magnificent harbor and from its high

bluff there is a fine view of snowy, glacier-clad Mt. Baker, which stands isolated and majestic in the strength of its mighty heart.

Having now given the reader an idea, however imperfect, of the wonderful scenic attractions of the Puget Sound region, let us consider its sources of wealth as they present themselves to-day.

When John McLoughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and virtual ruler of the great Northwest, before the settlement of the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions, wrote to England that the territory in dispute "was not worth a war," he wrote wisely but not what he thought. He knew full well the capabilities of the land from the Columbia to the entrance of Puget Sound, but at the same time his foresight held up to him the mirror of the future and made him conscious that war would not affect the final issue; that the contest would terminate in the result that the rich country which had been his home so long would become a portion of the United States.

But whatever his political views were, or whatever high appreciation he might have entertained as to its intrinsic wealth, if he were alive to-day he would be astonished at the riches which an enlightened development has revealed. The story is told that Captain Gordon of the British navy, became a convert to McLoughlin's cautious creed, when he found that the salmon would not rise at the fly, and sailed away to England without even communicating with his admiral, and reported on the worthlessness of the disputed region.

Primeval forests above ground, mineral deposits in the bowels of the earth, and unsurpassed surface-yields to the agriculturist, constitute the grand natural resources of the country. Foremost among these is the great timber belt which extends northward from the Columbia River westward of the Cascade range of mountains, until it reaches the climax of its excellence in the Puget Sound District. From the shores of those waters, far up the slopes of the mountains, impenetrable phalanxes of Douglas fir (known as Oregon pine), white cedar and other valuable trees, await the woodman's ax to contribute to the requirements of an advanced stage of civilization; to supply the material for the construction of ocean-traversing ships, and for the erection alike of the poor man's hut and the palace of the millionaire.

No one who has not visited this region can form an idea of the denseness of growth of those magnificent trees—the Douglas fir and the spruce. So close together do they thrive in places, packed in supporting contact, that the explorer has difficulty in making his way between them, and the lumberman is often nonplussed as to which giant he shall first attack. Rising often to a height of 300 feet, with a diameter of from twelve to fifteen feet, these monarchs of the forest show clean, perpendicular shafts, over one hundred feet high, and so straight that a plumb-line, if it could be passed through their centers, would detect no deviation from the vertical. The timber of the Douglas fir is unsurpassed by that of any other of its kind on earth, and is only equaled by the world-renowned Norwegian pine.

It must not be supposed that the Douglas fir and spruce are without contestants for the soil. In those magnificent forests of the Puget Sound District there is variety. The hemlock and cedar, each claim a possessory right and grow in profusion, while white oak, maple, cottonwood, ash, alder and other varieties assert their lien on the land and are found in abundance.

Unless we appeal to statistics and reliable estimates that have been made by competent authorities, we are unable to realize the magnitude of the present and future lumber business in this region. During the last thirty-five years the aggregate cut has not

exceeded 5,000,000,000 feet of lumber, but the forest area that will produce a yield of 25,000 feet to the acre is so large that at a low calculation there still remain 155,000,000,000 feet for this and future generations to avail themselves of. These last figures represent the enormous sources of supply upon which the numerous lumbering mills on Puget Sound are drawing, and will be able to draw for many a decade to come.

Six years ago Governor Semple reported the capacity of the Puget Sound sawmills to be 344,500,000 feet annually, figures which may seem startling at first sight; but when we learn that three years later (that is, in 1890) the Port Blakeley mill alone turned out 69,000,000 feet of lumber and over 28,000,000 feet of laths, etc., we realize that the Governor did not over-estimate the output. In Tacoma there were no less than eight sawmills in full run last year, giving employment to 1,300 hands; the monthly pay-roll being over $65,000, with a monthly output to the value of nearly $175,000, the capital invested being $3,170,000.

The lumber produced in the sawmills of Puget Sound goes to all quarters of the globe, and few are the important ports in North and South America, in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia which do not receive consignments of Puget Sound lumber.

Although the plow is persistently following the ax in Western Washington, agriculture cannot at present be regarded as taking precedence of the mining industries. That there exist near Seattle almost inexhaustible deposits of iron ore of superior quality, called the Snoqualmie ores, has been known for years; but these great metallic beds are as yet undeveloped. The same may be said of gold, silver, lead and copper ledges in the Cascade Range. All the resources of a new country cannot be brought to the front at once. One must precede the other according to the laws of primary importance and facility of development. Thus it was that in Western Washington a mineral marched ahead of the metals.

The coal beds of Washington lie in five groups, namely: Carbon River Group, Green River Group, Cedar River Group, Squak Creek Group, including Raging River and Snoqualmie coal fields, Yakima and Wenatchie

A WASHINGTON LUMBER CAMP.

Group, and the Bellingham Bay and Skagit River Group.

The greatest portion of the output of the mines worked in these groups finds its way to outside markets through Seattle. In 1890, the average daily shipments through that port amounted to 1,000 tons, and they have greatly increased since then. Take for instance the production of coal at the Gilman mine. In 1890, it shipped to Seattle 70,965 tons; in 1891, the year of the strike, 53,931 tons; and in 1892, the shipments amounted to 102,105 tons. The output of the Carbon River Group of coal fields is shipped through Tacoma, more than 225,000 tons passing through that port last year. These beds lie on South Prairie Creek and Carbon River, tributaries of the Puyallup River. Three collieries are worked in this group, one of which, the Carbonado mine, is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The Roslyn mine, worked in the Yakima and Wenatchie Group, is owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Railroad extension has lately afforded facilities for opening the vast fields of the Bellingham Bay Group, which is enormous in extent. It may be here remarked that the first shipment of coal from Washington was made from the Sehome mine on that bay.

Western Washington is not a great wheat producing country as is its twin, the Eastern half of the State. Oats, however, are raised in abundance, and vegetables and fruits grow so luxuriantly that in size many varieties of them can only be surpassed by California productions. To the Puget Sound country the goddess of fruit has been especially benign. Apples, pears, prunes, plums, cherries, apricots, and berries of all kinds are produced with marvellous success, the flavor of these fruits being exquisite. Bacchus, however, would fare badly here, if he had to wreath himself with native-grown vine-tendrels, and imbibe wine pressed from the Puget Sound grape. He would wish himself back in the gardens of the Hesperides; for the grapevine does not thrive about Puget Sound.

But there is a plant, that Bacchus probably knew not of; a plant that contributes to the production of a beverage which, in quantity as regards demand and consumption, far exceeds that of the numerous palate-tempting nectars manufactured from the juice of the grape; and that plant is the hop vine.

The first attempt at hop raising in Washington was made in 1866. In that year less than an acre was planted to the vine by Ezra Meeker near Puyallup. So large was the yield, and so remunerative were the proceeds that in the following year other agricultural experimenters in the new country followed Meeker as their guide to a new industry. Since then the cultivation of hops in Washington has assumed immense proportions. The hop crop in fact is the most valuable agricultural product of Western Washington. The hops of Washington are equal in quality to those of England and superior to those of any other country. About forty miles east of Seattle is situated the Snoqualmie Hop Ranch which may be regarded as the largest hop farm in the United States. It consists of 1,500 acres of rich alluvial soil, over 300 of whch are planted in the hop vine. It is an ascertained fact that all the lowlands bordering on the Sound were at one time under water, and that they consist of vast alluvial deposits of unknown depths, well-drillers having found that they were still in surface soil 144 feet below the top. This soil is of the richest character and enables the plant to produce enormous crops, and at the same time assures it great length of life. Some vines that have been planted twenty-five years are as healthy and vigorous as ever, while in other districts where the soil is thin the vines die out after four or five years of existence. The average yield under the circumstances is greater than that of any other country, while the

YOUNG INDIAN HOP-PICKERS.

expenses are naturally less. About 1,600 pounds to the acre is regarded as the average yield, though the hop yards not infrequently produce from a ton to a ton and a half per acre, and even the enormous crop of two tons has been known. The production of the Snoqualmie ranch averages nearly a ton to the acre.

In 1888, nearly 5,000 acres were planted in hops, the shipments amounting to about 42,000 bales, which sold at prices varying from twelve and one-half cents to fifteen cents a pound. The highest price ever received was one dollar a pound. That was in 1882, and in that year E. Meeker & Co., who are the principal growers, shipped $70,000 worth of hops from one farm. The year 1889 was not favorable to Washington hop growers, the yield and quality being inferior, while the abundant crops in other countries caused an unusual low range of prices; the market opening at seven cents per pound and slowly rising to eight cents, which is about the cost of production. The crop of 1890 amounted to 45,600 bales, while that of 1891 was about 44,000 bales. The year 1892 was disastrous to the Washington hop growers caused by the ravages of the hop louse, *Phodron humuli*. Previously the cultivators of the plant had had great reason to congratulate themselves on the freedom of their hop yards from disease and destructive insect life. Mould, blight and vermin were unknown, and there was every reason to hope that the soil and climate would permanently prove to be unfavorable to the residence of the last-mentioned pest. Unfortunately these hopes have not been realized. The *Phodron* made his appearance, and last year for the first time in the history of hop growing on the Pacific Coast the California production of the article exceeded that of Washington. The intelligent manner, however, in which the Washington hop grower is attacking the enemy by judicious spraying, etc., affords every expectation of victory over the destructive pest.

With such munificent supplies of timber and other materials suitable or necessary for manufacturing purposes, it is natural that the Puget Sound District will eventually become a great manufacturing center. Numerous branches of that class of industry are already represented at Seattle, Tacoma and other places, and they are constantly increasing in number and in value of plant. Ship-building alone has assumed very satisfactory proportions, as will be recognized by the fact that in 1892 the gross tonnage of vessels constructed on the Sound amounted to 3,600 tons, the value of the vessels being over $250,000. Of course the manufacturing of lumber far exceeds that of all other manufactured goods. Nevertheless there are car factories and smelting works, foundries and flour mills, and numerous other establishments employing a host of hands and represented by large capital.

Trade and commerce are in a very thriving condition and hold out great possibilities in the future. In the

Puget Sound cities large wholesale houses have been established, the annual business of some of which reaches well into the millions. The trade of the merchants of Western Washington extends from the Pacific Ocean to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and from the Columbia River to the Yukon. Nor is the foreign commerce behindhand, and it is not predicting too much in prophecying that Puget Sound is destined to become one of the great commercial marts of the world. To show how favorable the balance of foreign trade is to Washington, we quote the figures for the exports and imports of the Puget Sound Customs District for the first eleven months of last year. They were: exports $4,527,958, imports $679,847.

Looking, then, through a vista of these shades, we see the conquering hand of civilization coming—surely coming—when

"This fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light."

STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY H. VAN ALLEN FERGUSON.

The storm sits at the organ,
Whose dusky pipes are trees,
And sweeps the leafy keyboard
As players sweep the keys
When groin'd roofs of cathedrals
Shake with the harmonies.

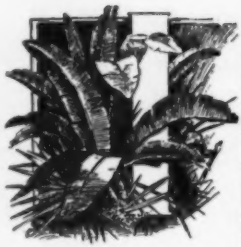
Play on, O wild musician;
Touch the responsive keys,
And make the huge pipes tremble
With ravishing melodies!
I feel the zealot's rapture,
I know his ecstasies!

Boom, bronze bells of the thunder,
As when the Host invites
Man's kneeling adoration
Before the altar lights—
The mystic, waxen planets,
That wink in perfum'd nights!

What are the fanes and altars
That bow before Time's rod?
This is the grandest temple
That Levite ever trod—
This vast psalm best expresses
The majesty of God!

GOING ASHORE IN GUATEMALA.

BY DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD.



IT WAS a clear, sunlit morning in late September when the *Acapulco* steamed slowly into port at San José de Guatemala. The "breaking waves dashed high" and with tremendous force upon the beach, and the red and brown roofed houses of the little coast town could be seen clustering invitingly among groups of cocoanut and banana trees. In the distance the volcanoes of Del Agua and Del Fiego were outlined against the sky in a delicate, shadowless blue.

There is no harbor at San José and passengers and cargoes are debarked in open sea. We had no sooner cast anchor than the ship began to careen from side to side in a most uncompromising manner. She went over on the port side until it seemed as if everything and everybody would slide into the scuppers if not into the sea, and then righting herself for an instant she rolled down on her starboard side, and this stupendous see-saw was maintained for the entire thirty-six hours we lay at anchor. It is said that the force of the sea is greater here than at any point on the Pacific Coast. It is certainly true of that portion lying between Panama and the Straits of Juan de Fuca; and how to make a landing in such a heavy sea was the problem which presented itself to the untutored minds of those of us who were bent upon going ashore.

Shortly after the *Acapulco* had cast anchor a lighter put off from shore and bore down upon us. It was manned by ten brown-skinned, barefooted, bare-headed natives who stood upon the seats of the boat and handled their immense oars apparently in the most indolent and haphazard manner. We clung to the guard-rail of the ship, as though it was the only thing on earth worth clinging to, and watched the approach of the cumbersome craft. As it drew near, one of two results seemed inevitable. The boat would either crash into our ship, or missing that calamity, shoot so far to leeward as to be of no practical use to us for some time to come. While we were wondering which event was most likely to occur, the lighter darted past the ship's bow, and by a sudden, swift pull on the part of the oarsmen (they evidently knew much more than we had given them credit for) was soon hauled up on our starboard side. Then with the aid of a couple of hawsers the stranger was made fast to the big ship. The two craft did not get on well in their enforced companionship—the *Acapulco* continuing her swaying from side to side in long, steady sweeps while the lighter bobbed about like a cork.

The captain now informed us that the opportunity of going ashore was at hand, and in a few moments all were assembled on the main deck. Here we found a chair with numerous ropes attached to it, in which with the aid of a dummy engine we were to be lowered to the barge. We seated ourselves one at a time in the chair, and at a given signal were swung out from the ship and dropped into the smaller boat. It was a tedious process. At last, however, the barge was loaded to the water's edge, and casting off from the ship we made a bee line (I am not sure that the phrase is strictly nautical) for an immense wharf which jutted out from the shore.

It was a long pull and a strong pull before we reached our destination, and plenty of time was afforded us to investigate the contents of the barge. A queer lot we certainly were. Besides the Americans of our own particular party, there were well-dressed Mexican men and women; Guatemalans in all varieties of costume—the senoritas with lighted cigarettes between their lips or fingers; there were wretched negroes and Indians with barely sufficient clothing for their bodies—some were carrying pet monkeys and parrots; there were a number of children delighted or frightened as the case might be; there were dogs and trunks and provisions and baskets and bundles filling in every inch of available space. In short, we looked like a crew who had saved what they could in a hurried escape from shipwreck.

"ONE MOMENT, PLEASE; LOOK PLEASANT!"

Arriving at the wharf the boat bumped close to a forest of iron girders against which the giant waves dashed furiously and were churned into masses of white foam. With great difficulty the lighter was made fast to the wharf. Then an iron crate much like a canary bird's cage on a large scale, and capable of holding a half-dozen people, was swung out from the wharf by a derrick, where it hung above us like some huge monster ready to swoop down at any moment and bear us away.

Meanwhile the ocean rolled in with tremendous force. Each advancing wave bore us high upon its crest, so that one moment our heavily freighted craft rose to a level with the floor of the wharf, giving us just time enough to exchange glances with the crowd in waiting when down we fell for forty feet or more. This performance was repeated several times; then a cry of warning was heard and the iron cage dropped into the boat upon a pile of merchandise.

A scramble now ensued among the passengers and in a very short space of time six of them entered the cage, were borne aloft and deposited in safety upon the wharf. As the waves surged back and forth the taut hawser —that one of the two by which the boat was secured to the wharf—shivered and groaned as it tightened under the severe strain, while the other wet and dripping squirmed among the miscellaneous cargo like a sea-serpent; and when its turn came to hold us in check,

heads were adroitly ducked under to avoid accident. One old Peruvian gentleman lost his hat during a scurry of this kind, whereupon he coolly opened his valise, took from it a clean white towel, enveloped his head in it, and then carefully pinned the two ends snugly under his chin.

When it came our turn to be hauled heavenward we held on to the iron bars of the cage, and our hearts beat quickly, especially at that supreme moment when, just before swinging inward, we hung suspended in mid-air high above the roaring sea. A young man stood on the wharf with his "detective" in hand and above the tumult of wind and wave we could hear him calling out:

"One moment, please; look pleasant!"—and the camera had claimed us for its own. Once safely ashore it was great sport to watch the others. Some of the women, and men too for that matter, were pale with fear, but most of the passengers enjoyed the excitement thoroughly.

We now dropped into an eating-house near at hand but failed to make a favorable impression upon the proprietor. It was nearing the hour of his noonday siesta and no amount of entreaty or money would induce him to deviate from his daily practice. He could not understand why anybody in his right mind should wish to ramble about the streets in the middle of the day, and it is a favorite saying among the natives that "only dogs and *gringos* go out at noonday."

We went into several cafés and restaurants but it was always the same: "*No, señor; nada de comer.* Nothing to eat."

"For my part," said one of the party in desperation, "I am just about starved; I could eat a buzzard." But even that privilege was denied him and the rest of us as well. Not but that there were enough to go round. In every direction we could see the ugly black birds with feathers askew flapping their scrawny wings among the cocoanut trees and house tops, or walking the streets with a mincing, awkward gait. But here as in most southern countries buzzards are utilized as street scavengers and it is against the law to kill them. At one time during our walk three of these wretched creatures joined us, evidently trying, as some one suggested, to palm themselves off as members of our party.

We were finally advised to apply at a hotel farther up the town, and starting in the direction indicated we had a delightful walk of a mile or more. The vegetation on every side was luxuriant and beautifully green. There were jungles of gigantic ferns and bamboos, and sometimes we came upon pools of water in which gorgeous blossoms of the *tilandsiac* and crimson azaleas were reflected with marvelous distinctness. There were mahogany, mango and *mata-palo* trees, among which the bamboo, or *coyles* houses with roofs of palm leaves nestled cosily and looked delightfully cool and inviting. Just beyond the town were *fincas* of coffee, tobacco and sugar cane, while way in the distance the conical peaks of the twin volcanoes rose far to skyward, and even as we watched them seemed to change color in the soft atmosphere from an exquisite blue to that of a delicate emerald green. Occasionally iguanas, which are regarded by the natives as a great delicacy in the way of food, were frightened from their noonday sunning and wriggled off into the slippery grass.

We met several Indian women dressed in white with blue shawls over their shoulders, and baskets or water-jars on their heads. They looked exceedingly picturesque in their simple attire and always greeted us with smiles and a gracious "*Buenos dias, señores; buenos dias todos.*"

Finally the hotel was reached and after a five-minute search we found the proprietor. He was stretched out at full length in a hammock and looked bored to death at the very sight of us. We made known our wants without hesitation and for a

full minute the man stared at us in blank amazement. Then when he realized the full extent of the task we were about to impose upon him his muscles relaxed, and he sank down farther in his hammock, a picture of abject misery. After a while he recovered his voice and insisted over and over again that there was n't a thing to eat in the whole house. For a while our case appeared hopeless. But we finally hit upon the happy plan of naming over various articles of food separately, and pinning the man down to a positive *si* or *no* as to whether he had, or had not, that one particular commodity about the premises. The poor fellow fairly writhed under this severe cross-questioning, but in every instance confessed in the affirmative; and so, realizing at last that there was no possible escape he set about his unwelcome task.

While waiting for breakfast some of the gentlemen played billiards on a three-legged table, while the rest of the party amused themselves by drinking lime-ade and watching the antics of a spider monkey which ran up and down a long rope that was suspended from the ceiling of the veranda.

In about an hour breakfast was served and this is our bill of fare:

Oranges.
Rolls (without butter).
Soup of Eggs and Cheese.
Stewed Beef with Lime Juice.
Pickled Ham.
Tortillias.
Alligator Pears.
Fried bananas.
Boiled Eggs.
Omelette with Vegetables.
Pisco (wine).
Native Cheese.
Coffee.

When the meal was ended we visited the market. This is one of the things to do upon arriving at a coast town. All the products of the country roundabout are for sale at the markets, and it was always a delight to leave the glaring sun and heat outside, and step into these low-roofed buildings with their cool pavements and shadowy corners, and wander among the queer people and queerer merchandise with which the places are crowded. The market at San José was no exception to the rule. Of course we bought some shells, and odd-looking fans, which the natives used to blow their fires with; some dolls and *tulanios*—curious carved utensils employed in making froth on cups of chocolate; some miniature water-jars, and then we wandered out upon the main plaza.

The plaza was bordered with some of the tallest cocoanut trees we had ever seen, while in the center of the square was an immense tree known as the ceiba. Attracted by some music, we walked in its direction, and stopped in front of the house from which the sound proceeded. A man saw us coming and very cordially invited us in. He wore a white garment which was very short in the arms and legs, and might have been taken for a bathing suit, except for the very apparent fact that it had not been near the water for a long, long time.

Once inside the house we found a number of people assembled. They nodded and grinned at us familiarly, as though it was only a few years ago that we were all girls and boys together. Three men were playing upon a *marimba*. This instrument is like the zylophone, except that a series of wooden pipes, which produce a mellow, droning sound, are inserted beneath the keyboard. The performers beat upon the instrument with sticks which have heavy knobbed ends. The interior of the hut was picturesquely dirty. The furniture consisted of a bed (merely a long box filled with dirt), a cot, over which a piece of bright yellow matting had been thrown, and several canvas camp chairs, very much soiled, and laboring apparently under some organic trouble which prevented us from relying with too much confidence upon their support. A canopy of cobwebs, probably the accumulation of years, was suspended from the palm-leaf ceiling.

Later on the *marimba* was brought out of doors and one of the gentlemen, in company with a smiling senorita, who wore a clean white dress and had a mass of glossy black hair, danced the *panuelo*. The natives were highly entertained. They gradually emerged from their doorways and laughed as though the performance was the drollest one they had seen for many a day. In this instance evidently they felt quite repaid for the loss of their mid-day slumber.

Just as we were about to leave our new friends, we heard a shout, and two lads, scarcely more than ten years of age, dashed down the street on horseback in close pursuit of a bull. They disappeared in a cloud of dust.

We now wandered back to the wharf and sat for some time in front of the Custom House, watching with untiring interest the immense waves which were still rolling in on the beautiful beach. Each wave as it approached, made a noise like a gathering whirlwind; then with a thunderous roar, it burst into a shower of spray, and for moments afterward the air was filled to a great height with glistening particles of water.

It was time now to embark for the ship, so we walked to the end of the wharf and found our cage in readiness. We were swung out and dropped into the launch without mishap. But we were barely seated when a wave of unusual violence bore in upon us and propelled the launch forward with such force that one of the hawsers with a loud report burst in two. It was a critical moment. Our oarsmen with two exceptions were still on the wharf, and these two were entirely unequal to the calamity which threatened us; should the remaining rope give way nothing could prevent the boat being cast far upon the beach. Fortunately, however, another rope was flung from the wharf with all possible haste and we were once more made secure.

"What a magnificent view could be had from the top of one of those volcanoes!" exclaimed an enthusiastic member of our party when we were once more safely on board the ship.

"Yes," returned another with a laugh; "and we should probably be up there now enjoying it, if that other rope had given 'way."

A SILHOUETTE.

BY HELEN RACHEL ROBB.

"US AIN'T SHU NUFF SLAVES US BOANED FREE."

YES, sah, I war boaned free. I's mighty proud o' dat fac'. Heap o' niggers 'bout hyah 'sputes hit but I knows dey's jes' coveshus. Fah back's I kin min', my brudder Ephum war allus tellin' me, "Us ain't shu nuff slaves, us boaned free; an' de good Lawd gwine ter sen' de Yeah o' Jubilee, an' us'll be de fus ter go out o' bondage." An' when daddy come, him telled us 'bout what us us'ter be in de Noaf.

My poh ole daddy! He hed pow'ful bad luck an' he's plumb woh out. Meldy an' me's makin' him's easy's we kin, but he grieves mightily. When de colahed people comes in frum de fiel', dey gathers, an' he talks to 'em; an' he kin talk finer'n airy preachah I eber come up on yit. He reads out'n de Bible an' 'splains hit ter us, an' many a one's 'sperienced 'ligion in dis hyah cabin. He kin read writin' readin', 's well's readin' readin', an' ef any o' de colahed people gits lettahs, dey brings em ter daddy ter read foh 'em —love lettahs mos'ly dat de gals gits frum der sweet'arts.

Heap o' times he tells us 'bout dat big, good Noaf kentry whar us libed. Hit war in Fayette County, Illinois, an' dey was daddy an' mammy an' us chilluns—Ephum, him de biges', den Alex, an' den me (li'l Caleb me war den,) an' las' de baby li'l Lily Bell. Dat li'l gal war de puttes' ting ye eber laid eyes on, wif smoov skin, an' sof', curly har, an' big eyes shinin' like blackberries soon in de mawnin' when de jew's on 'em. She war jes' like a graven image. I kin shet my eyes now an' see de house us libed in's plain's I kin dis hyah cabin when dey's open,—jes' heah'n tell 'bout hit. Hit war painted white, shu nuff paint, none o'yer nigger whitewash 'bout dem times. Dey war a gallery in front, wif vines runnin' up, makin' hit cool an' shady in de hottes' day; an' a flowah yard in front o'dat whar de posies blowed putty much all de yeah, I reckon; an' a walnut tree 'longside de gate, whar us gethered nuts when de fros' come. Inside de house hit war all fixed nice like white folks'. Dey war a shu nuff kyarpet on de fron' room, an' dey was a big, sof', white bed, wif a li'l one under hit what dey call a trinnel bed dat dey pulled out at night an' de chilluns slep' in. 'Twixt de winders was a stan' wif a big Bible layin' on hit, an' de winders hed white curtains. Hit war a fine house, an' us war's happy's 'possums in 'simmon time.

Daddy hearn tell a heap 'bout a place what dey call Californy. De folks tells him hit war mos' like de New Jerusalem, wif streets o' shinin' gol' an' rocks o' gol' rollin' roun' in de roads, lookin' like dey war beggin' folks ter pick 'em up. An' dey say enybody 't hed a min' ter could go dar an' git 'em, kase nobody did n't claim 'em moh'n nobody else; so all ye hed

ter do war ter go dar an' take yer sack an' fill hit up wif dem gol' rocks an' tote hit long back home, an' den ye could lib like a king arter dat. Daddy hed ter woak tolable hard, an' he kep' thinkin' dis hyah was a good chance fer him, so him an' mammy would n't hev ter woak s' hard, an' so dey could give de larnin' ter der li'l chilluns. Mammy war sorter skeered when he talked 'bout gwine, for she hearn tell how hit war a long way ter Californy; but he got so he war plumb sot on hit.

Dey was a big crowd o' men gwine, mos'ly white men, an' some on 'em hed hosses what dey was carryin' long ter sell arter dey got ter Californy, an' daddy got a job at 'tendin' de hosses.

De day dey lef', us goed ter town 'long 'o daddy ter see 'em off, mammy cryin' mos' all de way. De hul town turn out an' goed wif 'em till dey struck de pike. Daddy he kissed us all an' de las' one li'l sis, dat putty Lily Bell. He say ter mammy not ter take on so, fer he'd soon git back an' den her an' li'l sis' an' us li'l boys'd ride in a gol'n chariot. Dey war a ole preachah dar what prayed fer 'em, an' ax de Lawd ter bless 'em an' bring 'em back safe. Den dey was parted, an' de Scripter was filled—one was tuck an' anudder was lef'. Dem what was lef' goed back home, de wimmen folks a cryin' an' de men folks lookin' like dey wanted ter turn tracks de udder way.

Dey was a long time gittin' ter Californy. Dey start in de spring o' de yeah, an' de snow was on de groun' when dey sot foot in dat lan'. Dey had a hard time, shu, in dat jauney. Some o' de men tuck a sort o'fevah, an' foh on em died an' war burried in dat lonesome place what dey call a dezerd, wif nobody to preach de fun'el. Lots o' hosses died an' lots moh turned lame on 'em. An' at las', when dey was gittin' nigh de een' o' der jauney, dey like ter stahve ter deff, fer der rations mos' guv out. Daddy ses many's de day he's walked 'long, drivin' a drove o' lame hosses, so hungry he mos' drapped in his tracks, his head achin' til hit 'peered like ef ye'd tech hit, hit'd bus' like a moh'n ripe pumpkin, de sun blazin' down on him an' his feet like two big blistahs in de burnin' san'—nary tree no whars, nuthin' but san' an' sun. He ses look like he'd go plumb 'stracted when he'd think 'bout settin' on de gallery at home, in de cool o' de evenin', wif de win' blowin' 'twixt dem green vines, an' Lily Bell a layin' in his arms, so quiet like she allus war, an' mammy gittin' suppah, an' de smell o' de bacon an' de cracklin' bread comin' tru de winder, jes nuff ter make him hungrier. When daddy think like dat, look like his senses war gwine frum yim, shu; but he nevah die ner go 'stracted, but jes kep on 'crost dat red hot dezerd, long sight wusser off'n de Chillun o' Isr'l.

At las' dey come ter dat ar Californy Promis' Lan'. But dey warn't no gol'n streets dat daddy eber seed, an' dey warn't no gol' rocks layin' roun'. Him and some moh men goed ter diggin fer 'em up on a big mountain whar de snow war piled higher'n a man's head. He come on a li'l now an' agin, but nothin' long side o' what he'd hearn tell on. How he wanted ter git home! He ses de good Book ses dat de love fer gittin rich am de bigges' root o' de tree what bears all de bad doins dey is in de worl', an' he's 'sperienced de truf o' dem words.

De snow got so deep dey could n't git nowhars ter git rations, and dey like ter stahve agin. Daddy ses he'd bin glad ter quit livin', but stahvins a drefful hard road ter turn off by. Fer tree mon's he neber sot teeth on nary bite o' bread, ner nuthin' but fresh meat what they'd kill; fer what li'l meal dey was, was priced at two dollahs fer a poun' weight, an' a han'ful o' salt was wuth a han'ful o' gol'. But he kep' a diggin' an' a delvin' when he warn't moh 'n able ter stan' on his feet, an' come spring o' de yeah he war gittin' 'long tol'ble fair, an' sorter spunked up an' kep' thinkin' ef he goed on like dat, meby de

day'd come when he'd hev nuff ter carry him home. Hit made him feel right strong ter think dat away. Rations warn't so spenshus den, an' dey all livened up. But d'rectly hit begun a rainin' stiddy, an' de snow what'd bin pilin' up on dem mount'ns, hit melt, an' de li'l branches was turned ter rivahs an' come tearin' down de mount'ins like teams o' run-away mules, plowin' up ebery las' ting 'ception de solid rocks. All daddy's woak o' dat turrible wintah stood plumb in de way o' one o' dem gallopin', smashin-up rivahs, an' arter hit hed done goed by, better b'lieve dey warn't no great sight ob hit lef'. He could n't 's much's fin' de spot whar he'd woaked an laid dem plans 'bout gittin home. Dat war 'fliction, shu!

He tried ter go ter diggin' agin, but he neber hed no luck ner no heart fer hit, so he guv up an' got a job at makin' brick, an' woak at dat stiddy fer a full yeah. Den he ses ter his sef how he war gwine ter start back home, 'crost dat dezerd, ef he nevah got mohn'n ten mile 'foh he died. Arter a spell he hearn tell on a white man what was hirin' han's fer woak on a big ship, an' he got a job at shovelin' coal on hit. He war on de big ochun an' he hed to woak pow'ful, but he nevah min' dat fer he war comin' home, an' he war jes's happy at dat 's ef he'd bin layin' in de sun chawin' on sugar cane all de time. He could n't har'ly wait fer de ship ter git ter New Yawk. Dat was de name o' de town whar he lef' de ship an' struck out fer home. He kep' won'rin ef de chilluns'd growed much an' ef dey'd ricolec' him. Agin an' agin when he war trampin' acrost de kentry, woakin' a day now an' agin ter git rations, he'd plan how he'd meet us. At las' he struck de pike dat run 'long nigh home, an' look like den he'd got ter run, an' he neber stop ter eat nuthin dat day. He knowed he'd git dar long in de cool o' de evenin' an' likely de chilluns 'd be playin' undah de walnut tree by de gate, an' he kep' won'rin ef dey'd come runnin' ter meet him, an' ef Lily Bell warn't big nuff ter run wif de res'. Den he think how mammy 'd come ter de doah, heahin' de chilluns a yellin', an' how glad she'd be, an' he'd say, "Keziah, hyah's yer ole man, but I aint brung no gol' back frum Californy; all I's brung 's my ole bones, an' dar aint much meat lef' on 'em. I's hed pow'ful bad luck, but I's gwine ter woak right long hyar at home, an' I kin make a livin' fer ye all, an' we aint neber gwine to part no moh." Den he think how dey'd all go in so happy, an' mammy'd git suppah, an' de neighbors'd come in moh'n likely, hearn tell how he'd come back, an' he'd tell 'em 'bout Californy an' what he'd 'sperienced dar.

When he lef' de pike an' struck 'crost de fiels' he knowed ebery step o' de way, an' he soon come in sight o' de house. He could see de walnut tree, but dey warn't no chilluns playin' undah hit; but he ses to his se'f how meby de chilluns war down to de branch a fishin'. When he come nigh he neber see nobody roun', an' hit did n't look nohow like hit uster. Dey warn't no flowahs in de yard, an' de vines war broke down oft'n de gallery, an' de gate war hanging on by one hinge. De place look mighty desolate, but he thinks how he'll fix hit all up nice agin. When he goed up de steps he war mighty flustrated, an' he stood a good bit tryin' ter sorter quiet down like. He ses how he would n't open de doah an' go in, fear o' skeerin' mammy, so he rap, an' look like his heart rap louder'n his han'. D'rec'ly a woman daddy neber seed 'foh opened de doah. He war so tuck back he jes' hed bref nuff lef' ter say, "Whar Kezia Merrifiel?" De woman, she ses, "Kezia Merrifiel haint libed hyah fer a yeah come nex' month. Her an de chilluns goed off, an' nobody haint neber hearn tell on 'em since."

My poo' daddy! He neber min' nuthin' moh arter dem words fer a

long spell, an' he ses dey telled him he war out 'n his head fer's much's a yeah. When he come back ter his right senses he war in de poo' house, but he warn't gwine ter stay dar; he laid off ter fin' his fambly ef hit tuck him all his life.

Ephum's many a time telled me how us come to leave dat ar Fayette County, Illinois. He ses dat daddy lef' mammy some money, but hit soon goed. She washed an' hired out cookin', an' Ephum an' Alex dey woak de gyarden in de summah time, but us got woser an' woser off, an' heap o' times dey warn't nuffin fer us ter eat, an' me an' Lily Bell 'd cry kase us so hungry, an' mammy 'd cry too kase she could n't git nuffin fer us. Dey was sumpum de mattah wif Lily Bell; peered like her li'l legs was sorter weak so she could n't neber stan' on 'em. Mammy'd try ter learn her ter stan', but dem li'l legs'd jes' double up like dar warn't no bones in 'em. Mammy she wanted ter carry her ter de doctah, but doct'rin' takes money. Us uster tote her roun', an' I reckon us lobed her moh'n ef she could a walked her own se'f.

Arter a long spell a white man what goed to Californy de same time's daddy, come back, an' he ses how daddy war daid. He sayed he nevah seed him, but a man as helped ter bury him telled him 'bout hit. Den mammy she knowed she mus' go somewhars ter git moh woak ter do, an' while she war plannin' dat away a white gen'l'man come 'long one day an' axed fer a drink o' watah an' could he res' a bit on de gallery. He war nice spoken an' he ax her 'bout her fambly an' she up an' tol' him 'bout daddy gwine ter Californy an' dyin', an' how she war layin' off ter go somewhars ter git woak so's she could bring up her chilluns nice an' give 'em larnin'. He sayed hit war lucky fer her he'd stopped by dat day fer he war jes' lookin' for a good woman fer a housekeepah. Him an' his wife was gwine off on a tower an' dey wanted somebody dey could trus' ter take keer o' dar house. He sayed she could bring all de chilluns 'long an' dey'd all hab a good home an' meby he could git woak fer de boys. Mammy she axed him whare he libed at, an' he telled her de name ob de place, an' hit war a town in Illinois, not fur off. He goed away an' sayed how he'd come back de nex' day ter know would she go. Ephum ses mammy cried a heap, thinkin' 'bout gwine off frum home, but looks like dar warn't nuffin else fer her ter do, an' de gen'l'man so pleasant spoken, peered like he mus' be tellin' de truf, so nex' day when he come back, she sayed she'd go 'long wif him.

She selled out ebery ting she had on de place, fer de gen'l'man say how

"DEY WAR N'T NO FLOWAHS IN DE YARD, AN' DE VINES WAR BROKE DOWN—"

she would n't need 'em no way ; an' de nex' week us all lef', gwine on a rivah in a big boat, an' de gen'l'man him on de boat too. Us li'l boys was so glad ter be a gwine somewhars, us war all de time gigglin' an' cuttin' up shines, but mammy sot wif de tears a runnin' down her face mos' all de time, an' Lily Bell laying in her lap, still an' sweet. Us war on de boat for a day an' a night. Den de gen'l'man he come ter mammy an' telled her dat us'd come ter de gittin' off place. He say he libed foh mile back frum de rivah, an' de nex' day he'd sen' a wagon ter tak us out, an he tuck us ter a cabin ter wait till he sent for us. Dat was de las' time us eber seed him, an' hit'd bin a heap gooder fer us ef dar'd neber bin no fus' time ! A man come fer us de nex' day. Dat orful day ! I kin min' dat time plain, but I can't min' nuffin' else dat happen, but jes dem foh or five days, for I was n't nuffin but a li'l chap den, only foh yeah ole, Ephum ses. I min' de white man comin' in de doah an' tellin' us ter git up an' git out o' dar, fer us 'longed ter him now, fer de man what brung us'd done sol' us ter him. Mammy jes' hollered out an' grabbed us chilluns close to her, an' den she sot still lookin' at dat man like her eyes war nailed in her head. De man he had a whip in his han' an' he struck her on de arm; den mammy she jumped up an' said, "What ye mean talkin' ter me dat away? Don' ye tink I knows I's in de free State o' Illinois, whar I war boaned an' brung up?" De man guv a big, loud laff an' he say, "Ye fool nigger, don' ye know ye's in de State o' Missouri now? Ye's my property now, an' I's gwine ter take ye down ter Mississippi an' sell you an' yer young uns." Mammy guv a big scream an' held us all clost ter her, an' sayed ter dat low-down lookin' white man he darsn't tech her ner one o' de chillun, fer us all boaned free, an' she'd hev de law on him. But de man struck her agin wif his big whip, an den he struck me an' Alex an' drives us 'foh him. Dey war some men gwine 'long de road, an' mammy called tor 'em an' ax 'em warn't dis hyah Illinois, but dey laff an' say, "No, dis Missouri." Den she call ter 'em how us war free boaned, an' how dis hyah man sayed he'd buyed us, an' axed 'em in de name o' de Lawd ter help us. But dey jes laff an' goed on, an' de man kep' a hittin' us wif de whip eber time mammy made a noise like dat.

Arter while us got ter de rivah an' went on a boat whar dey war moh colahed people. Us sot in de boat 'long side o' mammy wif her arms roun' us all. I reckon she was tinkin' she could keep us dat way—poo' mammy ! She neber talk much 'ceptin' ter tell us not ter be skeered fer dat man dasn't tech us. Den hit come night, an' us chilluns goed ter sleep, an' I waked an' cried kase mammy held me so tight. Must a' bin two or three days foh us got ter Mississippi, an' den us war sol'. Dey driv us ter a big town, to a wide place whar dey war heap moh folks, niggers an' white men, de niggers settin' on de groun' mos'ly an' de white men gwine amongst 'em 'zammin' 'em. Us war all sol' dat day, an' all ter one man, 'ceptin' Alex. A man buyed him fus', fer Ephum ses Alex war a likely boy an' de smartes' an' de bestes' lookin' o' any on us. Dey carried him away a hollerin' an' fightin' 'em, an' mammy yelled out an' tol' 'em dat us free boaned in de State o' Illinois, an' she hit de man what buyed Alex plumb in de face. Den dey beat her wif a big whip an' tuck Lily Bell frum her an' tied her han's 'hind her back. A man come 'long (him Mars Henry's ovahseer) an' look at us fer a good bit, an' him an' de man what brung us quarreled about de price. At las' he say he'd take us all ef de man'd frow in Lily Bell fer nuffin', seein' she was so puny she'd neber be no 'count no way. Arter quarrelin' fer a good bit moh' de man 'greed ter that. Mammy'd neber cried sence us got ter dat place till den, but de tears jes' poured down her

face, an' she kep' a lookin' up ter de sky an' I reckon she war thankin' de good God dat us was all gwine tegedder, all 'ceptin' poo' li'l Alex. Peered like frum dat minute she war sorter queer, an' neber ac' like herself no moh. She neber yell ner holler out, but jes' walk 'long quiet an' sad 'foh dat ovahseer, fer he drive us out ter de plantation an' us got dar soon de nex' day. Ephum tooted Lily Bell mos' all de way, but sometimes mammy'd take her, fer dey untied her han's arter she turned so quiet.

Us war slaves den, an' mammy an' Ephum was sot ter woakin' in de cotton fiel's. Mammy allus ac' so queer an' quiet, dat look like none o' de colahed people did'nt like her. She war so difi'n't frum 'em, too, an' allus talk nice an' proper like white folks.

Lily Bell'd allus bin weak an' sickly but she war woser off arter dat drefful time when us war sol'. Her li'l back hurt her a heap, but she bored hit pashunt jes' like a li'l angel. I tuck keer ob her mos'ly, fer mammy war off woakin'. Us'd play, an' I'd let on I war daddy come back frum Californy, an' I'd sot her in a ole box what we hed an' us'd let on hit war de gol'n char'ot, an' den I warn't daddy no moh, but a big white hoss an' I'd pull dat ar gol'n char'ot all roun' de cabin, an' she'd say us war in Californy now, an' she war drivin' me 'long dem gol'n streets, an' she'd laff an' look so sweet an' happy dat I'd tink she mus' be gittin' right well. But she jes' growed weaker all de time, an' hit war 'bout two yeah arter us come ter lib on de plantation, Ephum ses, dat she died. She got so sick one day, mammy got leave ter stay by her, She hel' her on her lap all day, an' dat sweet li'l ting suffer mightily; look like she hed sorter spasms. But de nex' day she 'peered like she war heap better an' laid on de bed a smilin', happy like. De ovahseer come by an' tol' mammy dat she mus' go ter woak dat day. I tried ter play wif Lily Bell dat mawnin', but she looked like she neber seed me ner heered me, an' come noon time she laid wif her putty eyes so still, allus lookin' in one place, dat I got skeered an' run fer mammy. She come a-runnin', an' when she got ter doah she guv a look at li'l sis, an' den she hollered out, "Oh! my baby, don' go 'way frum yer mammy." She heered dat an' she say low an' sof', "Deys comin', mammy, don' you see 'em? Deys comin' wif de gol'n char'ot fer li'l Lily Bell."

Some o' de wimen came runnin' in, heahin mammy holler, an' dey sayed de baby war daid, but mammy would n't believe 'em, but sot holdin' her in her lap, kissin' her an' beggin' her ter speak to her mammy.

Arter dat mammy ac' queer'n eber. She woak same's she did b'foh, but she kep' mutterin' an' talkin' low ter hersef mos' all de time, an' she'd har'ly eber ansah when she war spoke to. She neber talk ter us li'l boys no moh, like she uster, tellin' us how we'd orter be good; she neber tuck notice on us. Arter a bit de colahed people on de place got skeered ob her, an' none on 'em would n't woak 'long-side ob her, an' at las' dey say she was a conjurer. Den one ob de han's tuck sick an' died sudden, an' dey say she'd voudooed him. Mars Henry hearn 'em talk dat away, an' he knowed hit would n't do ter let 'em go on. One day me an' Ephum could n't fin' mammy nowhars. We axed all de han's whar she be, but dey would n't tell us nuffin', an' when us cried an' could n't woak kase us could n't fin' our mammy, de ovahseer he say, "Ye'll neber see yer mammy no moh, fer I sol' her yisterday." An' us neber did see her no moh.

Arter freedom come I allus ses how I war gwine back some time ter see dat Noaf kentry whar us libed, but I growed an' me an' Meldy married an' hed heap o' chilluns, so hit look like I'd neber see de time when I'd git ter go. But five yeah ago come nex' cotton-choppin' time, de chance come.

Dey war a gen'l'man come hyah frum dat ar Noaf kentry ter buy mules, an' he guv me de job o' carryin' 'em to whar he libed. Me an' dem goed in a car on de railroad, an' de gen'l'man say he'd pay my way back again. I war plumb happy gwine ter see dat Noaf kentry. I war fer a fac' ! I telled de gen'l'man 'bout dat ar Fayette County, Illinois, an' he say how Chicago, de town whar he libed in, warn't fur off frum dar, an' I could stop dar when I war comin' home. An' so I did, an' dat war de way I come ter fin' daddy. Fus' I found de place whar us uster lib. De house warn't dar no moh, but I seed de walnut tree dat war by de gate, an' de branch whar us played at fishin'. Den I come on a white man what knowed daddy 'foh he goed ter Californy, an' he tol' me dat he warn't daid but livin' in de poo' house right dar in Fayette County. Ye bet hit did n't take me long ter git ter dat ar poo' house an' fin' my daddy. He war so glad ter see me—him as hed lef' li'l Caleb, so long back—he mos' died fer joy.

He war a ole, broke-down man, woh out huntin' fer his fambly. He'd done spent de bestes' part o' his life a trablin' roun' frum place ter place tryin' ter heah tell on us, but he neber got nary word ter show him whar ter fin' us. He tells us how he'd git woak somewhars, an' meby stay fer a yeah er moh, an' den he'd pull up an' go on somewhars else, allus askin' eberybody ef dey'd hearn tell on Kezia Merrifiel' an' foh chilluns. He kep' on dat away fer twenty-five yeah, he ses, den he guv up an' woaked his way back ter Fayette County, hit bein' moh like home ter him'n anywhars else. He woak in a mill dar fer a yeah er two, an' den he was struck wif some sort o' fevahs dat giv' him a misery in his han's an' his legs, so dey sont him ter de poo' house.

I 'tarmined ter take him back home wif me ef I hed ter woak my fingers ter de bones ter git de money. Fer I knowed hit war mighty 'spenshus ter go so fur on de cars. But den I thinks how nufin war onpossible wif de good Lawd, an' He'd provide ; an' dat He did, fer a fac' ! Some good white gen'l'men raised de money amongst 'em, an' buyed daddy a ticket ter come on de cars 'long back hyah ter Mississippi wif me.

Sence I brung him back I's talked a heap 'bout gwine on de hunt fer mammy. But ye know Mars Henry died 'way back foh freedom come, an' ole Miss she neber kin min' whar it war he sol' mammy. So 'peers like de good God's hid her frum us, an' moh'n likely He's tuck her ter de bressed Kingdom Come long foh dis. But daddy keeps a prayin' dat de Lawd'll open up a paf fer her tired feet, an' lead 'em whar dey'll fin' de bes' res' ; an' I reckon dats on de shinin' streets an' 'side de cool waters, what daddy reads 'bout in de Good Book.

THE LAW AND THE CHINAMAN.

BY HON. THOMAS J. GEARY.

T IS a principle too well established now to be questioned, that Government has a right by legislation to protect its people, and its laboring classes especially, from competition, whether it comes in the form of a man or in the form of the product of human industry, if it tends to degrade and lower American labor and force it down in the plane of civilization. The great boast of our land has been that labor is better remunerated here than anywhere else; that the man who toils is guaranteed a fair return for his day's labor, measured not by his naked wants, but by the part he is expected to play in the development of this country, the maintenance of its civilization and the perpetuation of these United States.

Some will condemn all restrictive laws because, from the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man standpoint, all men being equal, all men should be permitted the same degree of freedom of movement and liberty in the practice of their trades and callings, and in the enjoyment of whatever fruits may come to them from their own industry; and all laws that interfere with the individual man, restricting his opportunities, or denying him the right to enjoy life and liberty in any country should be condemned by humanitarians and Christians. But this beautiful sentiment finds no application in the exercise of Governmental powers, because all such recognize that their first duty is to their own citizens; and in the desire of securing to them protection, and the enjoyment of life and liberty and happiness, the consideration of the effect on other people is of little consequence. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man does not apply in California, having been expressly repudiated in the gubernatorial election in this State, in 1867, when it was in issue.

If this clamor against Chinese exclusion that comes up from the East and from New England especially, is just, because of the restriction of the importation of Chinese into this country, where they can obtain better remuneration and more of the comforts of life than in their native land, what are these same humanitarians to say about the correctness of the policy judged by the same standard that they have justified and approved of during the past twenty or thirty years, which while not excluding the labor of the world from coming to this land, yet excluded the products of that labor, and by limiting it in the demand for the results of their toil and labor, reduced its income and denied to it the right to enjoy the fruits and full measure of its powers and capabilities?

When one reads the present declarations of these wise men of the East, and thinks of the crocodile tears they now shed over the fact that the poor Chinaman is denied ingress to this "land of the free and home of the brave," one remembers the beautiful stories we were regaled with last year by protection orators and writers from the same portion of the Union, who found a pleasure in presenting to the American people the pictures of misery and suffering that prevailed in Europe because of the passage of the tariff law in this land. We were told that every time a factory door was closed over there, and the poor laboring classes denied the opportunity to earn a livelihood by the closing of the mar-

kets existing in the country for their wares, they were forced to submit to starvation and other miseries, or else compelled, in order to maintain life, to sever their relations with their native land, leave their homes, and be driven by the operation of our laws into an involuntary exile. We question the consistency of these friends of the Chinaman, and question their sincerity as friends of white labor.

It is the duty of this Government to protect American labor against unjust and degrading competition, no matter whence it comes or what its form; and the labor that will by its presence lower the standard of labor that has heretofore prevailed in this country, and whose maintenance is demanded by the best interests of the land, should not be permitted entrance, no matter from what country it comes. On the Pacific Coast, we have experienced the evils of Chinese competition, and demand that the bars be put up on the Pacific so that no more of these people shall enter, and we are ready to unite with the people on the Atlantic to protect them from similar evils affecting them. We do not confine our objections to the Mongolian race alone, but believe that all other classes or races threatening similar consequences should be treated likewise.

The Chinese differ as competitors from all other people with whom we have been brought into competition. The population of their country amounts to over four hundred millions of people. Nearly all of these are laborers, and the condition of the country sustains the statement that the bulk of them are ready to emigrate to such countries as will afford better opportunities for employment. In China we find an unlimited abundance of cheap labor, and how cheap!

Mr. Bedloe, Consul at Amoy, in his report for January 1892, gives an interesting table of the earnings, cost of living, and mode of life of the Chinese people. In that report, he puts the average earnings of the Chinese adult employed as mechanic or laborer, at five dollars per month, and states that this is ten per cent. above the average wages prevailing throughout China. The wages paid, according to his report, per month, to blacksmiths are $7.25; carpenters, $8.50; cabinet makers, $9.00; glass-blowers, $9.00; plasterers, $6.25; plumbers, $6.25; machinists, $6.00; other classes of skilled labor are paid from $7.25 to $9.00 per month, while common laborers receive $4.00 per month. In European houses, the average wages paid to servants are from $5.00 to $6.00 a month, without board. Clothing costs per year from 75 cents to $1.50. Out of these incomes large families are maintained. On page 145, he says:

The daily fare of an Amoy workingman and its cost are about as follows:

1½ pounds of rice	3 cts.
1 ounce of meat, 1 ounce of fish, 2 ounces of shell fish	1 "
1 pound of cabbage or other vegetable	1 "
Fuel, salt and oil	1 "
Total	6 cts.

Here is a condition deserving of attention by all friends of this country, and by all who believe in the protection of our working classes. Is it fair to subject our laborer to a competitor who can measure his wants by an expenditure of six cents a day, and who can live on an income not exceeding five dollars a month? What will become of the boasted civilization of our country if our toilers are compelled to compete with this class of labor, with more competitors available than twice the entire population of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal and Spain?

The Chinese laborer brings here neither wife nor children, and his wants are limited to the immediate necessities of the individual, while the American is compelled to earn income sufficient to maintain the wife and babies. There can be but one end to this. If this immigration is permitted to continue, American labor must surely be reduced to the level of

the Chinese competitor—the American's wants measured by his wants, the American's comforts no greater than the comforts of the Chinaman; and the American laborer, not having been educated to maintain himself according to this standard, must either meet his Chinese competitor on his own level, or else take up his pack and leave his native land. The entire trade of China, if we had it all, is not worth such a sacrifice.

The protection of American labor is the duty of the American Government, and protection against such competition is not only just but necessary, if we wish to preserve our people, institutions and Government. The Chinese are not here by invitation of California. Our opposition is not new, and it will not do to limit it to any class or race. All recognize that their presence has been an injury, and that if we had had an equal number of white laborers in their place, the State would have made greater advancement. As early as 1854, the Legislature of this State sought to prevent their further coming, and ever since the State has opposed them. In 1879, the State voted on the question of Chinese immigration with this result: 154,638 against, 883 for. The cry that other foreigners, only, oppose them will not do in the face of this.

Who will gather our crops and perform the labor now performed by the Chinaman? Who perform it in other portions of the Union? Who performed it in the homes of the fathers of the men who now employ these men in California? If we had an equal number of white laborers for the Chinese now here, it would increase the demand for many of our products consumed by whites, but not by Chinese. Additional labor would be demanded in other fields of industry to supply the demands of this new labor army. Factories, not with a congregation of huts about them as we find them today where Chinese are employed, but with towns and cities as in the East, would spring up, and California would experience a new era of prosperity.

We consider these questions too much to-day from the standpoint of the men and times of '49. The future growth and development of the State is ignored, and we only see an immediate gain to the individual employer from this class of labor.

We spend large sums of money every year to encourage immigration. By excluding the Chinese, and with little expense, we can gain 100,000 white adults, ready to produce and assist in consuming the products of those now here. It is charged that we forced ourselves upon China, and sought her trade. This is not true. The English and the French battered down the gates of the Chinese cities—the American Government refusing to be a party in the assault. If the initiative had not been taken by others, China would be a walled city to us today; but after the battering down had been accomplished, and other nations had been admitted to the enjoyments of the Chinese trade, our Government merely asked that we should be placed on an equality with them.

Much has been said about the so-called Burlingame Treaty, and the great promises of trade held out to us at its ratification. It matters not what our expectations, however great, were at that time; they have not been realized. The inducements held out to our people by that treaty never have been justified by the action of the Chinese. We had a right to expect that the nation that had refused to be their enemy, when the great nations attacked them, should hold a better place in their estimation than their adversaries, but the experience of the last twenty-five years, since the Burlingame Treaties were ratified, shows that in the matter of trade, the Chinaman permits no sentiment to influence or affect him, but buys where he can buy the cheapest, whether from his enemy or friend, and sells in the market that will take at the highest price the greatest amount of his

commodities. There is nothing in the Chinese trade, or rather in the loss of it, to alarm any American. We would be better off without any part or portion of it.

For the year 1892, our imports from China amounted to $20,488,291. Our exports amounted to $5,663,000, or a balance in favor of the Chinese of nearly $15,000,000 for the last year. But a small portion of the exports are California products. The bulk are coal oil and cotton, which we do not produce, while the portion from California is largely made up from the products of Chinese labor here. California bears the burden of the Chinese presence, and reaps none of the benefits of the trade.

The history of the last year has been the history of the last twenty-five years, during which time we have shipped to China more than $134,000,000 in coin, in excess of the amount of bullion and coin imported therefrom. An examination of the line of exports shows that aside from cotton and coal oil, the bulk of the other exports exclusive of those produced by the Chinese in this country, are sent to that country for the use of Europeans, and not for the use of the Chinese; while an examination of the articles imported shows that much of the clothing used by the Chinese in the United States, together with their drugs and fruits, are imported from their home country and are not the products of labor in our country. The loss of this trade would not be injurious, and there is no possibility of China ceasing to trade with us, so long as we are always a customer for more than $14,000,000 of her products, over and above what she takes from us.

It is said that if this law is enforced, the missionaries and the merchants will be driven from China. In the first place, our people have no such rights in China as we accord her people here. They have not the right to settle where they please in that country, to engage in trade, or to indulge in their missionary work, excepting in a few of the ports of China, and few of her cities, and if an American wishes to go into the interior of China he must do just what we ask the Chinaman to do here—obtain a certificate of his right, and be prepared to show it whenever called for.

We have to-day not exceeding twenty-five merchants in all of China. As a matter of fact, the American houses have withdrawn from that trade, being unable to compete with the other foreign houses. As to the missionaries, it would n't be a national loss if they were required to return home. If the American missionary would only look about him in the large cities of the Union, he would find enough of misery, enough of suffering, enough people falling away from the Christian Churches, enough of darkness, enough of vice in all its conditions and all its grades, to furnish him missionary work for years to come.

The sympathy now exhibited by many for the Chinese in their present condition is misplaced. It should be the duty of all good citizens to advise submission to law, and to withhold their sympathy and encouragement from those who defy the laws of the country, no matter what their class, race or condition may be; because, unless there is voluntary obedience to law, or if the right of one race or class to defy the Government can be justified, a precedent is established for the future which will justify similar conduct on the part of other classes and races.

Since 1882, the laws of this country have prohibited the coming into it of Chinese laborers. This law was known in China, and was familiar to all of their people here; and yet year after year the law was violated, and large numbers of Chinese, as Mr. Choate, their attorney, in his argument says, came into the country in violation of our laws. Their coming was encouraged by the Chinese here and over our borders, and through frauds practiced

at our seaports, these people came into the land contrary to our wishes. They were not invited. Once here, they were received with open arms by their people, and their identity was covered up and lost in the great mass of the Chinese in the country, who, at all times lent all the assistance in their power to enable these people to violate the law. It was impossible to separate them from their fellow countrymen, and return them to their native land, since with their inherent disregard for truth, numbers of their fellows were always ready to come forward and testify that the accused had been a resident of the United States for many years. These violations of law were encouraged by the Chinese legally here, and especially by the Six Companies who made a profit out of the importation of the coolies.

Either the restriction laws had to be repealed and the ports of the country thrown open to this class of immigration, or else some other step that would secure the enforcement of the restriction laws had to be adopted.

One of the arguments presented by the friends of the Chinese is, that under the operation of the restriction laws in force prior to May 5th, 1892, large numbers of Chinese were constantly leaving the country; it was declared that their number here was decreasing so rapidly, that in a short time the evil of Chinese immigration would settle itself. Unfortunately, however, the statistics of the country do not support this claim. In 1880, we had, according to the census, 105,000 Chinamen. Since that time, 64,000 have returned to China from the Port of San Francisco, and 16,000 have returned on certificates establishing their prior residence. These figures show a net decrease in the number of Chinese in the United States of 48 000, but unfortunately for this argument, the census of 1890 shows 106,000 Chinese in the United States; or, instead of a decrease of 48,000, an increase in ten years. This number of 48,000 represents the proportion of Chinamen whose presence in the United States is illegal and contrary to law. Of all the Chinese now here, more than one-third are here not by invitation, but in defiance of the authority of this Government and its laws.

During these years the Government has been compelled every year to expend large sums of money for the maintenance of guards and inspectors upon our frontiers and at our different sea-ports, in order to prevent the infraction of our laws by a race of people who never have shown any respect for them, and to whom the violation of our laws is not a crime.

The Act of May, 1892, as Mr. Choate says, had for its primary and only object the identity of those Chinese who were justly here, so that we might distinguish them from those who came in violation of law, and who had no right to remain in the country. Its object was to prevent the deportation, or the infliction of any hardships attendant upon its enforcement, from being inflicted upon the innocent, and to identify them from the violators of law. The law was not so harsh in its provisions, but that even many of those who had violated the existing laws might secure the protecting certificate, as we were more anxious to establish a means of identifying those who came hereafter, than we were of visiting punishment upon those now in the country. This purpose was justified both by the necessity of securing obedience to our laws, and also upon the score of economy in reducing expenses which this Government was compelled to incur every year, because of the attempts of this particular race to defy its laws. The law imposed no hardships upon these people, and no tax was levied upon them ; they were asked to comply with the law, and it carried with it no badge of degradation.

Registration cannot now, and in this country be considered as a badge of infamy, because the history of our times shows that the registration of

our citizens, and of trades and professions, in one way and another, by Government, is in common and general use. In many of the States, and nearly all of the large cities, physicians, dentists and members of other callings are required to file their applications, become registered, take out certificates showing their right to follow their profession, and in default thereof, are subject to penalties for practicing without them. It matters not how able a physician he may be, nor from what schools he graduated; the natural right that he had to follow his profession is denied him, unless he complies with these laws. These laws have been passed in the interest of public health, for the purpose of protecting the community against the injuries resulting from the pursuit of these professions by incompetent persons. Yet no man contends because the physician, dentist, plumber and others, have to comply with these laws and obtain these certificates, that there is any badge of degradation or ignominy attaching to the members of their particular calling.

Americans complying with these laws make no claim that it is an evidence of barbarism, or has a tendency to subject them to degradation. In thirty-four of the States the American is compelled to register his name, his age, occupation and residence, and in some States a description of his person, before he is permitted to exercise the right of suffrage, than which there can be no more valuable privilege belonging to the American.

These laws are interferences with the natural right of the American, and if not complied with, deny him the exercise of the most sacred privilege; and yet no one says that they tend to humiliate him, or degrade him, or subject him to hardships. They are founded upon the right of the Government to protect itself and its citizens from the commission of frauds against the elective franchise, and because of the recognized facts that such frauds are attempted, and have been made by some governments, it assumes that all citizens are liable to do the same, and requires registration of all. It is better that all such be subjected to the hardship attendant upon registration, and the imputation of fraud established by the law, than that a few should have the criminal privilege of fraudulently exercising the franchise. Such a law is recognized as reasonable and just by all good citizens.

In the case of the Chinese, year after year we have found frauds practiced upon the Government, and the Government has been subjected to expenses to protect itself against them; and we apply to Chinamen the same rule that for years we have been applying to our own citizens—a rule justified by the actions of these people, and made necessary by their own criminal behavior. If we had imposed a tax upon Chinamen, if we had made compliance with the law difficult or onerous, some modification of the law might be justifiable; but recognizing how widely they were scattered over the Union, and how difficult and inconvenient to them it might be to attend before officers far removed from their residences, the law provided that the officers should go to the Chinaman, wherever he was, and afford him every facility for complying with the law without expense or burden to himself.

In the case of the American citizen desiring to vote, or to follow a legitimate calling, we compel him to go to the courthouse in his county, and file there a description of himself, bearing his own expenses and loss of time consequent upon the performance of this duty, before he can obtain his license or certificate. In the case of the Chinaman, with a regard for him we do not show to the citizen, we compel the officer to visit him, thus affording him no reasonable excuse for failing to comply with the requirements of the Act. Under these circumstances, the law was justified by the conditions that confronted us, by the desire to maintain and insure respect for the

laws of this country among the people of alien races, and it ought to be enforced. And we know from experience in California, where nine-tenths of all the Chinese in the United States reside, that the great mass of the Chinamen here would gladly and willingly have complied with it, but for the threats of their masters—the Six Companies.

Thirty years ago we spent millions of dollars and sacrificed thousands of American lives to free this land from the curse of African slavery, and all Americans justified it. To-day we have the exhibition of another race as absolutely enslaved by their masters as were the negroes in the South, establishing themselves and their institutions in our midst; and if it were well to free the country at that time from the slavery of the black, it ought to be equally as essential and patriotic at this time, to protect our country from the evils of Asiatic slavery, and our American labor from the unjust and degrading competition presented to them by the Chinese. The first duty of the Government should be to protect itself and its people against the re-establishment of slavery in any form, or under any name, no matter whence it comes.

This law is beneficial rather than degrading to the Chinamen legally here. Under the old laws, he was subject to arrest at any time, on the charge of having come illegally into the country. He was at the mercy of his fellows, who sought to inflict on him this form of annoyance. Charged with being illegally here, he was subject to arrest, and forced to incur the expenses attendant upon a trial to determine his rights to remain, while proof was necessarily parole, and perjury might be resorted to with ease and comparative freedom from penal consequences. This law gives him, under the seal of Government, a justification for his presence, and the written testimony always with him to free himself from this inconvenience and annoyance, while his right to remain could only be questioned, and the production of his certificate required by a regularly appointed Federal officer, whom we cannot presume would use his position to violate the spirit of the law or to harass and annoy.

But it is said that the photograph required of him was an evidence of dishonor and disgrace. It can hardly be contended in this day that to require a man to be photographed, imposes on him any very great hardship, especially when one remembers the almost general use of the photograph by all men. From the resemblance that all Chinamen bear to one another, no other means of identifying them could be selected. We tried the description by other means, under the law of 1882, and found it radically defective. If previous laws had been complied with, this law would not be necessary. The opponents of the law say that the Chinaman was required to carry about him a certificate, having stamped thereon his own photograph, and we are told that the man must feel dishonored because he carries his own picture in his vest pocket. Such an argument is unworthy of notice.

There would have been no failure to comply with this law on the part of the Chinese, but for the Six Companies, whose antagonism to it is not because of the degradation which it offers to their subjects, but for the reason that the enforcement of the law would ensure a certain means of preventing in the future any further importation of their slaves by themselves. It was the destruction of their slave industry that caused the Six Companies to make the effort they have to secure the defeat of the law, and not any love for the vassals now in their employment here. This law is justified by the treaties between America and China, and is in entire accord with the last compact between this Government and the Government of that country.

The consequences that now con-

front the Chinese in the United States are not the results contemplated by the Act, but are the results of the action of the Chinese themselves in defying the Government, in their voluntary failure to obey its just and reasonable laws; while the possible deportation is the result of their own actions, and not what was contemplated or expected when the law was passed. The law was intended only to prevent the further immigration of Chinese into the United States—deportation of those legally here was not its purpose.

The sympathy now exhibited by many for the Chinese in their present position is misplaced. It should be the duty of all good citizens to advise submission to law, and to withhold their sympathy and encouragement from those who defy the laws of the country, no matter what their class, race, or condition may be; because, unless there is voluntary obedience to law, or if the right of one race or class to defy the Government can be justified, a precedent is established for the future which will justify similar conduct on the part of other classes and races. Uultimately, the Government, under these circumstances, unable to enforce its decrees, will cease to be able to protect those who are deserving of its protection.

All aliens residing within the Union should be taught as the first condition of their remaining here, that they must obey our laws, or else leave. There is not room in this country for the establishment of foreign governments, or for races that are not willing to submit to the authority of American laws.

The Chinese law of May 5th was justified by the circumstances prevailing in this country; was in accordance with the treaties made between this Government and China; imposed no undue or unjust hardship upon the Chinese people here, and was a proper and just exercise of power on the part of this country.

American interests in the far West, the maintenance of American civilization and the just protection of American labor from Chinese competition, is of more consequence than the profits of the Chinese trade, or the maintenance of missionary stations in China. The law should be enforced. We cannot afford to have the declaration made that this Government cannot enforce its laws against an alien race in our United States.

BIG GAME IN THE WEST.

BY DON ARTURO BANDINI.

IN early times, bears were so plentiful on the Pacific Slope that ranchers on ordinary occasions paid little attention to them; but on "fiesta" days, bruin, especially if he was large and savage, had to keep a wary lookout.

Two or three days before the feast of St. John—not John the beloved, but John the wild, the wearer of skins—a half dozen young fellows would sally out in quest of his bearship. The early Californians considered the *reata* the most effective of all weapons for bear hunting, more especially as it was their purpose as a rule to capture the animal alive. The hunters seldom had a long search or hard ride. If they started from Los Angeles, for instance, on the little plain where the town of Garvanzo now stands, the quarry was surely sighted. Uncoiling their *reatas* the hunters would dash on the game at full speed, and soon would be heard the whir of the circling loop, and cries of "*Aye oso viejo, mueludo guatata!*" Sure cast, a couple of *reatas* around the neck, one on each hind foot and the captive and captors returned home. No excitement or curiosity; no questions asked; the occurrence was of too ordinary a nature to excite comment. If bruin survived the conflict with the bull, which usually followed, and had no "takers" he was turned loose and allowed to go back to his own kindred. Strange as it may seem these combats between bulls and bears were seldom fatal, the native Californians being careful to put an end to the duel the moment that either animal showed signs of weakness.

There have been many arguments, pro and con, regarding the ferocity and aggressiveness of the grizzly bear, some maintaining that the animal will not attack a human being except when wounded, or in defense of its young. I am not in a position to give an opinion on the subject, for the reason that I have either been the aggressor or else have given these ferocious creatures the widest possible berth; but old hunters tell me that grizzlies have charged them on sight without the least provocation.

A prominent Spanish-American from Santa Barbara, long since dead, invariably provoked a bear to combat whenever he encountered one, using no weapon but his knife—his *serape* being tightly wound round his left arm as a shield. One night, after a clandestine meeting with his sweetheart, the gentleman vaulted over the adobe wall, and instead of coming down on terra firma alighted on the back of a huge bear. A terrible combat ensued. When rescuers came they found the bear dead, and his antagonist lying alongside with knife in hand. The man was torn and mangled but still alive, and was taken into the house and tenderly cared for. The heart of the obdurate parent was filled with admiration at the young man's brave deed; all objections were removed and the courtship was allowed to proceed more comfortably.

Let us, however, say *Adios* to old time hunters, and interview those of our own day. Doubtless there are many people in California who remember the famous old grizzly, Clubfoot—so named on account of the deformity of one of his forefeet. This animal became so renowned for his ferocity, destructiveness and cunning that several large rewards were continually outstanding for his capture or death. It was proven beyond a doubt that the range and wanderings of this shaggy terror extended from

San Diego County clear up to the Oregon border. Many tales, some true, others purely imaginary, are still told of the prowess of this bear, some going so far as to assert that in order to insure a sufficient supply of fresh meat for winter use, Club-foot was in the habit of driving cattle into some deep cañon in the very heart of the mountains, there to dispose of them at will. I once gave great offense to an old hunter by asking him if he had ever heard of how Club-foot had raided a country store for a supply of salt to brine his beef. A famous hunter named S—— had a terrific hand to hand battle with this bear. He wounded the animal, and before he could reload (having only a single shooter) the savage brute was upon him, finally leaving him for dead. Club-foot did not escape, however, without carrying away some well-carved hieroglyphics made by the hunter's knife. I well remember when the wounded man was brought into Los Angeles. He presented little semblance to humanity; his jaw and both arms were broken and every portion of his body was terribly lacerated. Remarkable as it may seem, the man survived, and if I am not mistaken, it was he that finally put a quietus on Club-foot's depredations a year or two after the encounter that had so nearly cost him his life.

In April, 1873, a party composed of my cousin, brother, myself and a half-breed named Agusto, yclept *El Pelado**, left Los Angeles for a bear hunt in Ventura County. Four days' easy travel brought us to our happy hunting grounds, near what is called Cobble Stone Mountain. My companions were all expert hunters, and as a matter of course—crack shots. I was a mere lad then, but I prided myself on being able to handle either rifle or revolver with any of them. El Pelado was our man Friday, a good cook and a good fellow generally. With one exception he was utterly fearless, and this was his abject fear of *los difuntos*, the dead.

Arriving at our camping ground late on the afternoon of the fourth day, we busied ourselves in getting everything in proper shape; while El Pelado was preparing supper, my cousin and brother were setting up the tents and I was attending to the horses. The declining sun shed its soft rays on the surrounding greenery of tree and herb, seeming to rest longer on the mountain side and bringing out in strong relief the deep cañons and moss-covered rocks.

It had been agreed, much to my disappointment, that there should be no hunting the next day, as there were a hundred-and-one things to be done before we could settle down comfortably in camp. That night, sitting around the bright fire, every one had some story to tell. My brother, especially, was full of border lore. This was not strange as his ranch is situated in the very heart of the American wonderland. Many were the tales he told of adventures and hair-breadth escapes from Indian, outlaw and renegade, while for El Pelado's benefit and mine, too, very likely, he related a most terrific and far-fetched ghost story—Pelado and I, faithful devotees that we were, believing it from first to last. After spending an hour or two about the fire we retired to rest.

Early next morning, refreshed and in the best of spirits, the duty of giving the finishing touches to the appearance of our quarters commenced, and by noon this was done to the satisfaction of all. Despite the agreement to do no hunting on that day, the continuous drumming of quails was too alluring for me to resist, so shouldering my shot gun, I started out, promising to bring in a lot of quail for supper. In less than two hours I had bagged at least three dozen birds. On my way back and not a quarter of a mile from camp, I came to an attractive little clearing surrounded by large oaks. Under one of these I sat for a short time, keeping very quiet in the

*Literally, "the skinned," but the term is often applied in California to an impecunious person.

hope that a flock of quail would come out of the brush and give me a chance to increase the weight of my bag. Presently I noticed that the limb of a small tree not sixty feet away was swaying violently, and upon changing my position to obtain a better view, what was my consternation at beholding an enormous grizzly bear! He sat on his haunches eating berries, seemingly without paying the slightest attention to my presence. That he had already seen me I had little doubt, and that little doubt was removed when his bearship suddenly turned his head in my direction, pricking up his round ears in an alarming manner. I was armed only with a knife and a double-barrel gun, loaded with number eight shot. I had hunted bruin before, but this was my first solitary interview. What was to be done? The grizzly was between me and the camp, and if I made a dash through the clearing he would undoubtedly take after me. My best course, apparently, was to reach the edge of the thick brush. Could I accomplish this move successfully? My first attempt was a miserable and heart-thumping failure. Just as I took a step forward, whang! went the powder flask against the barrel of my gun. Turtle like I drew my head down between my shoulders. The bear stopped eating, looked sharply in my direction and then dropping down on all fours, made a move towards me. I watched the monster closely and then glanced around. Never before was the sky so blue or the sun so bright. A few fleeting moments of terrible anxiety ensued and then to my great joy the grizzly turned round and went back to his meal. Now was my chance. Jumping to my feet, I dashed into the brush, and by a circuitous route made my way to the camp in safety.

At first my account of the adventure was regarded by my comrades as a joke, but I soon convinced them to the contrary. Picking up our rifles we started for the scene of my exciting experience and on the way I insisted upon having the first shot by right of discovery. El Pelado also demanded his usual prerogative of holding brief converse with the stranger before commencing hostilities, to both of which propositions all were agreed. We soon reached the spot and found bruin still making his repast. El Pelado and I went ahead, quietly taking our positions, while my brother and cousin assumed theirs. A whistle had been agreed upon as the signal for El Pelado to advance, and when all was ready I gave the signal. Pelado stepped to the center of the clearing, and the moment the bear saw him he stopped eating, advanced a trifle and then stood still confronting the intruder.

I wish I could give a literal translation of El Pelado's words and describe his gestures and appearance.

"*Que hay vale que estás haciendo aqui?*" (Well, old pard, what are you doing here?) he began familiarly. "*Eso mirame bien; soy tu tata.*" (Look at me well; I am your daddy.)

Bruin seemed to resent this last insinuation for he rubbed his claws on the ground, angrily. Pelado now launched forth on a long tirade reflecting on the bravery of all bears from time immemorial, and then indulging in personalities, he made the most unkind and unwarranted allusions to the grizzly's own pedigree. At last picking up a stone, he threw it at the bear with the remark, "*Tu no eres hombre y me retiro.*" (You are no man and I retire.) And retire he did, but with the grizzly in full tilt after him. The stone struck the bear on the nose and put him at once in the most fearful rage. El Pelado, instead of running to one side so as to enable me to shoot, made a bee line in my direction. My brother and cousin, though solely tried, held to our agreement, and I ran to one side so as to get out of line of the pursuit and to get in my promised first shot. I dropped on one knee, and the next moment the report of my Spencer

awoke the echoes and evoked a roar from the bear. Another shot staggered him and diverted his attention to me.

My comrades now ran to my assistance, their rifles speaking at a lively rate. When the grizzly was within ten yards of me, he reared up on his hind feet and in that position continued to advance, his eyes flaming with rage, his snout wrinkled and curled back, displaying the glistening fangs, while his powerful forearms thrust forward and slightly curved were ready for the fatal hug. There was one chance still for another shot. Taking as careful aim as time would permit, I pulled the trigger, when, instead of the loud report there was a sharp click, which indicated that the magazine of my seven-shooter was exhausted. At this discovery I stepped backward, swung the rifle over my head and hurled it at the bear with all the force at my command. The barrel struck the grizzly in the mouth. As the gun left my hand, I drew my hunting knife; but just as the great shaggy mass was about to crush down upon me, there came a stunning report close to my head. The bear sank down on his haunches, then slowly toppled over, dead.

My brother had given him the finishing shot just in time. After looking the fallen mountain king over thoroughly, we concluded that he weighed at least 1,200 pounds. We found thirteen bullet holes, some going clear through the body. I kept the skin as a trophy for many years.

Two or three weeks after the hunt I have described, El Pelado and myself being the only ones in camp, (our companions had gone to Ventura to get the mail and a supply of provisions), made up our minds to go on a deer hunt. We laid our plans the night before as we sat around the fire.

A heavy shower fell during the night, and the morning dawned bright and bracing, the sky fairly shining with that deep blue so peculiar to California. Tying Cordero, our watch dog, to the front pole of our tent, we began our ascent of the mountain. The base of the mountain rested in deep shadows, but far out on the plain a flood of warm, bright sunshine was mellowing every tree and bush with its touch. Now and then a gentle breeze stirred the leaves, causing the scattered raindrops to flash and glimmer like jewels. In the mountains the scenery was grand beyond description. As the sun rose it tipped with gold the lofty peaks, then the light creeping lower seemed to rest for a moment on the divide of some great cañon as if loath to penetrate the dark depths; suddenly one golden shaft spanned the cool abyss, and finding a resting-place on the rocky wall, shone there—a bright beacon encouraging the rest to follow—then with a bound as it seemed the sun rose above the mountain rim, and what a moment before was chilly quiet gloom was filled with light welcomed by the song of birds.

El Pelado having no eyes for the beautiful and who had been ranging about, called to me. I found him looking at a large fresh bear track. Without loss of time we started in pursuit. The trail of the animal lead us in a diagonal course along the face of the mountains, up and down through cañons and wet brush, and sometimes we were so near the bear that we could hear him shaking the water drops from his shaggy coat. The density of the brush, however, made it impossible to get a shot at him. El Pelado, being in the lead, had to force or break his way through the thick undergrowth, making it easy for me to follow; otherwise, I doubt if I could have kept up with him, for he was as tireless as a stag. The pursuit had lasted for hours, when fortunately the bear made a turn, heading in the direction of the camp. Encouraged by this fact, we redoubled our efforts and were exchanging congratulations when the trail turned again straight up the mountain. My com-

panion stopped abruptly and striking the butt end of his rifle on the ground, said, "Let us give it up; the bear is playing with us. We can never catch him."

Weary as I was, this proposition did not suit me, and I knew the bear must soon stop. But El Pelado obstinately refused to stir a foot, so I determined to keep up the chase by myself. I had not gone a half mile when I came on my game, whom I found in an opening, "fanning" himself—briskly moving his body from one side to the other, facing the breeze. Being pretty well blown I knelt down and taking a knee rest, opened fire. The bullet struck the bear full in his side, and after tapping the wound with his paw, he rushed toward me; but from his unstable movements, I knew he would never reach me, and taking a quieter aim, a second bullet brought him down. The next instant there was a crashing in the brush, and El Pelado, breathless and hatless, dashed upon the scene. He was soon assured that no harm had come to me, and fervent and numerous were his entreaties for pardon in allowing me to go off alone.

Another animal incomparably safer to hunt but which requires more endurance, perseverance, tact and cunning than is necessary for either the grizzly or cinnamon bear, is the mountain lion; so shy and astute is he that only by the merest chance a hunter is able to shoot one. The mountain lion can worm his way through brush, thorns and cactus that are impassable to aught else except, perhaps, a rabbit. This animal has a great reputation for ferocity and bravery among those who are unfamiliar with his habits—a greater reputation than he deserves. There is no doubt, and I speak from experience, that the lion when cornered, will fight with all his might, while the female with cubs will not wait to be cornered; if her whelps are too young and weak to retreat with her she will, like all good mothers, die on the spot, rather than abandon them. To prove the love of the female lion for her young, I will tell of an incident that came under my personal observation. One wet winter day my foxhounds got on the trail of a very young lion, the damp ground giving such powerful scent that the dogs seemed to be running by sight. Occasionally I would have glimpses of the cub, and I could see by its movements that it was sorely distressed. Suddenly, far up the mountain sounded a long, thrilling cry—a cry once heard not easily forgotten. I knew it well enough; it was the voice of the mother lion telling her offspring that she was coming to the rescue. How she became aware of his peril is one of the mysteries of animal nature. There was a large burned spot, perfectly clear of brush, through which either the lioness or the cub had to cross before they could meet. Fortunately for me, the meeting took place almost in the middle of the bare ground. The hounds had not emerged from the brush, but they were coming in full cry. When the lioness met her cub, she stopped and fondled him, but an instant later the foremost hound burst through the screen of bushes, followed by the whole pack.

The cub continued its flight, evidently by its mother's advice, while she herself walked toward the on-coming dogs. When only a few feet from them she made a magnificent leap that landed her right in the middle of her pursuers, scattering them right and left. Then she dashed off in great bounds in an opposite direction from that taken by her young. The strategem was a perfect success, for the hounds diverted from the original trail took after the lioness in full voice. Up and down the mountain side, but always avoiding the vicinity of her whelp's retreat, the sagacious mother led the chase. But it was all in vain. Twisting and turning was of no avail, for the pursuers were led by one of the most tireless, relentless and surest hounds that ever bayed. The

hunt at last disappeared in a deep, wooded cañon, and from the short, sharp barks that came to us presently we knew that the game was treed. Working our way through the thick brush we found the lioness perched on the limb of a large oak. One of my companions was about to shoot her, when I restrained him, remarking that for two reasons that animal should live. Firstly, because of her tact and bravery in defending her young; secondly, to enable her to raise the whelps that would give us sport in the future. My friends demurred, but I drew off the hounds and the lion's life was saved.

There is one animal I never spare; that is the wild cat. This cruel and savage beast is not worthy of either pity or admiration. In no carnivora is the thirst for blood so rapacious. I have known instances in which thirty or forty lambs have been killed by one cat in a single night, often repeating the nocturnal slaughter several times in succession. It is in vain to try and poison the creatures, since, unless exceedingly hungry, they will not eat anything that they have not killed themselves. To destroy is their first incentive.

I have heard many arguments as to the proper classification of the wild cat, some calling him the lynx or bay lynx. I have caught with the hounds over one hundred wild cats, but not more than two or three lynx. There is a great difference in the appearance of these animals. The common bob, or wild cat, is more diminutive in every way; he has a shorter tail, smaller tufts on the ears, and is generally of a lighter color. The lynx, on the other hand, is of a rich grayish red, beautifully mottled; he has long, half-curled tassels drooping in front of his ears, while long black hair, dangling from under his neck, is as straight and coarse as that from a horse's tail. The lynx is one of the most deceptive of animals in appearance. When running it looks no larger than an average wild cat, but when stretched on the limb of a tree and looking down at the baying pack below, it shows the muscular development of its limbs. The high Sierras is the home of the lynx, and that of his fiercer cousin, the mountain cat.

Early one morning in May, while hunting far up the Arroyo Seco Cañon, the hounds started a very large lynx, and judging by the race he led the dogs, the animal was in prime condition for the chase. Instead of adopting the regular cat manœuvre of running round and round and enlarging the circle at each turn, he made a straight run for at least two miles. In fact, his course was so direct that I thought the animal was a deer, a coyote, or a fox. The chase went in and up a precipitous cañon where it seemed impossible to follow. "Well," said I to my comrade, "that settles the hunt as far as we are concerned. If the dogs tree, and we can hear where they are, we will try and go to them; at present the only thing we can do is to eat our lunch and await developments." We had been sitting perhaps an hour, with no sound save the lonely chirping of crickets to break the intense silence, when from far up the cañon came floating down, faint at first, the bay of a hound. Again that musical note; then another and another till the whole pack came over the crest. How the mountain walls echoed and re-echoed the sounds. It was as though a hundred dogs were engaged in the grand chorus, so welcome to the huntsman's ear. The chase descended into the bottom of the gorge; nearer and nearer they came, while the short, sharp yelps of the hounds indicated that they were almost on the game. A sudden uproar of sounds told that the quarry had been sighted, and the next moment a large lynx went up a tree a short distance from where we stood. The animal did not wait for us to stone him off his perch, but gave a flying leap and landed on the back of Ranger—the largest dog and best fighter in the pack. An unfor-

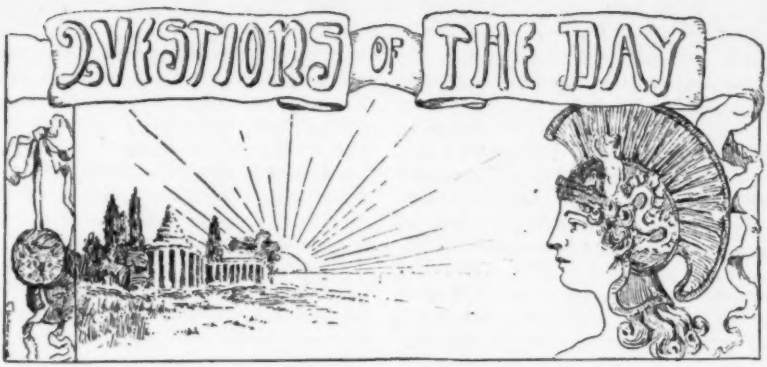
tunate selection, but the big cat made it exceedingly lively for Ranger before his companions came to the rescue. The lynx was soon dispatched and weighed eighty-six pounds.

The mountain cat is larger, fiercer, and by far a better and more enduring fighter than his brother of the foothills. There is always greater danger of losing hounds, especially if they are young, hunting this species. Unlike the lowlander, the mountaineer cat prefers to come to bay on the top of some huge rock, rather than climb a tree; and to reach him requires good, steady nerves on the part of hunter as well as dogs. If the cat jumps from a rock, a good hound will leap after him regardless of consequences.

As a proof of the pluck, the indomitable courage of that king of dogs—the foxhound—I will relate an instance that came under my own observation.

Col. W., a famous hunter, his two sons and myself once went cat-hunting in the Sierra Madre Mountains with thirteen hounds; eight of these belonging to the Colonel and five to me. In all amity we sometimes held long and warm disputes regarding the efficiency, pluck and good scent of our respective leaders—his "Bawler" and my "Ranger." It was fated that on that day should be settled the existing doubt, although in justice to Ranger, I will add that he was a much older dog than Bawler. Very soon after entering the range, the hounds started a fine cat. Up and down, dodging here and twisting there it went, but always keeping among the most inaccessible rocks and along the faces of the precipices. We could see the cat and dogs most of the time, and watched with interest the many manœuvers of the animal to throw his pursuers off the scent. Sometimes the cat would climb a tree and remain there till the hounds drew near, when he would make a grand jump and alight as far as possible from the tree. This trick would fool the youngsters, but the veterans knew better. Making a wide circle round the tree they would soon find the trail, and away they would go with the tree barkers after them, making frantic efforts with foot and tongue to regain lost ground. At length, after a long, hard run, the cat took refuge on the apex of a huge boulder, which stood on the brink of a bluff. Eighty feet below, by actual measurement, great oaks spread their thick branches, and arriving at the base of the boulder, we tried every possible way to make the cat jump to the mountain side instead of below; all to no purpose, however, for down he went and landed on top of one of the oaks beneath. The hounds now rushed to the brink of the precipice, but all stopped except Bawler, who launched himself after the game and crashed through the thick branches of the oak where the cat had disappeared. The next moment we cheered loudly as we heard the gallant fellow give tongue far below. Poor Bawler broke one of his forelegs in accomplishing this great feat, but his master had it carefully attended to by a surgeon, so that in two months' time he was as sound and brave as ever. The dogs caught and killed the cat.

For our little gray fox I have nothing but praise and admiration. This diminutive but cunning ball of gray fur will lead the staunchest hounds such races, that by the time they are done there is little or no ambition left in them. On the bluff overlooking the Arroyo Seco, and within the city limits of Pasadena, lived an old gray fox that my hounds chased probably twenty times. So familiar did he become that we dubbed him "the old man," and I could point out a dozen trees, up which he had been sent by the dogs. I was resolved never to shoot foxes, but give the little fellows a chance, and I am glad to say that the "old man" was never captured.



A REVIVAL OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court has re-aroused discussion of the Chinese question. The declaration that the Geary Law is constitutional, which must be followed by arrest and deportation of the Chinese, has alarmed the friends of the Missionaries in China, and disturbed those interested in trade in that country. The cheap labor advocates have joined these elements, not as conspicuously but as effectively, in efforts to have the Chinese retained in this country. They are making more of a contest than it has been supposed they could make in behalf of a cause, the success of which would result in immeasurable injury to the Pacific Coast and to the whole country, if the Chinese should become as numerous elsewhere as they have been here. The people of the East have had no experience with Chinese labor, or with their presence in large numbers. Hence they are incapable of understanding the subject from a practical standpoint, and are liable to misconceive the true state of facts, and the consequences of the presence of that race in large numbers. It is often asserted that there has been a marked change of sentiment here within a few years on the Chinese question, as if that gave support to the views of those friendly to Chinese immigration. Experience and changes of conditions naturally produce modification, if not an entire change of opinions, and this is explanatory of the revolution that has taken place on the Pacific Coast. The opposition to Chinese which generally prevails on the Pacific Coast does not proceed from an unchristian spirit, but from the belief that a nation is like a household, and that he who does not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel. It is not from mere hate that our people want the Chinese to go, or to do them a gratuitous injury, but it is to protect the nation against an irreparable damage.

Thirty years ago, and for ten or more years thereafter, there was a great want for labor on the Pacific Coast, in consequence of the tremendous war which drew from the fields of industry, and the railway enterprises that were being carried on. Labor could not be obtained to the requisite amount anywhere in the nation; the only recourse was to Asiatic, and that from China was the most available. There is no doubt that the Chinese contributed materially to an early construction of railroads, and a more rapid development of this part of the country than would otherwise have taken place. There has been a change of conditions here as marked as has been the change of opinion on the Chinese question. The country now has plenty of white labor, if not immediately on this coast, certainly in the nation as a whole. The Chinese character is better understood, and also the purposes for which they come here. That they are of the Mongolian race and Confucian in religion (if indeed Confucius taught any religion at all) are minor objections to their presence. By coming here they do not expatriate themselves, for they have no idea of becoming citizens; on the contrary they all expect to return to the Celestial Kingdom ultimately, either alive or dead. Nor do they learn our language or gain a knowledge of our laws and institutions beyond what is absolutely necessary to enable them to carry on their business. They retain the habits, customs and dress of their own country. It is im-

possible to conceive a more alien, indigestible and unassimilable branch of the human family. So far as we are able to learn they are the same unchangeable race that they have been for twenty-five hundred years. They are so walled in by their teachings and habits, that they seem non-receptive to new thoughts or new ways that are suggested by their intercourse with other peoples. They are industrious, frugal and peaceable, though they are growing apparently more and more disorderly among themselves. They can work for small wages because they live on almost nothing. They consume little of American production but obtain their clothing and as much of their food as they can from China, while they send nearly all their earnings back to their own country. The Chinese are leeches upon our resources; they depress wages and undignify labor. The adverse balances of trade with China, and the sums continually sent away by Chinese merchants and laborers go far to explain where a large part of the $2,000,000,000 of gold produced in this country since 1848 has gone. To be here does not benefit the Chinese except in their material condition, and their presence in that respect does immeasurable harm to our country. It is the policy of that people to support and enrich their own country from the resources of other nations. Because wages here are higher and resources are richer than anywhere else in the world they seek this country first, and if there were no check upon immigration they would swarm out of that hive of 400,000,000 people and cover the land as the locusts did Egypt. We do not want cheap servile labor, for it is the support of monopoly, and especially of land monopoly, from which California suffers more than any State in the Union. To protect against injury to a nation's material interests is not unchristian nor inhuman.

Perhaps demagogism has something to do with the hostility to Chinamen, but there are valid and cogent reasons for the opposition arising out of economic and social considerations. The legislative methods employed to get rid of the Chinese are good-tempered and moderate. It is known that all intend to return to their own country sooner or later, and if new immigration is prohibited, it is only a question of time when they will entirely disappear. This process of getting rid of them will not create a sudden disturbance of industrial conditions; it will give time to acquire other laborers to take the place of the disappearing Chinese. The first act of Congress forbids further immigration, and the return of those who should go home on a visit unless they obtained certificates showing previous residence here. It is a reasonable requirement; not an unusual means of identification. But newcomers were smuggled through the British possessions and Mexico, and mills for the manufacture of fraudulent certificates were established. In these ways the law was evaded and defied, and the end sought to be accomplished was defeated. It became necessary to prevent these practices, and hence Congress enacted the Geary Law, which requires all Chinese to register, and a description of each one to be taken for better identification of those who are entitled to remain here. This requirement was generally disregarded, and by some of the Chinese the law was defiantly disobeyed. They were not unadvised that the consequences of failure to register would be arrest and deportation, and yet they neglected and refused to register. The requirement cannot be regarded as unreasonable, certainly not as insulting to the Celestials. If so, what must be thought of our election laws which require that free American citizens, millionaires, professional men, clergymen, judges and governors shall register, and have their height, complexion, color of eyes, scars on the face, color of hair, whether bald or not, taken down for purposes of identification, before they can exercise the right of suffrage?

The doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court is that a nation may prescribe the terms and conditions of residence by aliens within its jurisdiction. If it has not that right, then there is no such thing as national independence. Congress, expressing the will of this great and enlightened people, has prescribed the conditions under which Chinese may reside and do business in this country, which are not onerous or unreasonable, which law has been openly, and in many cases, defiantly disobeyed, yet there is a sentimentalism, and a passion for cheap labor actively at work to prevent its execution. Europeans in the main emigrate

hither to become citizens, to share our fortunes, and to retain in the country their accumulations. They are digestible and assimilable and have kindred and acquaintances here. They are from Christian nations, and quite readily learn our language and adopt our habits and customs. Yet we exclude several classes of them, and send them back from our ports without hearing exclamations of horror and denunciation of our bad faith towards nations, with which we have treaties, nor are constitutional questions raised or diplomatic protests made with a view of preventing the execution of such laws. As the bulk of the Chinese acted under bad advice, or were ignorant of the law which requires them to register, in a spirit of extreme moderation it may be best that Congress should grant an extension of the time for registration, though those most in sympathy with the Chinese have not claimed that there was not ample time given under the Geary Law.

It is unfortunate that there is seeming hesitation on the part of the President in executing the statute. It will be a sorry day for the Republic should precedents be established, which indicate that the Chief Executive can inquire into the merits or wisdom of a law after it has been enacted. General Grant said that the faithful execution of a bad law would make its objectionable features more apparent, and would sooner lead to its repeal or modification. A law of Congress must be regarded as the expressed will of the people, which is binding upon the President whatever may be the circumstances. It is claimed in some quarters that there are defects which render the law inexecutable; if such be the case the President should take steps to have the fact judicially declared. If the money is wanting Congress should be immediately convened that it may be provided, or the law amended or repealed. Matters should not be permitted to remain in the present condition.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"When the time is ripe a moment does the work prepared by centuries."—*Grace Ellery Channing.*

THE purposes and methods of authors in their work are subjects of unflagging interest to the reading public. They seem to be manifold and various. Some write for money, some for fame, others are actuated by a desire to bring such thoughts and information to their fellow men as will leave them better and wiser, and still others write as the birds sing, because they are full of an indefinable exuberance which demands an outlet. Of the first class named there are many who attempt to follow a literary career, few who succeed. The proper sphere of such as these is in the commercial world. Their literary matter, if it happens to possess any redeeming features, is valuable only from a mechanical standpoint, and perhaps for its information. Usually it does not possess even these qualifications. Those who write for fame alone seldom attain the object of their ambitions, for they are dazzled by the glittering goal and rarely realize the amount of labor that separates that goal from the present. When they do realize the obstacles with which they must contend, they are usually discouraged and relinquish their designs, unless they are possessed of an abnormal desire for fame, for it requires strength, determination and a deep purpose to cope with the difficulties of a literary career. The writers, whose purposes and talents enable them to put into tangible form serious and beneficial thoughts and ideas, are much more liable to success, for they usually possess a rich fund of constantly increasing material, and they have based their ambitions upon a solid foundation. Those who write spontaneously are practically the only true literary authors, for they draw their material from deep fountains of wisdom and truth within and about them, and placing upon it the impress of their originality, which is in such cases genius, they give to the public the enduring monuments of ages. This class includes the real poets and any other writers whose metal has been tested and has proven itself true gold.

As to the methods of these writers they are also found to be many and various. Some write rapidly and easily, others slowly and laboriously. It is often the case that an author can write upon certain themes and by certain methods easily and fluently, while upon others and by other methods every word represents a painful effort. The facility and felicity of an author's productions also depend upon his mental condition. There are times when he is receptive and can absorb and express his ideas with clearness, simplicity and force, and others, when his ideas seem but dull reflections of his true conceptions. The best work is undoubtedly done under favorable conditions. Byron said, "I am like a tiger; if I fail to get the thought by my first spring, I go slinking back into the jungle, nor will try again."

Inspiration, or that condition of mentality when all the nerve force has reached a point of concentration, comes and goes irregularly and often inconveniently to writers, who, desiring to catch and hold these precious moments, often resort to means by which to produce an exaltation not far short of the exuberance of inspiration. Others so economize their vitality and regulate their

periods of work that they are able to use these moments to the greatest advantage. Milton wrote his best between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, and Thomson, Gray and Collins also believed this their best period for work. Rosseau worked in the morning, La Sage at midday, Byron at midnight. Victor Hugo wrote during the morning in a standing posture. He proceeded slowly and carefully, bringing each sentence as near to perfection as possible before continuing. Racine recited his poems aloud while composing, then wrote them in prose to be versified later. Trollope could compose and write under any circumstances, and did much of his best work on a railroad train. Luther worked best at his desk, with an ivory crucifix beside him, his dog at his feet and caricatures of the Pope about him. He could work for days consecutively by turning to his flute and guitar in moments of fatigue. Tolstoi is a laborious writer, copying and recopying his manuscripts with great care. He shared the characteristic in common with George Eliot, who also found her writing very laborious. Ouida writes while seated in a low chair with her paper upon her knee, dropping page after page to the floor as it is completed. Calvin studied and wrote in bed. When his inspiration deserted him, he arose, but when it returned, he would seek the bed once more, and there continue his work. Herbert Spenser relaxed and economized his mental effort by often indulging in the healthful exercise of lawn tennis, De Quincy, Coleridge and Shadwell depended for exhilaration upon opium, Du Musset upon absinthe, Careades used hellebore, George Meredith, tobacco smoke, Blackstone, wine, and Schiller, besides using wine, often put his feet in hot water to facilitate the circulation of blood in his brain. Dryden often had himself bled, Bacon must have the fumes of claret or of fresh turned earth, Montaigne must have his cat in his lap. Pope preceded his work by reciting at the top of his voice to enervate himself to his best efforts. Still other authors have their peculiar methods of producing, sustaining, or resting from mental concentration, as various as they are interesting. Fuseli ate raw meat to assist his imagination. Joaquin Miller, while he does not care for it raw, well knows how to appreciate its strengthening qualities. At a recent dinner party where was assembled some of California's poets and other literary characters, and at which the writer was present, the Poet of the Sierras loftily refused some proffered berries, with the words, "Berries are only for women; I'm a lion; I eat meat." He has perhaps never met one of those rarities, a woman who is a combination of strength and tenderness. The poet is certainly a lion of strength in more ways than one, and it is owing partially to the simplicity of his mode of living. He is as buoyant and overflowing with the joy of life as a child and his companionship is enlivening and invigorating.

James Russell Lowell has been reviewed in a little volume entitled *The Poet and the Man*,[1] by Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. It contains an interesting account of some of the incidents of the poet's life and work, and personal reminiscences of the author's association with the poet. Lowell passed through some of the vicissitudes that usually fall to the lot of the poet, but he was not of a disposition to make a tragedy of his sorrows, for there was a light vein in his nature which created much sunshine for himself and those about him. His writings when a youth, were of rather a frivolous nature. Later he wrote some sonnets, and when he came in contact with the woman who afterwards became his wife, all the sincerity, truth and purity in his soul was awakened. He wrote satirical verse in the Yankee character under the name of Hosea Biglow in the cause of the abolition of slavery, and his next versification was of a patriotic character. Finally he became the true, philosophical poet, writing from the depths of his soul, and after this he did his best work. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is one of his best works, and he has written many short poems that display the same seriousness of thought. One of his choice poems is "The Foot-path," a poem of aspiration, in which he says of the "City of Elfland,"

> "I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
> Whose edge allures to climb the height,
> I hear they drowned bells inly-loud,
> From still pools dusk with dreams of night.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> I know not and will never pry
> But trust our human heart for all;
> Wonders that from the seeker fly
> Into an open sense may fall."

A brief review of "Tennyson's Life and Poetry, and Mistakes Concerning Tennyson," is published in a little book by Eugene Parsons. It contains a full list of the poet's published works in consecutive order, and also a list of those books of other writers containing anything concerning Tennyson. It can be well recommended as a guide to

[1] Lee & Shepherd, Publishers, 10 Milk St., Boston.

anyone who should wish to make a study of England's great poet, whose beautiful, refined, pure and ethereal nature taught him to say such words as these:

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life should live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is."

Richard Hovey pays a tribute to the memory of William Parsons, poet, and one of the translators of Dante's "Inferno," in a little volume consisting of a poem of much merit entitled *Seaward*[1], and a brief biographical sketch of Parsons himself. Hovey seems to consider this poet the best translator of Dante that has ever undertaken the interpretation of the great Italian writer. Parsons devoted most of his life and effort to the study of Dante's personality and productions, and did little work outside of their translation. What he has done gives evidence of some power, but only those who were associated with and understood him were able to feel and know his future possibilities. Hovey was a personal friend of Parsons who knew him well, and thus he speaks of him:

"The hermit thrush of singers, few might draw
So near his ambush in the solitude
As to be witness of the holy awe
And passionate sweetness of his singing mood.
Not oft he sang, and then in ways apart,
Where foppish ignorance might not intrude
To mar the joy of his sufficing art.

Dream of the Ages,[2] a poem by Kate Brownlee Sherwood and *The Angel and the King and other Poems*,[3] by John Augustine Wilstach have been recently published. They are both tastefully bound volumes and commend themselves to the public.

The Addresses of Phillips Brooks have been gathered together in a book entitled "*Perfect Freedom*,"[4] with an introduction by Rev. Julius H. Ward. The strong but kindly face of Phillips Brooks looks forth from the opening page of the book, reflecting the truth and poetry of his soul and the earnest sweetness of his life. He leads his readers through the different paths of life, showing them that it is expedient to apply the principles of morality, nobility and truth to all transactions, whether in the home, at church, or in business, and in all the dealings and struggles with the world. He says that only where men have learned to control themselves will they enjoy perfect freedom. He speaks of the weight of sorrow, shame and terror, men are laying upon themselves and others by staining each other's honor and virtue. A sin is a hydra-headed monster, for when one has personally reformed, the results of his sin committed long ago may have blighted many lives though it was only committed against one. The Rev. Phillips Brooks says, "The miserable talk about sowing wild oats, about getting through the necessary conditions of life before a man comes to solemnity! Shame upon any man who, having passed through the sinful conditions and habits and dispositions of his earlier life, has not carried out of them an absolute shame for them, that shall let him say to his boy by word and by every utterance of his life, 'Refrain, for they are abominable things!'"

This man also values physical strength and beauty and says it is a duty to keep the body pure, healthful and vigorous.

The Well-Dressed Woman,[5] by Helen Gilbert Ecob, is one of the best volumes of this nature that has ever been written and should be owned by every woman, that she might learn what a sin she is committing against herself and future generations by adhering to the prevailing methods of dress. She is outraging all laws of health, art and morality, and is allowing herself to become hopelessly the inferior of the sterner sex. As Ecob says, she cannot hope to successfully compete with man mentally until she has made herself his equal physically, until she has ceased to deform her body with corsets, tight shoes and various other instruments of torture, and become what God intended her to be, a strong, beautiful and intelligent creature. Let every woman, who desires complete freedom, ponder well over these facts, and learn from Helen Ecob's little volume what the medical authorities have to say concerning the follies of women.

All women may acquire the grace that too many of them lack, the grace that nevelops the form of the beautiful Nourmadee, the heroine of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem:—

"Oh Shape of blended fire and snow!
Each clime to her some spell had lent—
The North her cold, the South her glow,
Her langours all the Orient;
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece
The moon draws round its loveliness
That so its beauty may increase
The more in being seen the less.
And as she moved and seemed to float—
So floats a swan!—"

G. L.B.

[1] D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.
[2] The National Tribune, Washington, D. C.
[3] Chas. Wells Moulton, Buffalo.
[4] Chas. E. Brown & Co., Boston.
[5] Fowler "Wells Co., 27 E. 21st St., New York.

A CALIFORNIA TROUT POOL.